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[Congregational home missionary  
society]

SELF-SUPPORT  
IN  
NORTHERN CALIFORNIA  
FOR  
1901



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## SHALL CALIFORNIA ASSUME SELF-SUPPORT?

At the meeting of the General Association of California in 1897, held at Santa Cruz, Cal., the question of self-support for our Missionary work in California was first broached. It met with an enthusiastic reception which was voiced in the following resolution:

Resolved, that in the movement for achieving self-support for the California Home Missionary work in 1900, to which this Association has fully committed itself, we urge our ministers, missionaries and churches to make a determined effort for this end, and we pledge our hearty co-operation in bringing this matter before our churches with the rallying cry, "Self-support in 1900!"

In its meeting at Stockton, in 1898, the Association re-affirmed its action of the previous year and adopted the following resolutions:

1. That we gratefully acknowledge the divine grace which has enabled our churches, during the past year, to attempt so much and to accomplish so much in face of obstacles so many and serious, toward the coming kingdom of God and the satisfaction of our Redeemer's soul.

- 2 That the failures and deficiencies of the work can be mainly traced to two causes—insufficient consecration and defective methods. Christian people have not been whole-hearted in their devotion; and their methods—specially their methods of procuring contributions—have not been such as to emphasize the personal responsibility of each individual for the work, and the direct connection of that work with

the heart of Christ. The essential condition of increased efficiency, therefore, and of the attainment of self support, must be heartiest concentration of interest and thought upon the work as an expression of Christian life and upon the conduct of the work as a matter of business. Therefore,

*Resolved, 3.* That a committee be appointed to whom shall be referred the preparation of a plan by which churches shall commit themselves to certain definite sums, for which they shall hold themselves responsible as they do for their pastor's salary, or for other church expenses. The committee shall prepare a schedule apportioning such sums, which shall be presented to each church for its adoption. And in event of their refusal to accept of this, they shall be requested to name a sum which they will assume as an obligation and undertake to raise.

The next step was to bring the matter formally before the Executive Committee of the California Home Missionary Society. The following extract is taken from the minutes of the December meeting:

December 19, 1898.

Action was taken on the following inquiries:

1. Does this Committee approve of the effort toward self-support?

It was voted that the Committee approve and that the Superintendent draw up a declaration to this effect to be presented to the churches.

2. Does this Committee think the effort to get an endowment fund for Superintendent's salary, and other expenses of our work, a wise one—a feasible one?

Voted to approve.

3. Is this Committee prepared to go on record before the churches as not only approving, but urging and pressing it? Voted, Yes.

In following out the suggestion of the Committee, the Superintendent sent a circular letter to



representative men in our churches, outlining the plan for raising an endowment for Administrative expenses, upon the securing of which self-support in 1901 rests, and asking three questions:

1. Is self-support in 1901 possible?
2. Is it feasible?
3. Will you help?

The answers are published herewith. Only the lack of space forbids the printing of twice the number. The splendid, cordial unanimity must be inspiring to everyone who reads.

1544 Taylor Street, Oct. 9, 1899.

Fifty years, plus one, on the beneficiary list of the parent Home Missionary Society, sharply suggests to our California churches the lift of self-support. With grateful recognition of the great good wrought by the National Society in our State, we can give no stronger expression of it than by not only assuming our own Home Missionary work, but enrolling and massing our churches as an organized auxiliary force for the evangelization of the new fields in Alaska, Porto Rico, the Philippines—if not Cuba as well—and to begin, at least, when the clock strikes 1901.

The main question is a simple one. Can it be done, or, are the churches financially able to do it? The money consideration is the easiest part of the problem. The heart behind the money, that's the rub. To put the question, Shall we assume self-support in 1901? 'Tis virtually asking leaders, pastors, ministers, are you ready, personally, to pledge work, time, patience, sacrifice, to inspire the churches to go forward and see the salvation of God. The churches have traditions and habits in responding to their pastors, just as sheep follow the shepherd. Let these

ministers say yes, and self-support is fore-ordained today.

From the bottom of my heart, and of all my heart, my own answer is, yes.

J. H. WARREN.

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Stockton, Cal.

With reference to the adoption of independency by our State Home Missionary Society, from the National Society, and in regard to the creation of a permanent fund for meeting the expenses of administration, I may say I heartily approve both plans, and think it will soon be time to cut loose from the National Society. I have already taken measures to contribute what I can to the proposed permanent fund, and if those who have more pecuniary means than I will contribute proportionally, there will be no trouble in securing the necessary amount.

I hope most sincerely that the whole movement may be successfully carried out. I wish I could give thousands instead of the amount I have designated. Independence will stimulate our churches, and if the fund is secured, all that shall be given hereafter will go into the general work, and I trust it will insure a steady advance.

Very truly yours,

JNO. C. HOLBROOK.

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San Francisco.

It seems to me that the plan outlined to me looking to our self-support in Home Missions, the endowment of the administration agency, and the taking up of new work, is wise and practicable, and may well be undertaken immediately.

Very truly yours,

S. N. WILLEY.

San Francisco Office, Claus Spreckels Bldg.,

Oct. 4, 1899.

Is self-support for California possible?

I say unmistakably, yes. California is a rich State, and its Christian people have a fair proportion of the riches. If it is once known that the money given here is to be applied for State purposes, that, in my opinion, will be an added inducement towards extra effort on the part of all interested, and the extra amount above what we now receive necessary to reach self-support is so small that I feel quite sure it can be raised.

Second. If so, ought we to attempt it?

Yes, by all means.

Third. Will you lend your help?

Yes, in so far as I am able.

Very respectfully yours,

THOS. ADDISON.

San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 16, 1899.

I firmly believe in self-support in our Home Missionary work, it is possible; we can do it if we will. We ought to attempt it, determined to succeed, and push on till we get it. I will do everything in my power to help.

Cordially yours,

GEO. C. ADAMS.

Oakland, Cal.

I am heartily in favor of the movement toward self-support for California. The nearer together the need and the giver can be brought, the better the result. We have an abundance of State pride and local enthusiasm here in California which under self-support can be enlisted and consecrated in the work of extending the kingdom in our

own commonwealth. I am confident that I speak for my church as well as for myself in pledging our cordial support.

Very truly yours,

CHAS. R. BROWN.

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Cloverdale, Cal.

Is self-support for California possible?

Without a doubt it is. Our statistical report shows 11,038 members with 1505 absentees, leaving, let us say 10,533 available in our churches. One dollar and a half per member would net \$15,799. This amount not only is possible, but ought to be freely and cheerfully given. Allowing there are several members to a family to cut down the average dollar and a half from each, this ought to be easily offset by the gifts of those who give more liberally from their larger means.

The pride of Californian Congregationalists should be sufficient to make them resolve their missionaries have living, comfortable salaries, and not be ground down to poverty as a supplement to their hard work and many discomforts which naturally are theirs in their fields.

Congregational pride should further lead them to realize the great gifts of the past fifty years of Eastern friends and should stir them up to being no longer dependents but what they really are, "Independents." There should be a wholesome pride in keeping this fact to the front in its broadest sense.

California Congregationalism should lift its eyes from its own fair soil and take a survey of the growing work throughout the entire field of all States, then ask itself, Unless, as we grow, we assume self-support, how can we expect the New York Treasury to supply the increasing demands?

The spectacle of our own home work, paralyzed for want of funds, our members in need, new fields slipping away from us because we can't occupy them, should make our



hearts ache until we have taken up the work heart and soul and poured our gifts into the Lord's work.

What of our principles! Do we believe there is anything denominationally better than Congregationalism? If so, what is it? If so, why don't we belong to it and advocate it? As Congregationalists and members of the great churches of liberty we should never be content till our State is thickly dotted with churches of our order, equipped and manned by earnest, devoted members declaring first, the glorious gospel of Christ; and secondly, the magnificent principles for which we stand.

California Congregationalists need to learn more thoroughly the great principle of self-sacrifice; when learned there can be no doubt the \$15 000 will come. Yes, \$15,000 will be overstepped as too small a sum for Christ and the Church.

I believe most sincerely we are *capable* of self-support, we lack alone the fire and enthusiasm, the devotion and the love of Christ.

Ought we to attempt it? My firm conviction is, we ought.

Will you help? Gladly, only too gladly, in any way that is possible, and in any way that may be suggested, if it is feasible.

H. E. BANHAM.

I fully believe in self-support for California, and fully believe it possible. I am sure we ought to attempt it. The Fourth will lend all the help it can. Remembering all the help we have received from the Society in the past, we shall feel we are only paying a debt.

ALFRED BAYLEY.

Oct. 16, 1899.

Pastor Fourth Church, Oakland.

Berkeley, Cal., Oct. 10, 1899.

I most heartily approve of the efforts put forth in the line of self-support for our California Home

Missionary Society, and believe it desirable for many reasons. It is not only possible, but I believe that the effect of our assuming self-support will greatly strengthen our work by enlisting increased interest and the change should be made the coming year, and I feel confident it can be accomplished.

I am sure it is a wise move, and I shall be glad to help the good cause in any way I can. J. L. BARKER.

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Rio Vista, Oct. 4, 1899.

Referring to your circular letter, you know I shall be glad to help the cause and the beloved Superintendent in any way I can.

1. Our churches are playing at giving; 10 per cent of their income given in benevolence would flood our treasuries. But too many among us regard luxuries as necessities, and the Lord's treasury takes the leavings. There can be no room for argument that self-support is possible in view of the resources and the prosperity of Northern California, and especially with the endowment scheme carried out.

2. We must do something more than hold our own. Said Napoleon, "An army that remains within its entrenchments, waiting an attack, is beaten." New work is essential. We must aim high. It used to be said of a certain politician (John A. Logan), "If he wanted a wheelbarrow, he would ask for a house, and then he would be sure to get the wheelbarrow."

3. Will we help? Certainly, especially if you tell us under the apportionment plan what you expect of us.

C. C. CRAGIN.

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San Francisco.

For a number of years I have had a personal acquaintance with the workings of the California Home Missionary

Society and feel that more than any other this is worthy of hearty support.

Not having sufficient acquaintance with the financial ability of the Congregational churches, I cannot affirm that self-support is possible in 1901, but I hope it may be and am in sympathy with the movement.

EDWARD COLEMAN.

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I am firmly of the opinion that self-support on the part of the California Home Missionary Society is necessary if it is to do the work which ought to be done by it and through it in California for the Church Kingdom and Congregationalism. I believe that the plan suggested by our Superintendent is a practical one. The result desired can be brought about in this way as easily as in later years. Indeed, I believe, that now is the most opportune time, that delay will be detrimental, making such attainment more difficult in the future.

W. W. FERRIER,  
Editor "The Pacific."

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1. The only possible reason why California could not come to self-support would be lack of interest. I trust that interest enough exists, and believe it can be developed by attracting the attention of the people to the problem.

2. Of course.

3. The only answer to that question for any lover of our cause or of the kingdom as its interests are represented in us, is: To the best of my ability.

Very truly yours,  
FRANK H. FOSTER.

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1329 Harrison St., Oakland.

I can only speak for myself, since the officers of the Woman's Home Missionary Union are so scattered that a

meeting at this time would be impossible. I know they are all in favor of having California come to self-support as soon as it is possible to do so. I think if an endowment can be secured sufficient to cover expense of administration, thus leaving the churches to provide for the missionary work in our own State, the feeling of responsibility would develop an interest that would lead to better results than have yet been secured.

MRS. J. M. HAVEN,

Treasurer of Woman's Home Missionary Union of Northern California.

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Berkeley.

In answer to your three questions, my judgment and feeling are strongly affirmative. I believe that we can, and that we should, pay for our own work in the State, and that we should lose no time in making up our minds to do it. I have no doubt whatever of the success of the undertaking, if properly managed; and so far as my personal interest and help are in question, I am fully enlisted in support of the plan proposed.

Yours cordially,

GEO. B. HATCH.

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Niles, Cal.

I am heartily in favor of the proposed plan for an endowment fund of \$50,000 for the California Home Missionary Society, and the assumption of self-support by the State as soon as the endowment is raised.

Our California churches have the pecuniary ability to care for the waste places. The absence of an irrigation stream flowing in from the East will, I trust, start fresh springs of benevolence here at home.

EDSON D. HALE.



Oroville, Cal., October 3, 1899.

Self-support for California seems to me not only possible, but necessary, to our existence. As the mother bird pushes her little ones out of the nest that they may learn to fly and support themselves, so the National Society seems to be pushing us out, and as the birds would never do the work for which God intended them, if they remained in the nest, so I believe the California churches will never do the work of God so well as when they realize their responsibility for the work in their own State. Therefore, I believe that we should certainly attempt it, and I feel sure that if the pastors will see to it that their people are informed of the work being accomplished by the Society, they will respond liberally. The reason why the churches have not given more liberally in the past is, I believe, because they are not informed, and do not realize the great need that exists, and what is being done to supply that need. Let us take the churches into our confidence, tell them what is being done, and what is left undone through lack of means, and I have faith in them to believe that they will do the rest.

Personally, I will do my best to help accomplish the desired end, as I am convinced that it is the only logical way to attain permanent results.

WILLIAM D. KIDD, Pastor Oroville Cong. Church.

Santa Cruz.

I am in favor of striking out for self-support in 1901.

1. America is the best country in the world, and California her best State. If any should maintain itself in religious work it is ours.

2. We "ought" because we can. One's duty is always commensurate with his ability.

3. Will I help? Yes.

JAMES B. ORR.

Lodi.

"Is self-support for California possible?"

When our county (San Joaquin) is listed as producing \$11,000,000 worth of grain, hay and fruit during the current year, it would seem to be superfluous to ask such a question. It seems to me to be a blot upon California's reputation that its churches have to hold out begging hands to the East. Surely, it is possible for California to support her own Christian work.

"Ought we to attempt it?"

By all means. We owe it to ourselves; the present condition is mortifying to every self-respecting citizen of the State. At some National gathering California's delegation arrives in a special train, opens headquarters and dispenses hospitality with a lavish hand. The newspapers describe in glowing terms California's generosity and wealth, but a little obscure article in the same papers may state that the California Home Missionary Society has appropriated \$8,000 for Home Mission work, in that same wealthy and generous State. Ought we to attempt it? Yes.

Will I help? With all my heart. As a duty to the cause of Christ, as a matter of State pride, as a stimulant to our churches' self-respect. I will help with my prayers, my voice, my purse and my example.

S. C. PATTERSON.

San Francisco.

Self-support for California is both probable and possible. I heartily favor making a strong and united effort in that direction. The permanent endowment fund will be an anchor to our California Home Missionary Society, and a stimulus to every church. There is much in favor of such a determination; there is nothing against it. I believe in it, will work for it, and will rejoice sincerely in its realization. Let us all pull, and pull together, and place the

great State of California on a basis of independency commensurate with her loyalty to the Home work.

Fraternally,

WILLIAM RADER.

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Santa Rosa.

Self-support for California, 1901, along the lines indicated, is, in my opinion, already shown to be practicable, and, therefore, we ought to attempt it. You may count on an increased support from this Association, I am sure, and certainly from Santa Rosa and her pastor. May I add, it seems to me that as soon as we undertake self-support we shall begin new work, for the appropriation to some churches must diminish, and that money may be used elsewhere. I believe, also, some churches will ask for less, and others will give more.

Yours most cordially,

L. D. RATHBONE.

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Stockton.

1. "Is self-support for California possible?"

It largely depends upon the kind of support we need. It has been my thought and is yet, that more can be done than is being done by making an heroic effort. I have not figured out the matter statistically, and if I had that does not give the resources at the command of struggling churches.

Whether self-support is attainable under the present needs I am unable, then, to give more than a very much qualified answer. The only way to find out is to try.

2. "If so, ought we to attempt it?"

Most decidedly and emphatically, yes. There is no honor in assuming a dependence which is not real. I believe this for the local church as well as for the Society. We have little respect for the boy of capabilities, oppor-

tunities and health who depends upon parental indulgence for his existence.

3. "Will you lend your help?"

Most assuredly, I will, without evasion, mental reservation or any other qualification which makes men unwilling to help this part of the Lord's work.

Cordially,

REUBEN HENRY SINK.

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San Francisco.

State self-support for Home Missions in California promises so much for the advancement of God's Kingdom, and in the accomplishment of a larger work for the Master, that I take pleasure in expressing my sympathy with the movement, and trust that it may result in the reaching of many places that to-day are crying for spiritual help.

Yours sincerely,

E. J. SINGER.

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San Francisco, Oct. 16, 1899.

Of course, self-support is *possible*. The chief question is how to get our Congregational people in the "mind to give." The time for dependence upon spasmodic efforts is gone by. With a wisely planned and vigorously pushed *systematic* method of giving, we can not only raise the \$11,000 now used, but even go beyond that.

I wish to give the movement toward self-support all the help in my power.

Yours cordially,

W. M. SEARBY.

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Alameda.

For California Congregationalism to refuse or fail to assume Home Missionary self-support the very moment that such a thing is possible, would be a shameful repudiation of her stewardship. The figures certainly show that



the time has come. With \$2500 of the \$8000 we expend each year, secured by the endowment plan, and an average yearly sum of \$8000 raised during the last five years of depression by the churches of our Association that we can safely count on for the future, there can, it seems to me, be no honest risk whatever in deciding to carry on for ourselves our Home Missionary work on the present basis of expenditure.

W. W. SCUDDER, JR.

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Alameda.

With reference to self-support for our California Home Missionary Society, I will say that I am heartily in favor of the attempt to make our California Home Missionary Society self-supporting. The time is past when the Congregational people of this coast should be dependent or expect our Eastern brethren to make up a deficiency every year in our Home Missionary fund, and if our people only take hold of the matter with a will and determination to raise the necessary funds, they will be successful.

Yours,

G. W. SCOTT.

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Is self-support advisable for California? If so when? I answer yes, and now—meaning by now the year 1901, the first year of the new century.

I have had pastoral connection in two States (Illinois and Michigan) as they each came to self-support successfully. California is as well able now to assume the care of her own missionary churches as was either of those States.

With a fund for running expenses to act as ballast, I believe it is not only safe, but the only wise thing to do. Power and confidence come with the determination to walk

alone. Let the churches vote this measure, and you can rely upon them to make it a success.

Yours for self-support,

BEN. F. SARGENT,  
North Berkeley Congregational Church.

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Martinez, Cal.

I have been much interested in the matter of self-support for California. Of course, it is possible. I should be ashamed to acknowledge or to hear any one else acknowledge that it is not possible.

I am convinced, also, that we ought to attempt it. Our self-respect demands it; the welfare of the kingdom demands it; our loyalty to Christ demands it. In fact, there is every reason why we should be self-supporting, and not one against it.

Anything that I, or the church of which I am pastor, can do toward this end will be cheerfully done. We have to struggle to maintain our own independence; but we always have a little for the work of the kingdom in the world about us.

E. W. STODDARD.

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Campbell.

I feel so little acquainted with the actual ability of our churches in the State that it does not seem to me that it is within my power to give an intelligent answer to your first question. Whether self-support be within the reach of our churches, I can neither affirm nor deny. It looks to me, however, as if it might be if all churches came up to their responsibility.

We surely ought to attempt it if there is any reasonable ground to hope for success. If it be determined on, I certainly should try to bring my church into line, and I am

confident they would do all they could to make success sure.

The movement for an endowment seems to me to be a very wise one.

W. WINDSOR.

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Tulare, Cal.

The only difficulty in the plan proposed seems to be the raising of the \$50,000 endowment. It ought to be possible to do this. At least, it is worth trying. Self-support would, doubtless, mean much in the spirit of the work, something in contributions and be a good thing from any point of view. Of course, I shall be glad to be of any help practicable.

Truly yours,

E. D. WEAGE.



# HISTORICAL SKETCHES.



OREGON.

CALIFORNIA.

COLORADO.

IOWA.

OHIO.

NEW ENGLAND.



COMPILED

BY THE

Congregational Home Missionary Society,

Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street,

NEW YORK CITY.

## **SUBJECT :**

### **The Congregational Home Missionary Society.**

#### **TOPICS SUGGESTED FOR PROGRAMS.**

1. The Country.
2. The City.
3. Foreign Missions at Home.
4. The Frontier.
5. The Ranch. The Mine. The Lumber Camp.
6. Missionary Heroism.
7. Historical Sketches.
8. Our Country. Its resources. Its problems. Its opportunities.
9. Woman's Work. The Union. What is it? Its object.  
Its aim. Its methods. Its success.
10. The Congregational Home Missionary Society. Its origin.  
Its field. Its aim. Its missionaries. Results.

**Material will be furnished by the Society on application.**

The following list of books published or obtained by the Sunday School  
and Publication Society furnish rich material for  
the study of Home Missions.

The Minute Man on the Frontier.  
Service in the King's Guards.  
Nakoma.  
Faith on the Frontier.  
Autobiography of Fanny.  
Mary and I.  
Reuben Taylor.  
Asa Turner.  
The Pioneer Preacher.  
Our Life among the Iroquois.  
Marcus Whitman.  
The Mormon Delusion.  
Two Volunteer Missionaries among the Dakotas.  
A Hero in Homespun.  
Reuben Gaylord.  
Julien M. Sturtevant.  
Truman M. Post.  
Ten Years at Skokomish.  
George H. Atkinson.  
Oregon. By Barrows.  
Cushing Eells.  
Alaska.  
Strange corners in our country. Loomis.

For intelligent study of our country every library should be supplied  
with Dr. Josiah Strong's books : Our Country. The New Era. The  
Twentieth Century City.



## WHITMAN'S RIDE.

Over the hills rode Whitman,  
Scaled the snow-capped mountain wall,  
Over the pathless plains in winter,  
Boldest rider of them all.  
Down deep ravines, in canyons hoary,  
Over roaring, rapid streams,  
Thro' savage lands with murder gory,  
The eye of the statesman gleams;  
For he sees far off in the future  
For his own fair country won,  
The wonderful vales and hills and dales  
Of bounteous Oregon.  
Over the hills rode Whitman,  
Bearing an empire's fate,  
From sea to sea on his good gray steed,  
A courier that could not wait,—  
For away to the west was a fairer land  
Than Moses beheld of old,  
A land of fruits and evergreen hills  
Where the gray Columbia rolled.  
Over the hills rode Whitman  
And into the halls of State,  
Where Webster sat with kingly men  
Engaged in high debate.  
There is the nation's Congress  
Our missionary won.  
The rich-veined hills and laughing rills  
Of bounteous Oregon.

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## REMINISCENCES BY REV. CUSHING EELLS, D.D.

On March 5, 1838, Miss Myra Fairbank and myself were united in marriage at the residence of the bride's parents, in Holden, Mass. On the next day we started for Oregon Territory. We were conveyed by stage, railroad and steamboat to the western part of Missouri.

On April 23 we commenced a horseback ride at Westport, Mo., and after 129 days, on August 29, arrived at Wai-i-lat-pu, the station of Marcus Whitman, M.D., in the Walla Walla Valley, six miles west of the present Walla Walla city. Our party consisted of nine missionary laborers. Rev. Elkanah Walker, Rev. A. B. Smith and myself were ordained Gospel ministers under the patronage of the A. B. C. F. M. Mr. Walker and myself were appointed to select a station among the Spokane Indians.

On September 10 we started from the station of Dr. Whitman, and on the 15th encamped at Che-we-lah, in the Colville Valley, where, on the Lord's Day, through a very poor interpreter, we preached to the Indians who there assembled.

By the advice of Archibald McDonald, Esq., a gentleman officer of the Hudson Bay Company, and exploration by ourselves, we chose a location six miles more or less north of Spokane River. The Indians called it Ishim-a-kain. By sending about sixty miles, to a post of the Hudson's Bay Company, we obtained the loan of two Canadian axes. By their use, and the assistance of Indians, pine trees averaging twelve inches in diameter were felled, and cut in pieces fourteen feet in length, and conveyed to the place of building by the natives. With such material the walls of two pens were put up. They were intended for occupancy by two mission families.

In that condition we left the buildings, rode 150 miles to the station of Rev. H. H. Spalding, at the junction of Lapwai Creek with Clearwater River. After enjoying the genial hospitality of the occupants of the place, a ride of 120 miles brought us back to the station of Dr. Whitman. There we began to study the language of the Spokane Indians, which is reported to be identical with the Flathead language.

During the autumn of 1838 arrangements were made with the Spokanes to assist us in moving from Walla Walla to their country. The exact time was conditioned upon the weather. In a large extent of country the temperature that winter was mild. The animals that performed the journey from Missouri to Columbia River, in 1838, had been thin in flesh, but by the abundance of grass of excellent quality they were now in a condition favorable for service. By March 1, 1839, our helpers were ready to help us move. On the 5th of the month, just one year from the bridal day of us four, the pack animals were loaded, and the riders were mounted. On December 7, 1838, Cyrus Hamlin joined the Walker family, and special provision had to be made for the little one. To supply his needs a milch cow was driven. His call for food was the signal for me to hasten forward, pause, ignite combustible material, most of which was transported, and by use of steel, flint and spunk have the food in readiness when the camp came up. That was previous to the manufacture of matches. On the 20th of the month we arrived at Ishim-a-kain.

The work before us was the preparation of human residences, the inclosing of fields and gardens, the cultivation of the soil so as to obtain grain and vegetables, the acquisition of the language of the natives, reducing the same to writing, the preparation of lessons for the school, the teaching of the same, and the formal presentation of Gospel truth. The furnishing of school lessons was as follows: A sheet of letter-paper was used. With pen the lesson was printed. The space between two ordinary rulings was sufficient for the small letters, a, e, i, etc., the long letters, b, p, t, etc., required double the space named. The paper was suspended so that the school could see and follow the pointer, and read in concert.

According to my recollection the missionaries first sent to the Sandwich Islands left Boston, Mass., in the autumn of 1819. In charge of that party was a printing press. At the Islands it was used till the work outgrew the size of the press, when it was replaced by a larger one. Hawaiian Christians purchased the press no longer useful at the Islands, and donated it to the Oregon Mission. On that press specially important printing was done in the Nez Perces language. A small book was printed in the Spokane language. According to ability we progressed in our work.

On November 29, 1847, Dr. and Mrs. Whitman and others were massacred at their station. That event was followed by war. Early in June, 1848, citizen soldiers from Willamette came to Ishim-a-kain, and conducted our two families out of the country and to lower Oregon. At that date many dwellings occupied by human beings were not comfortable. After riding miles in search of a suitable house for the use of my family of four, we entered a log building on the Abakaw River, fifteen miles north of Salem, the capital of Oregon. It had a puncheon floor, and not an article of furniture. Our camp equipments were placed therein. We entered and adjusted our effects, and yielded ourselves to circumstances. In view of our cheerless condition my wife wept. Thus relieved, she energetically went to work to cleanse the filthy room. One bale placed upon another, and my bass-viol box thereon, formed a table. In a six-quart camp kettle, flour and water were placed. The warmth of the sun caused it to ferment. Then at night the vessel was placed topsy-turvy in hot ashes and embers. On the following morning a loaf of relishable bread was gratefully enjoyed.

At Salem was a school called the Institute. It was under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church. There was lack of suitable teachers. Early one morn-

ing the three trustees appeared at our residence. They took breakfast at our table. The object of our visitors was to secure the services of Mrs. Eells and myself to teach in the Institute six months, commencing in September following. That school has grown into Willamette University.

In 1848, as the family of Rev. E. Walker and my family were leaving the country east of the Cascade Mountains, a military order was issued that excluded missionaries and settlers from the region east of the Cascades.

In 1849, at what is now known as Forest Grove, an attempt was made to establish a Congregational school, and I was urged to take charge of it. In compliance therewith my older son and myself then left Salem, each on a riding horse, and driving two loaded pack animals. We passed over the country with and without a wagon road. A ride of two days brought us to our destination. On April 4 I commenced teaching in Tualatin Academy, to which the Pacific University has since been added. The building was of rough logs, in size twenty by thirty feet on the ground, and twelve feet high; the covering made of large, undressed shingles. A half log, with legs, was a seat; the other half, secured to the wall, was a writing desk. At the time of making the engagement I was asked: "How many pupils will you teach?" My reply was: "Thirty-five." Rapidly that number was exceeded. I hastened to Salem for Mrs. Eells. My recollection is that during six months the average number of pupils was fifty.

In June, 1859, an order declared the region east of the Cascades open for settlement. I was agent for the missionary property in those parts. It was clearly my duty to go to Walla Walla. At the close of the term of school, July, 1859, I reached Walla Walla, with such accommodation in food and bedding as was conveyed

upon a horse. The distance thus made was estimated to be nearly 300 miles.

At Wai-i-lat-pu I passed over the ground that had received the blood of my martyred colaborers. The transpirings of the past came thronging upon my memory; the then present of the country was thought of, also the probable future. I stood beside the grave that contains a portion of the remains of those massacred. Then and there I determined to attempt the erection of a monument to the memory of Dr. Whitman in the form of a school of high Christian character. My plan was to move my family to Walla Walla, become a Home Missionary, and try to work up the school. At the meeting of the Association for Oregon and Washington Territories a request for my appointment as Home Missionary to the people of Walla Walla Valley was indorsed by that body. It was forwarded to the officers at New York. The reply was: "We have not money to support so expensive a mission." At that date there was not a flouring mill in that region. The indispensables for family sustenance were brought from Portland, Oregon. It was suggested that by the failure of my appointment by the Home Missionary Society I was released from my obligation to erect a Whitman monument. *I did not abandon the work, but I changed the plan.*

I continued to teach according to agreement till spring of 1860. Then my family was divided. The mother and younger son remained at Forest Grove. The older son, a youth of nineteen years, prepared to go with myself to Walla Walla. Two oxen were attached to a wagon, two horses hitched before them. Food, cooking utensils, farming implements, bedding, and other necessities were placed in the wagon. On March 26 we arrived at what had been the station of Dr. Whitman. I purchased the mission claim, 640



acres, of the Missionary Society, and donated one-half thereof to the school enterprise. We plowed, planted corn and vegetables. We "bached" in a log shanty with the earth for floor and roof. Generally on Sunday we rode five to ten miles and conducted divine service. The corn crop was sold to the garrison, for which I received a voucher for over seven hundred dollars. November 26 we started homeward, drove our horses to Dalles, left the wagon, and passed much of the distance by land over the Cascade Mountains, and to Forest Grove.

In 1862 the family moved to Wai-i-lat-pu. To favor the enterprise I gave attention to farming, stock-raising, hauled wood to market, sold chickens and eggs. My wife, when past fifty-seven years, made over 400 pounds of butter with her own hands, besides that used in the family.

In May, 1872, our house, with most of its contents, was consumed by fire. Our older son, then Indian Agent in Western Washington, came and conducted his mother to Skokomish. In September following I joined my wife, children, and grandchild. Thereafter, according to ability, I applied myself to the work of expounding Scripture to those speaking English, and to the Indians. August, 1878, my wife died. Soon thereafter I returned to Eastern Washington.

A part of the time I have served as county school superintendent, in a county as large as each of several States. My preaching field embraced three counties, and I performed large work.

By 1888 the labor of my work became oppressive to my failing powers. I had served fifty years on this coast. Most of the time had been spent in what at that time was Eastern Washington Territory. In May I left Medical Lake, drove to Walla Walla, was in attendance upon commencement exercises, and passed on.

With horse and buggy I continued the journey to Elensburg, shipped over the Cascade Mountains, thence rolled out to Puy-allup Reservation, where my older son was Indian Agent. In 1890 I drove weekly twenty-five to thirty miles and conducted service at each of two places.

During the following winter I was partially paralyzed. December 3, 1891, I was injured by the upsetting of a wagon. A strong man took me like a child and placed me upon a bed. Slowly I improved, but have not recovered. My powers are failing. This is evidenced by this writing. More than half of my eighty-third year is passed. The 29th of August, 1892, completes fifty-four years since I arrived at the mission station of Marcus Whitman, M.D., in Walla Walla Valley, six miles west of present Walla Walla city.

(Dr. Eells died just after writing this article.)

## THE CHILDREN OF DR. MARCUS WHITMAN.

"Do tell us what became of the Whitman children who 'ran upstairs' at the time of the massacre! Many people seem to think that those poor, twice-orphaned and hunted and frightened children are still upstairs in that horrible, bloody cabin!"

Dr. and Mrs. Marcus Whitman had but one child of their own, a daughter—Alice Clarissa—who at about two years of age was drowned, June 23, 1839, in the Walla Walla River, upon the banks of which was their home.

In the immigration of 1844-45 across the Rocky Mountains to the "Oregon country" there was a family named Sager, consisting of parents and seven chil-

dren, two sons and five daughters. The youngest daughter was born during the overland journey, and soon afterward both parents died. The seven orphans were cared for by some of the immigrants until they arrived at Wai-i-lat-pu, the mission station of Dr. Whitman. The sight of these helpless children so touched the tender sympathies and large hearts of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman that they immediately adopted the whole family, and soon afterward adopted two other orphans, half-breed little girls. From being childless Mrs. Whitman thus suddenly found herself to be a mother to whom nine little children, two boys and seven girls, looked for care and love.

These are the children who, when made orphans a second time by the cruel ingratitude and treachery of the Indians, "ran upstairs" when the brave Whitmans fell. The Sager boys, John and Francis—aged, at the time of the massacre (November, 1847), respectively about sixteen and fourteen years—were also slain. The two-year-old mountain-born babe, the youngest of the Sager girls (Helen L.), and one of the half-breed girls, Helen M. Meek, died after the massacre "from want of care," it is said, during the general alarm and flight of the whites. I very much fear that the poor little things starved to death.

What has become of the other half-breed girl, Mary A. Bridger, is not now known so far as I can learn; but she is supposed not to be living. The four other Sager daughters—Catharine, aged at the time of the massacre about thirteen years; Elizabeth, ten years; Matilda, eight years, and Henrietta, four years—were all married later. Maltida is dead, but the other three were living in 1873; they "only are escaped to tell" the bloody story. Mrs. Catharine Sager Pringle resides at Colfax, Whitman County, Wash.; Mrs. Elizabeth Sager Helm, at Nansene, Wasco County, Ore.;

and Mrs. Henrietta Sager Delany, at Farmington, Whitman County, Wash.

The persons, if living, who probably know most about this tragedy are the eldest of these daughters, Mrs. Catharine Sager Pringle; Rev. Cushing Eells, D.D., Tacoma, Wash., and his son, Rev. Myron Eells, D.D., Union City, Mason County, Wash. Mrs. Pringle has written a description of the massacre (I do not know where it can be obtained); Cushing Eells has published a small pamphlet on the subject of Whitman's share in the rescue of Oregon from British intrigue; and Myron Eells is the author of the volume "Indian Missions," which contains much of this history. He has also written recently a series of articles on this subject for "The Pacific," published at San Francisco. Charles Carleton Coffin's "Building of the Nation" has some pages on this subject which boys like very much, and Dr. William Barrows' volume, "Oregon," has quite a full history of these events. "The Missionary Herald" of 1848 has many details of the massacre. It is claimed that Bancroft's "Oregon" seeks to rob Dr. Whitman of his honorable and heroic share in the saving of that country to the United States, and also that the materials for that volume were prepared by a Roman Catholic hostile to Dr. Whitman's Protestant mission and successful diplomacy. On this phase of that romantic and sad history the two Drs. Eells above named and the Hon. John R. McBride, of Salt Lake City, Utah, formerly Member of Congress from Oregon, can give valuable information.

## A RAMBLE WITH THE WALKERS.

Rev. Elkanah Walker and Miss Mary Richardson were united in marriage at the residence of her father, Deacon Richardson, in East Baldwin, Cumberland County, Me., on the 5th of March, 1838. Mr. Walker was a graduate of Bangor Theological Seminary, in the same class with Dr. Cyrus Hamlin.

He and his betrothed had been designated to Africa; but the disturbed state of affairs there at that time, combined with an urgent call from Messrs. Whitman and Spaulding in the far West, led to their being sent to Oregon. Immediately after their marriage they drove across the country to his home at North Yarmouth, in the same county, and the next day went to Portland and on toward the West. They were joined on the way by Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Cushing Eells, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gray, and Rev. A. B. Smith and wife. They crossed the Alleghanies by stage, descended the Ohio by steamboat, and at Westport, Mo., began their horseback ride across the continent. They had the escort of companies of trappers with their squaws, and reached Dr. Whitman's station in what was then eastern Oregon on the 29th of August. Leaving their wives at this place, Messrs. Eells and Walker went northward 150 miles to Tshimakain (pronounced Chim-ah-kine), and now known as Walker's Prairie, where the Spokane Indians assisted them to build two log cabins, each fourteen feet square, and barely high enough for Mr. Walker (whose height was six feet three inches) to stand erect in. They spent the winter at Whitman's, and in the spring of 1839 moved with their families to their log cabins at Walker's Prairie. Here they labored with fair and increasing success till the spring of 1848. Mails and supplies came to them yearly, by sailing vessel around Cape Horn,

*via* the Sandwich Islands, and up the Columbia, a year or more being consumed in the transit. Twice a year the Hudson Bay Company sent a runner eastward overland with important dispatches, and kindly permitted the missionaries to inclose a thin letter. Two sons were born to Mr. and Mrs. Eells, Edwin in 1841, and Myron in 1843. The former has been a trusty and efficient Indian agent, and the latter, now a D.D., a successful missionary for many years among the Indians in western Washington.

One son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Walker at Dr. Whitman's in 1838. This was the first white male child born west of the Rocky Mountains. Alice Whitman was the first white child born west of the Rockies. One daughter and four sons were born at Tshimakain. Toward the end of 1847, just previous to the birth of their fifth son, they were expecting a visit from Dr. Whitman, but instead came the horrible news that he and twelve other Americans had been murdered by the Cayuse Indians.

The two families were obliged to remain at Tshimakain till the opening of spring, when they removed to Fort Colville, sixty miles northward. Here they were hospitably sheltered by Mr. Lewis, factor of the Hudson Bay Company, till the close of the Cayuse war; and then sixty volunteers met them at Walker's Prairie, and escorted them to the Dalles. This journey also was made on horseback. One man was specially detailed to help Mrs. W. carry the baby, John R.; Mr. W. carried two-year-old Jeremiah; and Cyrus H., aged nine, had J. Elkanah, aged four, astride the saddle in front of him; while Marcus W., a lad of six, rode behind Abigail B., a rosy lass of eight. Mrs. W. was favored in having a remarkably gentle and intelligent animal, which had been trained by Indian squaws for a mother's horse. Ah! beautiful "Bonny," did never



thy dainty right ear burn as the Walker children regretfully recalled thy many virtues? But the horses were sold at the Dalles, and the party taken in "bateaux" down the Columbia and up the Walamet (Indian name for Willamette) to Oregon City.

The Walkers, after residing there for about a year, removed in the autumn of 1849 to West Tualatin, now Forest Grove, where two more sons were born. Here there was a Christian colony with a church, an orphan asylum, and a school, all housed in log-cabins. Mr. Walker erected the first frame house, in 1850, and at the "raising" the men, accustomed only to build log-houses, were much indebted to Rev. G. H. Atkinson, home missionary pastor of the church in Oregon City, for efficient help aloft on the frame. The line of Mr. and Mrs. Walker's "claim" passed through the center of the first building erected for Tualatin Academy, the successor of the orphanage and germ of Pacific University. They deeded thirteen acres to this institution. From it Myron Eells graduated in 1866, and J. Elkanah Walker in 1867; and in 1868 the two went east *via* Panama, the former to Hartford Seminary, and the latter to that in Bangor, from which institutions they graduated in 1871.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker had not been back East for thirty-three years, and were planning to return in 1871 to be present at the graduation of their son; but the loss of several hundred dollars deprived them of the means. When their son learned of this, for a moment he was sorely tempted to feel rebellious; but as he knelt to pray for submission, he received assurance that their plans would not be frustrated. Deacon Shindler, of Portland, Ore., bought of them an unused piece of land, the sale of which furnished the necessary means. Hastening by steamer to San Francisco, they landed there after business hours; but the Lord had the right

man ready to arrange everything for them, so that they took the next train East. The Union Pacific Railroad followed to a large extent, the course of the trail along which they had toiled on horseback in 1838. They reached Bangor just in time to eat breakfast, dress, rest a bit, and then attend the graduating exercises. After about three months most happily spent in visiting, they returned in October to Oregon.

In September of the next year their son went to Foochow, China, as a missionary of the American Board; and there in the spring of 1873 he was married to Miss Ada Claghorn, of the class of '70, Oberlin College. In 1876 this couple, together with Rev. Mr. Blakely and wife, removed 250 miles inland, a three weeks' journey, to Shao-wu, to open a new station, and were joined in 1877 by Dr. and Mrs. H. T. Whitney. The site of their residences proved to be somewhat unhealthy, and they experienced the interruptions and hardships often incident to the task of opening a new station. Mail came once in ten, or sometimes five, days, and was brought by Chinese runners, who usually made the trip in about eight days. Supplies came by boat from Foochow, and were a month or six weeks on the way. Funds were secured by exchange with Foochow merchants doing business in Shao-wu. Chinese copper "cash" and Spanish and Mexican silver dollars were the circulating medium. The dollars, stamped, punched, gouged, and variously defaced till often all traces of the original markings were gone, were received by weight, at so much a tael (565 grains at Shao-wu), and an order on the mission treasurer at Foochow for their equivalent value given to the merchants. It was from among such a lot of coins as these that the "1776" piece was picked out. (A Spanish dollar coined in 1776, which was offered for sale, the proceeds to help support a missionary.) It

probably had been hoarded by some Chinaman for a number of years, as otherwise it would have been defaced beyond recognition. This piece of money traveled in Mr. Walker's pocket from Oregon to Maine and back again to Oregon, had been shown to many persons, and narrowly escaped being given away, but was still reposing there when, at the Oregon State Association, a call was made for help for the Russian-German church in East Portland, whose members had come in great poverty from Russia. What more appropriate than to give a coin so patriotic in its date to a cause so patriotic in its bearings! God will hardly bless the attempt to shut out the poor of other lands, but he certainly will bless every effort to fit them to participate in the privileges which we enjoy; and the Gospel, and that alone, can transform all classes and races into desirable additions to our population.

Father Walker went to his rest in 1877, being seventy-two years of age; but "Mother Walker," now eighty-one, still survives, and on Oct. 1, 1892, welcomed to the old homestead six sons and one daughter, who on that day all met together for the first time in thirty years, and probably will never thus all meet again in this world, as J. Elkanah soon returns to China.

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## EARLY PIONEERING IN OREGON.

MRS. G. H. ATKINSON.

On our arrival in Oregon in 1848, via the Sandwich Islands, there was a great work before us. Churches were to be built, schools to be established, and orphan children to be cared for. Indeed, it seemed but a small part of life to care for one's own household. Two sad

events—the death of our own child and one of our adoption—soon after our arrival, were followed by a long and severe illness. There was no physician nearer Oregon City than Fort Vancouver. Dr. Barclay, physician of the Hudson Bay Company, was not allowed, according to the rules of the Company, to visit patients outside of the Fort. By the blessing of God I was spared.

As health returned, I organized a Juvenile Missionary Society for the benefit of our little orphan girl and others in Oregon City. We met Saturday afternoons. Having planned for the work before coming to Oregon, I was supplied with suitable missionary intelligence to read to the children. The girls became much interested, and through our efforts twenty-five dollars were collected and sent to the children's fund for the education of heathen children in South Africa. My home duties becoming exacting, I was obliged to leave this work, and as no one seemed able to take charge of it, we discontinued the meetings.

The resident pastors' wives organized a Maternal Association and Ladies' Prayer Meeting. We met once a week for prayer and conference, and once a month had a meeting for the children. The removal of some of the ministers' families caused a discontinuance of the Association, and a ladies' prayer meeting was instituted, in connection with our church, which continued with very little interruption, although sometimes only one besides myself was present, until I engaged in teaching in 1862. Having been accustomed to such meetings in the church at home, they seemed necessary to the sisters here.

We were called upon to "use hospitality." Often we received at our home ministers, teachers and, generally, the Christian people who came to Oregon City. Frequently many were in trouble and very destitute.

Our garden—perhaps the only one—was an attraction to these strangers after the long trip by sea or across the plains. To extend this hospitality cheerfully and heartily upon a small salary, with exorbitant prices for supplies, and without help, was difficult. A friend, knowing of my lame hand, kindly sent a colored man to our aid. My husband asked what pay he expected and he said: "One hundred dollars a month for doing the cooking." Mr. Atkinson replied: "I have five hundred dollars as my salary, and it will be impossible to pay you twelve hundred; and besides, we have very little to cook!"

We enjoyed the coming of recruits from the East. They were made welcome, and their presence at family worship was greatly appreciated. John Gulick, a boy of sixteen years, who came with us from the Sandwich Islands, remained until he went to the mines for his health and to gain means to pursue his studies, which he accomplished. He is now a missionary in China. Two children were added to our family in 1849 and 1851.

The church was built in 1850; we boarded the workmen. The Ladies' Aid Society furnished the building, and later made the stone wall, a portion of which still remains in front of the parsonage.

Mr. Atkinson felt that more must be done for the best good of Oregon and that he must make a journey to the East in its behalf. He left in April, 1852, after arranging for us to spend the summer with Rev. and Mrs. Clark, of Forest Grove. A more self-denying, generous, kind-hearted couple I think never were known. They gave much of the campus and land to Pacific University and bought the present college bell. They occupied a comfortable log house, shaded by large, spreading oaks. At a little distance from their house was a small, neat log building of one room,

which the children and myself occupied, while we took our meals and had worship together in the large house. I used to think what a pity it would be to have fine houses in this lovely place, to detract from the beauties of nature. The scenery on the Tualatin plains was wonderful beyond description.

We became attached to Mrs. Burton—a friend of Mr. and Mrs. Clark, and widow of a foreign missionary. We were grateful to Providence for our many friends in this emergency. The separation from the husband and father by so many miles, and the uncertainty of life and health, could not be forgotten.

Because of impaired health, Mr. Clark kindly took our family back to Oregon City, so that we might take passage on the "Lot Whitcomb" for Astoria, where we remained until it was arranged for us to go to Clatsop Plains. On returning to our home, Miss W——, of Albany, N. Y., one of the five teachers sent out by Governor Slade's society, came to us. In fact, they all remained in our house until places were found for them.

In the spring our family was reunited. Mr. Atkinson reached home with a competent gentleman and lady to take charge of the Female Seminary at Oregon City, and a lady teacher—sister of Miss W——, and with contributions for scholarships for young ladies in the Seminary. This institution has been the means of educating a large number of Oregon girls.

It seemed no task then to do the work for a family of twelve, and a new impulse was given to every department of effort. We rejoiced in the addition of stable Congregational families and friends, who were able supporters and valuable helpers in all our church work. My work was by no means easy, but frequent rides and occasional trips up the valley recruited strength, and we thus became acquainted with the peo-



ple and their needs. They were kind and generous, though enjoying few comforts and conveniences. We were grateful to them, and when we returned, our work was lightened by what we had seen of contentment and cheer amid privation.

Fifteen of the more than forty years of missionary work in Oregon were spent in connection with the church at Oregon City, and it is a matter of rejoicing that they were not in vain. The church has continued strong to this day. On the historic spot now stands a beautiful new structure, a part of it being the first church building with the audience room slightly changed. Two flourishing missions, with new buildings, prove the vigor of the parent church and the labors of those now at work there.

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## EARLY DAYS IN OREGON.

BY MRS. I. N. GILBERT.

Let us go back to the year 1848. Standing on the shore of the Willamette a boat is seen approaching the shore. As we scan the company on deck, we are attracted by the appearance of a tall and noble-looking young man. At his side stands his winsome wife. Immediately the question arises, "Who are these? Is that the Governor who has been sent here?" For in those days governors and judges were appointed for Oregon. The committee who were in waiting to receive them replied: "They are Rev. G. H. Atkinson and wife, sent here by the American Home Missionary Society to organize Congregational churches in Oregon." Dr. Atkinson found a small church at Oregon City which had been organized in 1844 as a Presbyterian church, but, in 1849, by a vote of its members, it became a Congregational church.

Dr. Atkinson's first sermon was preached in a house owned by Mr. Hatch; afterward the court room was fitted up and rented for church services. In 1850 the lot in which the church now stands was bought for \$250. In August of the same year the wandering ark settled down in the wing of its present church building. Dr. Atkinson preached the dedication sermon, and was assisted in the services by Rev. J. H. Wilbur, of the Methodist Church; Mr. Johnson of the Baptist Church, and Mr. Fackler, of the Episcopal Church. This was the first formal dedication of a church in Oregon, and probably of a Protestant church on the Pacific coast.

The entire cost of this Oregon City church was \$3,900. Only \$1,600 was then subscribed. The deficit was a burden the pastor and church were compelled to carry. Everything was very expensive; lumber, \$80 a thousand; carpenters' wages, \$10 a day; windows, \$20 apiece, and all other things in proportion. Those were the days of newly discovered gold mines in California—days of great toil and labor, with many discouragements for missionary workers.

That little church under the hill stands as a monument of Pioneer Life in Oregon. I shall ever remember the first day of November, 1851, when my husband and myself took a horseback ride, that being the only way of travel from Salem to Oregon City, in order to be present on the following Sabbath, when my husband was to unite with the church. That was the nearest Congregational church to us.

In 1849 Rev. H. Lyman and wife arrived. They had been sent out from New York a year previous. They were sixty days in traveling from San Francisco to Portland, and two more in going to Oregon City, their destination. The distance from Portland to Oregon City is made now in fifty-one minutes. In the early part of 1849 Dr. Atkinson went from Oregon

City to Portland, which was then beginning to show signs of becoming a town. He held two services, one in a log shingle-shop, with batten doors, shingle blocks for seats, and a row of window-panes, set in a log, for light. The other service was held in an old shingle warehouse, the congregation crowding in among boxes and bales of goods. In 1850 Mr. Lyman went to Portland and commenced building a church. He pushed the work with an earnestness and vigor characteristic of our early missionaries. The building was dedicated June 15, 1851, and a church of ten members was organized.

Few missionaries are obliged to endure the hardships that befell this brother and his young wife. No doubt Mrs. Lyman's poor health in after years, and her early death, were in great measure due to the exposure of the first few years in Portland. Their home was a shanty made of green lumber and the weather was very inclement. Necessities and comforts were meager and luxuries there were none. People who come here to-day and find friends, good homes and pleasant surroundings, realize very faintly the difference between then and now.

The first Congregational church in Oregon was organized in 1842, near Hillsboro, by Rev. J. S. Griffin. The second church was organized in Forest Grove in 1845, Rev. Harvey Clark, pastor. There were only these two churches previous to the arrival of Dr. Atkinson and Rev. Horace Lyman. There were twenty-five members in all. The Salem Church was organized by Rev. J. W. Goodell, July 4, 1852, with four members. He was sent out by the A. H. M. S. In 1852 Rev. B. Dickinson arrived and began a ministry which lasted over fourteen years. The first place of meeting was in an old school-house, without paint or plaster, paper or cloth, with no pulpit, and rough benches for

seats. The house was imperfectly lighted with tallow candles, but what we lacked in comfort was made up in devotion to the cause of Christ. We had good preaching, good Sunday-schools, earnest prayers and faithful workers. A larger proportion of old and young attended church services then than now. During the first eight years of its existence the church received aid from the American Home Missionary Society, and I know that during those eight years of toil and struggle in building a church and supporting its ministers we could not have succeeded and held together as a church without the aid given by the Society. I suppose our history is similar to that of the twenty-two churches of Oregon.

Persons coming here to-day know but little of the hardships endured by the early missionaries and their devoted wives—in fact, *all* who helped in the glorious work of building up Congregationalism in Oregon. Eternity alone will reveal the good that has been done by the earnest Christian workers of that early day in molding the Society. More than once I have known our pastor to go to the Association without one delegate to cheer his heart. This was before ladies were elected as delegates. While we care not to be deacons or elders we do know by experience what it means to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, and, as we look back over the past, we are thankful our Heavenly Father has given us a part in this glorious work.

The Albany Church was organized May 1, 1843, near Council Bluffs, Iowa, by Rev. Dr. Wood, of the Congregational Church, Oskaloosa, Iowa, with five members—Rev. M. B. Starr, Mrs. E. G. Starr, Miss Louisa Starr, Mr. C. Bane and Mr. R. H. Robb. Rev. M. C. Starr was chosen its first pastor, and Mr. Robb clerk. This was a Starr church and has a bright history.

Like Israel of old, this church crossed the wilderness in its organized form. It would be a matter of interest could we know something of the life of its members during that long and tedious journey; what dangers they endured; what trials beset them; their hopes, aspirations, councils and plans for the kingdom of Christ, in this new land toward which they journeyed. But there is no record of this. The next we hear of this little band they are in Judge Thornton's law office, declaring themselves the First Congregational Church of Albany, organized a year previous, and now many miles distant from the place of first consecration and covenant. In consequence of failing health, Mr. Starr resigned his charge in 1855, and Rev. T. Condon was employed as pastor, and served the church until 1861, when he resigned and moved to The Dalles. Mr. Condon was "founded on the rock" and has been digging among the rocks ever since, and, while he is not a fossil, is dealing with fossils of every kind. In 1859 the Albany church building was begun, but was not completed until 1865. Rev. D. Gray became acting pastor and taught in the public school at the same time. In 1854 Mr. Starr organized a church at Corvallis. He continued to be its pastor for several years. This church, with the one at Sand Ridge, received home missionary support from 1858 until 1862. Every one of these churches had its struggles and trials. All of these noble men with their wives I have known personally. Each has worked arduously with his hands during the week and preached two or three sermons on the Sabbath. They have been an honor to Christ, faithful to those to whom they were sent, and are of that number, who, when their working days are over here, will hear that most welcome call, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

## CALIFORNIA IN 1849.

While speeding across the Continent to the East, it almost seemed as if I should find here the men whom I left in charge of Home Missions forty-nine years ago—Dr. Badger and Dr. Hall, Drs. Leonard Bacon, Joseph P. Thompson, William Adams, Asa D. Smith, E. F. Hatfield, Mr. Christopher R. Robert, Mr. Jasper Corning, and others—but I look for them in vain. Almost half a continent had just been added to our country's domain, a vast territory, as yet unoccupied and but little known.

The year 1846 was "the year of destiny" for the Territories of Oregon and California. It was on the 15th day of the month of June in that year that the long-pending question of our northern boundary was settled with Great Britain, giving us all of what has since come to be the two States, Oregon and Washington; and in less than one month thereafter, namely, on the 7th day of July, our flag went up in California, which included also what is now Nevada, Utah and Arizona. Those men were quick to see the significance of these events. They studied the map of the world. They saw that the globe was marked by four grand distinctive lines, having the general direction of north and south. These are the four ocean shores of the eastern and western continents. They saw that the shores of western Europe and eastern America were occupied, and that upon them "are concentrated all the regenerative elements on the globe." Looking at the other ocean shores, they saw that that of eastern Asia was occupied by the densest mass of heathenism, while over against it that of western America was vacant, and that now, as it were in a single day, that shore had come to be a part of our own country. That fact alone was enough to make certain its early settlement, and the

transfer thither of our laws, civilization, and religion. And they inferred at once that those forces, working for human welfare on both shores of the Atlantic, ought to be set at work on our shore of the Pacific for the regeneration of the masses of mankind inhabiting China, Japan, and the islands of the western sea. They recognized at once the responsibility devolved upon this Society, which they represented, and, though they were overburdened with the work in this great central West, they did not hesitate to begin it at once on the shores of the Pacific. They knew well the constituency of the Society for which they were acting—the churches and the pastors, the men and the women—and they had full confidence that this new undertaking would be sustained. They acted promptly.

Before one year went round they had their first missionary under appointment for Oregon, Rev. George H. Atkinson, to sail by way of Cape Horn, who arrived there in June, 1848, just fifty years ago. And before that year ended two others, commissioned for California, were on their way to that Territory, going by way of the Isthmus of Panama, on the first trip of the new steamship line.

During the preparation for this mission there was really very little known concerning the country so recently acquired from Mexico, nothing at all concerning any discovery of gold. We expected that the country would be settled gradually, as other Western States had been; that the people would be employed in the ordinary industries of American life, building them homes in towns and cities. We had heard that since the American occupancy, this process of settlement had already begun. We knew that there was a town called San Francisco, and that there was a small weekly paper published there, named "The Star." We had seen a copy of that paper, dated March 13, 1847,



not quite a year after the change of flag, which said that "from 3,000 to 5,000 houses, probably, will go up here this year;" and another copy of the paper, dated May 8, said that "a meeting of citizens was held last evening for the purpose of ascertaining the prevailing sentiment in relation to the establishment of a church in the town of San Francisco." These things, among others, made it very clear that no time ought to be lost in establishing the institutions of the gospel in this newly acquired territory. But, though so little was known of these vast regions that pour their waters into the Pacific Ocean, it was manifest that they were about to be used in the interest of a new development of Christ's kingdom. The people qualified for the work were ready. Populations would flow in. Cities and States would arise, and the question what should be their character must be determined during their growth. There must be trained there a missionary people, awake to their opportunity as neighbors of so large a portion of mankind on the opposite ocean shore, perishing without the knowledge of the gospel. Commerce would come to their aid, and a growing intercourse, opening the prospect of future Christian triumphs new and inspiring.

It was in view of such facts and motives that the Society's mission was planned and entered upon, fifty years ago.

On our way from New York to the Isthmus our steamship ran up to New Orleans, about December 15, 1848, to exchange mails. While there, what should meet us but the authentic news of the discovery of gold in California, and the resulting revolution in industry, social conditions, and cost of living—in one hour throwing our plans and anticipations into chaos and uncertainty. Mining for the precious metals was a business then unknown to our American industry. How could

a mining country grow into the conditions of a civilized and Christian State? We thought of Mexico, and the prospect was not assuring.

We kept on our way with a suddenly-gathered crowd of men, most of them undesirable in the extreme, as settlers of a new State.

But in due time we reached California. The very first sight of the country filled us with wonder. The Bay of San Francisco, an inland sea, with its islands, bordered by fertile plains and circling hills, made up a landscape of beauty such as we had never seen before. And beyond the Contra Costa range were the great valleys of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, while eastward still, away in the distance, stood the Sierra Nevada mountains, snow-capped, and rising into the region of clouds. On the other hand lay the Pacific Ocean, waiting to make us neighbors to those vast masses of mankind inhabiting its opposite shores, to whom we hoped somehow to be of some service. And here our country's flag was waving in the bright spring sunlight, bespeaking a new authority, our own national authority over all, now to invite the incoming of a new race of men. But coming down to the conditions around us, we found them strange and bewildering beyond description. As to business, there were two branches only—mining and furnishing supplies to the miners. There were, in the spring of '49, some 20,000 or 30,000 men at work in the foothills of the Sierras, and importing and forwarding them supplies employed San Francisco, a rough, ungraded town of some 8,000 or 10,000 people, nearly all men, coming and going. It was a very rushing, noisy, reckless, busy place, but giving small promise of good for the future. *There was not a Protestant church or house of worship or school of any kind in all California.* One Protestant minister was in San Francisco, having come over from the Sand-

wich Islands while we were on the way, and was preaching in what was once a schoolhouse, to those who cared to hear on the Sabbath. But the mass of the people hardly knew the Sabbath from any other day. Ships were arriving every day, passengers were landing and were pitching their tents in the chaparral and among the sand hills about the town, only to remain while getting ready to start for the mines; goods were discharging from ships, and goods were being shipped to the miners; miners were returning from the mountains, crowding the places of resort, strangers from many lands, speaking many languages. These things made all days alike, and filled them with a perpetual round of excitements, made intense in too many cases by strong drink and the gambler's passion.

Outside of San Francisco and the miners, there was not much in 1849 to engage the attention of the Home Missionary. Southern California was quite undisturbed by the excitement at the north, and kept on for years in its old style of life, there being but few English-speaking people there. But around the Bay of San Francisco some towns were springing up, and were in manifest need of Gospel ministry. Still other towns began to appear on the banks of the navigable rivers at points where miners' supplies were landed, to be transported thence by wagons. After San Francisco, these, of course, demanded first attention. In due time the mining camps must be visited in the mountains, in order to become acquainted with these new and strange conditions of life. But for a good while the possibilities of our missionary work were a study. The conditions were unexampled. A handful of Christian disciples was found in several places, but their continuance was in all cases exceedingly uncertain and their means very limited. If they were disposed to settle and be permanent, they could get no trustworthy title to any

land. The whole country about the Bay of San Francisco and along the coast was covered by Mexican grants, some of which were valid, but many of which were fraudulent, and it was the work of many years to outlive the consequent legal disputes so that a man could safely buy him a home or a farm. Until he could do this he could not be expected to be very enthusiastic about building a church or a schoolhouse in the neighborhood. In San Francisco the places of worship, such as they were, were hard to find, even by those disposed to search for them; and far too many, even, of those who in their Eastern homes always attended worship on the Sabbath, since they were here unknown in the midst of the crowds of strangers, let the day pass as did the rest. There were no associations connected with divine worship in a rough court room, a canvas tent, or in an unused carpenter shop, fitted up with benches. Nor were there in the miner's own costume—the pants and the red or blue flannel shirt.

Congregations must be gathered at once in San Francisco, and as soon as possible in the larger places most likely to become prominent towns. At the same time, by correspondence, and, so far as possible, by exploration, we were to find out what could be done for the miners in the mountains. The first thing was the building in each place of some kind of a house of worship. Two or three more missionaries had come to our assistance, and as everything depended on the minister in each case, everyone went to work. Subscriptions were solicited and donations were asked. The pastor of the first church in the mines spent days and weeks along the ravines where the miners were washing out the gold, arguing in behalf of his enterprise and discussing theology with the miners. They probably thought his church-building plans of little importance, but they would give him an ounce or two, because he

was evidently a good fellow. The pastor of another church in a fertile valley, after getting all he could by solicitation, and not having enough, noticed that hay was scarce and high-priced, and seeing acres of wild oats on the plains unclaimed by anybody, and just fit to be harvested, got some young men to go with him and cut a few tons, and I preached the sermon at the dedication of his church. I got this sample answer to my solicitations: "No; there will never be any churches built here; the country is good for nothing but mining; it is not fit to live in. Who would think of fetching his family here?" Some very sober Eastern opinion came to us in the papers, to the effect that "California was a bubble and would soon burst." Nevertheless, we believed in the country and its future, and *were willing to put our lives into it and help build up a Christian State.* If we could have got the merest glimpse of what we see to-day we should have counted ourselves the happiest of men.

In the little group of organizing members of my church in San Francisco was a lumber merchant from Maine, a warm-hearted Christian man, who brought all his family. Through his efficient agency, seconded by others, a house of worship was built; the lumber, every stick of it, was imported from Maine. It was situated in a residence section of the city, quite safe from fire. Our subscriptions were made payable in installments as the work went on. One Saturday night, when the work was within a few weeks of completion, we had made our collections and paid all that was due. I had finished my Sabbath preparations for the next day and was about to retire, when the fire alarm rang out quick and sharp. Looking from the window toward the business part of the city, we could see the flames already leaping high and borne aloft by a fierce wind; they seemed certain to destroy everything to the

water's edge. All night long the fire raged. It swept through the entire business part of the city, consuming everything in its way. Sabbath morning dawned on the city in ashes, a scene of desolation and smoking ruins. Our church building was at a safe distance; but how about our friends, the merchants, on whose subscriptions our future payments depended? I found them exhausted and dust-covered, poking in the ashes where their stores had been, having lost everything! Should the work on the church building stop, or what should we do? There was but one alternative, and that was to borrow. The rate of interest was something fearful at that time. And though by means of a loan we had the advantage of a good house of worship—and it was well filled—that debt crippled the young congregation for years.

The efficiency of the church as a missionary agency in the city and in the State was vastly hindered. About six weeks after the great May fire, on the 15th of June, 1851, our house of worship was dedicated. It was a great occasion for us, though the consequences of the fire to us and our friends greatly moderated our joy. Still the young business men were full of courage. The storeships anchored in the bay were full of consigned goods, and it was the work of but a comparatively few days to build temporary stores, such as would answer in our rainless summer, and bring ashore the goods and ship them to the miners. A week went by, and our congregation assembled at our usual hour of worship, eleven o'clock on Sabbath morning. The service opened as usual, and I had proceeded to the reading of Scripture, when tap, tap, tap, rang the fire alarm, and the congregation disappeared and ran for their places of business to save something if they could. I closed the Bible and followed them. The fire that day, however, burned only that portion of the city left by the



May fire, and did not affect us so much, though it burned the houses of worship of two or three other congregations. These circumstances illustrate the experience of many of our congregations in the early years, when all buildings were constructed of the most combustible materials, and no adequate protection could be had against fire. This constituted another of the uncertainties we had to contend with.

But what were we? Pastors at this time of four or five beginnings of churches in beginnings of towns, hundreds of miles apart? And what were the fifteen or twenty Protestant ministers and beginnings of churches? While closely engaged in trying to build churches in cities and towns, how could we reach the great mass of our population in the mines? How could we become acquainted with them, and learn who cared for the civil and religious welfare of the State, which had been organized a year and a half before? We saw clearly that if we had a *religious newspaper* we could use the mails, and reach both the mining centers and the towns. But the cost! The cost! We corresponded, and conferred, and figured over the matter all the year of 1850. Finally it was agreed to venture. Everything promised well up to the time of the two great fires. The printing-office where the forms of the first number of "The Pacific" lay, already made up, was not burned, and we determined to print, and depend on the mines and the country for circulation. The cost of the first issue of 25,000 copies was \$525, and the subscription price was eight dollars a year. The paper was well received, and found an unexpected circulation in the mines. The very audacity of the undertaking made it friends. And so "The Pacific" became our traveling home missionary and has continued to be so ever since—now forty-seven years. All this time it has stood for sound, evangelical religion, for missions the



world over, for education, pure morals, civil freedom and honest politics. There was a special reason for its establishment in 1851. There was a purpose on the part of some to bring about the introduction of slavery into at least the southern half of the State. To be sure, California had been made a free State, without a dissenting voice in the Constitutional Convention, in 1849, and by vote of the people. But our admission to the Union was resisted ten months in Congress on account of the free-State clause. And thereafter plans were secretly forming to bring about the division of the State, in order to open the southern half to the introduction of slavery. These plans had the sympathy of our city, State, and United States officers. Supported by such powerful political influence, there was very great danger that they might succeed. During those trying years "The Pacific" did its best work in behalf of our State undivided and free. When once the conspiracies against it were exposed, public sentiment was found to be so strong against them that they gradually ceased. The paper, though outspoken against intemperance, gambling, and all forms of immorality so prevalent then, met with little opposition.

There was, however, one exception. The managing editor passed the Sabbath on one occasion in a northern country mining town, preaching both morning and evening. In his correspondence with the paper the following week, he mentioned that the postmaster, a saloon keeper, kept the post office in the rear of his saloon, obliging everyone, men, women and children alike, doing business there, to pass and re-pass his bar and the gambling tables. About a year after that, the editor was there again, passing the Sabbath and preaching as before. Early Monday morning there came quite a mob of excited men from the saloon to the hotel where he was, evidently intent on doing him

harm. The spokesman was a young lawyer who, in glowing terms charged the editor with having slandered that town in his paper the year before. The paper containing the offensive matter was called for and produced. The editor, running his eye over it, reminded the crowd of the "fair play" characteristic of miners, and then read the description as he wrote it the year before, and appealed to them, sentence by sentence, if it was not true. There was not one who could deny it. Then he boldly appealed to them all whether they wanted their town to have such a reputation as these things would give it. As he proceeded, the caloon frequenters gradually fell away, and the more reasonable part of the crowd gathered around the editor, and when he was through they gave him cheers, and many warmly thanked him for publishing the truth. Ministers, in the pursuit of their calling, were always treated with respect, even in the rough times.

In the work of promoting education, our young churches were among the foremost from the very beginning. A Christian college was planned and conducted through its preparatory stage, and to a full college organization for nearly twenty years, solely on home resources, and was unable in all that time to get any help from the East to speak of; for the era of generous gifts to found Christian colleges in the new States had not yet come.

Nor were our churches behind in philanthropic effort; for the very first orphan asylum founded in the State was begun at the suggestion of one of the missionaries of this Society, and has been supported and conducted by the united effort of all the Protestant churches to this day. Of the great number of professional men who came to California in the earliest years, few joined congregations or attended worship. But there were a few, and their influence was conspicuous

as a power for good. Some of the officers of the army and of the navy while stationed in California attended worship and entered heartily into our plans of Christian work from the very beginning. The value of their influence was beyond estimation. In the conflicts of succeeding years they all laid down their lives for our country, mostly on the battlefield, but their names are precious with us and our churches. To this class of officers belonged, in the latter years, the honored president of this Society, Major-General O. O. Howard.

All these things are written in detail by Rev. James H. Warren, for nearly twenty years this Society's Superintendent of Home Missions in California, in a book waiting for means to appear for its publication!

The years that followed those early times of which I have been speaking saw rapid changes. Men found that California was good for something besides mining. Many sent for their families. Women and children began to appear in our congregations. More missionaries were needed, and you sent them. The missionary societies of all the other denominations sent them. Churches multiplied and grew. Their influence appeared in better morals and manners. The reckless multitude went their chosen way, and reaped the harvest of their own sowing, while the temperate, industrious and religious were thriving in the development of the newly found resources of the country. It is this latter class, organized in churches and institutions of progress, that builds a State. And it is through this class that the Home Missionary societies are determining the character of all the new States of this Union. It is this class that has made California what she is to-day—a great agricultural, mining, commercial and educational State. If in religion and morals we are not up to the standard we strive for, it should be remembered that our immigrant population was two-

thirds of it foreign, and that a large part of it was not helpful in our Christian work, but very much the reverse. At first we were all young people, without experience, beginning on new ground, situated thousands of miles distant from the home States, unhelped by their example, wisdom and advice. This, in many trying times, was felt to be a privation almost too grievous to be borne. Nevertheless, there is in California a civil, religious and educational "foundation" laid in its first fifty years, ready for the superstructure to be built by the generations to come. Those remarkably prophetic words of Mr. Seward in the Senate in 1852 seem likely to come true: "The Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands, and the regions beyond, will become the chief theater of events in the world's great hereafter."

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## **SAMUEL HOPKINS WILLEY.**

### **A HOME MISSIONARY VETERAN.**

Fifty years a missionary of the Gospel! How few are thus so graciously blessed. Just half a century ago, December 1, 1848, the Rev. Samuel H. Willey left New York in the steamer Falcon for Aspinwall, on his way to the distant Pacific Coast. Success in the war with Mexico had only recently given California to the United States. The news of the discovery of gold had not yet reached the Eastern States. If anything were needed to prove the profound wisdom of the administrators of the American Home Missionary Society in those early years, surely this example of prophetic instinct would furnish it. While the now famous El Dorado was still unorganized politically, unregulated socially, unredeemed spiritually, the direct-

ors, with unwavering faith, sent forth to those distant shores two evangelists to preach the Gospel of Christ.

One of our wittiest poets once declared a man's education began with his grandfathers. And it may be said that the preparation of every true missionary of the Cross begins in his ancestry. Twenty years after the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, Isaac Willey reached Boston. On the mother's side, the lineage of the subject of our sketch may be traced to a Thomas Brown, who left England in 1635 and settled in Newbury, Massachusetts. The two families bore an honorable part in the upbuilding of New England. At length, in the first decade of the present century, a newly married couple, whose only capital was education, whose endowment, character, left their old homes and went to "break" a farm amidst the woods of New Hampshire. Here in the log farmhouse, on the stony hillside of Blueberry Mountain, at whose feet still runs the sparkling Pemigewasset, was born, March 11, 1821, Samuel Hopkins Willey.

He was the youngest of ten children—five sons and five daughters. His father was a hard-working, silent man, a Puritan of the Puritans; his mother was a saintly woman of rare spiritual gifts. His was a happy childhood, yet disciplined in the strict school of severe economy. Many were their hard struggles; yet every member of the large family gladly bore a part. Driving barefooted the cows afield in early morning or at set of sun, the lad looked up with inspiration to lofty Moosehillock, a giant among the mountains, and resolved to go onward, upward, and obtain an education. His parents, though they needed his help, willingly spared him. Thus in Pembroke, Ashby and Kimball Union academies he prepared for Dartmouth College, where he was graduated in 1845. At the close of his seminary course in Union, in 1848, he accepted a call

to the pastorate of the Congregational church in Medford, Mass., but soon resigned it to go to California.

At his ordination as an evangelist, in the old Broome Street Presbyterian Church, New York, the Rev. Mr. Spaulding spoke prophetically of the strange land to which he was ere long to sail: "A land of wheat and barley and vines and fig-trees and pomegranates, a land of olive oil and honey, a land whose stones are iron and out of whose rocks flow rivers of oil; it is a place of sapphires and it hath the dust of gold." But there were others who had no such hope. At the time of annexation, Mr. McDuffie declared on the floor of the United States Senate, "Why, sir, of what use will this territory be for agriculture? I would not, for that purpose, give a pinch of snuff for the whole of it." Daniel Webster regarded the region no more favorably.

It is pleasant now to recall a meeting in the rooms of the Society, then in the Tract House, December 1, 1848. There were present the Secretaries, Drs. Badger and Hall, with a number of the Executive Committee, Drs. Wm. Adams, E. F. Hatfield and Joseph P. Thompson. The lay members were represented by Jasper Corning and Christopher R. Robert. After the reading of the Scriptures and the singing of hymns, all joined in prayer for the safety and success of the two young missionaries. Rising from their knees, they accompanied them to the ship and bade them godspeed as they sailed out to set.

On reaching New Orleans, the missionaries first learned of the discovery of gold. This report was confirmed when, in the early morning of February 23, 1849, the steamship "California," the first of the mail line, on her maiden trip, dropped anchor in the harbor of Monterey.

Before them was a small Mexican town, the capital of the Territory. The scene indicated that nature had



done much for the beauty and prospects of the place, but man very little. There was intense excitement among all in the frantic rush for the precious metal. There were others, however, among these early voyagers, whose passion was for other things than gold. Four ministers had come on this little vessel. They at once separated and began preaching. "There was not a Protestant church or house, or school of any kind in all California." It was Friday. On the following Sunday, Mr. Willey preached in a small adobe hall from the text, "We preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them that are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God."

The work had begun in earnest. He soon gathered the children into a day-school and Sunday-school. In the beginning, they could not speak a word of English, nor he Spanish. It was at this time that he established the first public library in California. He also served jointly with Padre Ramirez as chaplain of the convention that met in Monterey in September, 1849, to frame a Constitution for the new State. Being persuaded that a great city would rise some day upon the shores of the beautiful bay within the Golden Gate, he left Monterey, scarcely larger now than it was then, and went to San Francisco. On September 15, 1850, he organized the Howard Street Church, with four members, all men. At the close of the year, the town contained 15,000 people and nine Protestant churches. There were twenty-one in the entire State.

Those were the days of small things, yet of grand possibilities. Before me lies a copy of the farewell sermon preached at the close of this happy pastorate of twelve years. If ever the consolations of religion were needed, they were in that early time. And this active



church, led by its consecrated pastor, bore no small part in laying the foundations upon which to-day securely rests this metropolis of the Pacific with its population approaching half a million. In 1851 two disastrous fires swept over the town, leaving ruin and ashes. In 1854-55 a financial panic proved equally destructive to the fortunes of the citizens. Hittell, the historian, says: "By the middle of 1854, out of a thousand business places in San Francisco, more than three hundred were unoccupied." Yet, withal, the church moved steadily onward with increasing usefulness.

In the perspective of years, it now seems probable that Dr. Willey's most enduring and far-reaching labors were those outside of the pastoral relation. For four years he served efficiently as the agent in California of the Home Missionary Society. No religious paper was published on the Coast. Yet all felt the need of a paper which should be a common bond among the missionaries, and also carry life and light to distant ranch and miner's cabin. In August, 1851, the first issue of "The Pacific" was taken from the press. The Rev. J. W. Douglas, who was Dr. Willey's fellow-voyager, was editor, assisted by Rev. Mesrs. J. A. Benton, S. H. Willey, and T. Dwight Hunt. In the same year, after much opposition, public schools were organized in the city. This led to their establishment throughout the State.

During the first year's residence, correspondence was begun by Dr. Willey with educators in the East. He hoped to found a Christian college. Early in 1853, the Rev. Henry Durant, a Congregational pastor from Massachusetts, arrived, and soon opened a school in Oakland. He began with three pupils and a rental of \$150 per month. Nevertheless, the academy prospered, and on April 13, 1855, the College of California was chartered. Thirteen years later, the institution

and its properties were turned over to the State, a free gift. Out of it at once sprang the present University of California, now having a magnificent endowment and 2,500 students. To no one is the State more indebted for its educational system than to Dr. Willey. The College of California was very largely his creation. During all of its existence he was Secretary of the Board of Trustees, and for eight years was its chief executive officer. Very appropriately, he has written a history of the college in an entertaining volume.

In 1870 Dr. Willey began a successful pastorate of ten years in the church in Santa Cruz; later, he served, in the same capacity, the church in Benicia for seven years. Space permits only the mere citation of these facts. But how much they mean! The State was becoming fortified and the churches strengthened. After years of patient service our friend published "Thirty Years in California," in which the development of the commonwealth is reviewed. A few sentences from this valuable monograph may be quoted with profit: "One of the lessons my California life has most thoroughly taught me is, that transplanted people do not begin life on new ground on as high a plane as they occupied before." Again, "One of the marked facts respecting religion in California during these thirty years is this: as a rule, the professional men, the educated men, the doctors, the lawyers, and to a great extent the merchants, have refrained from church attendance, and have given little support to the institutions of religion." Speaking of the support of the churches, he says on the same page (71): "It is remarkable how exclusively this has been done by working people of moderate means, and to-day I hardly know of a church of any one of these denominations in which there is a rich man."

Since Dr. Willey's retirement from the active ministry, he has been an honored member of the First

Church of San Francisco. It was organized July 29, 1849, and was the first church of our communion in the State. The Rev. T. D. Hunt, the pioneer Protestant clergyman, who had been engaged as chaplain of the town, was the first pastor. He remained seven years, and was followed by Rev. E. S. Lacy and Dr. A. L. Stone, who together served over twenty-four years. It marks a long distance and great advance from the first house of plain boards, twenty-five by fifty feet, to the present imposing structure in the heart of the metropolis. It is the largest Protestant auditorium in the city, providing seats for 1,500 people. Three times, because of enlarging opportunities and increasing needs, the church has felt called upon to rise and build a new sanctuary. As a church, it has had its full share of trouble, yet, withal, has never lost faith, and is to-day doing a larger work than ever before. We may take just pride in "the Old First."

In the expanding work of Home Missions, men are needed not alone for service in the field, but it is equally important that there should be volunteers among those of experience, and in whom the churches have the utmost confidence, to serve on the executive committees which have general oversight of the work. Among the latter, one stands pre-eminent in California, in that he has faithfully served for many years as chairman of the State Executive Missionary Committee. The Rev. George Mooar, D.D., left the pastorate of the church in Andover, Mass., the home of his boyhood, to go to California as pastor of the First Church of Oakland. The success and growth of this church, now the largest of our order on the Coast, has been due not a little to his prayerful ministry. Later he was persuaded to accept a professorship in the Pacific Theological Seminary, and for more than a quarter of a century has taught in this school of the prophets.

Our communion owes much to his unrequited labors, for "the care of all the churches" has been on his heart these many years. He is known as the friend of young ministers, whose more restless tempers are calmed by his undisturbed serenity. Intuitive insight into the characters of men he has to a marked degree, and though firm in conviction, never awakens antagonism. His most prominent characteristic is humility, yet it is always accompanied by the gracious dignity of self-respect. Illness has long been a guest in his household, and he has not been unacquainted with grief. These experiences have but sweetened his spirit and quickened his faith.

At the close of the century it is well to look backward and see what God has wrought in fifty years. The early pioneers to California are passing away; in fact, but very few remain. Of the earliest group of ministers, Dr. Willey alone is living. This sketch, brief as it is, were incomplete did it not speak of her who has been his willing helpmeet through all these passing years. Six months after landing, September 19, 1849, Dr. Willey married Miss Martha Jeffers, whom he had previously known in New York. Four of their six children are still living, and she is also spared to share the honor and love so heartily given by hosts of steadfast friends. The one Congregational church has increased to more than 200. The few who covenanted together in 1850, to 20,000. And in the entire State there are now 2,500 Protestant churches, with nearly 200,000 members and property worth \$12,000,000. The State has proved to be so opulent in natural gifts that its fame has gone out to all the world. May the time hasten when, because of rich spiritual fruitage, this great empire of the West may be as widely known in the kingdom of God.

## COLORADO SUPERINTENDENTS AND GENERAL MISSIONS.

Our work in the Rocky Mountain region was started at Central, Colo., in 1863, by Rev. William Crawford, now of Sparta, Wis. For many years there was no superintendent to give his time to the work. Mr. Crawford, at Central, and Mr. Thompson, at Boulder, explored the settled parts of the State and looked after Congregational interests. Occasionally certain persons, as Presidents Magoun and Blanchard, Secretary Roy, Rev. Reuben Gaylord, Rev. Joseph W. Pickett, and others, were commissioned, directly or indirectly, by the Home Missionary Society to explore the field and report. The most valuable report of the kind was made by Mr. Pickett, after exploring the field in July and August, 1874. It was published in "The Home Missionary" for February, 1875. The Missionary Society desired him at that time to take Colorado and the surrounding region as his field, but he was not willing to give up the work in his much-loved Iowa.

In the summer and fall of 1876 Rev. B. F. Perkins was general missionary in Colorado. He organized a church at Silverton, which soon became extinct. He also secured Rev. Mr. Norcross to go to the Black Hills and start work at Deadwood.

In 1877 Rev. Stewart Sheldon served as general missionary. His experiences in Colorado, and in Dakota, where he was superintendent for several years, are recorded in his book, "Gleanings by the Way." He organized a church in California Gulch, where Leadville now is. He visited the San Juan region and explored other parts of the State.

In the spring of 1878 Rev. J. W. Pickett consented

to leave Iowa and become superintendent of the Rocky Mountain district, including Colorado, Wyoming, New Mexico, Utah and Idaho, covering 504,000 square miles. He began work in May, meeting with the Association at Cheyenne, and making his home at Colorado Springs. His first trip was to Pueblo, and resulted in a church on the *mesa*, in what was then called South Pueblo. Then he spent six weeks in a trip to the San Juan, which resulted in a church at Silverton. In July he went to the Black Hills, 600 miles (from Cheyenne to Deadwood and return) being by stage. A day of prayer on the return trip, while detained by high water, opened the work in the Black Hills before him just as it was afterwards realized. On that return trip his coach was "held up" and robbed, he being the only passenger.

In August he went again to the Black Hills, and remained eighty days, during which time he organized churches at Lead City, Central and Spearfish, also an association of churches and a Bible society, and prepared the way for an academy at Spearfish.

In December he was in the Black Hills again, and in midwinter did four months of hard pastoral and missionary work, including the organization of churches at Galena, Rapid City and Rockville. In April he organized a church at Coal Creek, Colo., and explored the regions beyond. In May he was again in the Hills, then home and to Leadville, Kokomo and Robinson; next, to New England to raise money; then a long exploring trip over the ranges to the Elk Mountains; home again; then again to Leadville (each trip being hundreds of miles by rail and stage); then to the State Association at Colorado Springs; once more promptly off for Leadville, where he was building a church. But on the way, on November 14, 1879, he was instantly killed by the overturning of the stage in a snowstorm.



He was a man of intense earnestness, great spirituality, much given to prayer, and shrinking from no necessary sacrifice. "He walked with God, and was not, for God took him." Though superintendent but a year and a half, he accomplished much and left a deep impression on the work. His memoirs were written by Rev. Dr. William Salter, and published in 1880.

He was followed by Rev. Charles C. Creegan, now district secretary in New York of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, who was probably the youngest superintendent that had been appointed at that time, as Mr. Pickett had also been when first appointed. He reached Colorado Springs March 9, 1880, and left the same day for Buena Vista, where in five weeks he had a church building erected and a church organized. That summer, besides visiting the Black Hills, New Mexico, and Utah, he organized churches at Alpine, Gothic, Crested Butte, Gunnison, Breckenridge, and assisted in organizing one at Highland Lake. In February, 1881, he organized churches at Kokomo, Robinson, Red Cliff and Durango, two of these churches being at an altitude of 10,000 feet or more. In April, 1881, he helped start the West Denver (now called the Third) Church. Eighteen churches were organized on his field during his first year; but owing to the collapse of mining booms a number of them became extinct. Mr. Creegan was in three railroad accidents, was chased by footpads, was robbed, was shot at, was in a burning hotel, was ordered out of town by roughs, and had his meetings disturbed more than once.

In 1881 the field was divided, the Black Hills being added to the Dakota field, and a new district made out of Utah, Idaho, and Montana, over which Rev. Delavan L. Leonard was appointed superintendent.

After a service of nineteen and a half months, Mr.



Creegan accepted the secretaryship of the New York State Society, leaving in October, 1881.

His place was taken temporarily by Dr. Levi H. Cobb, who had just been appointed missionary secretary, with headquarters at Denver. He came, in September, with a list in his pocket of forty ministers who were willing to take work in the New West. In October and November he took a trip of 5,000 miles to St. Louis, Arkansas, Indian Territory, Kansas, New Mexico, Texas, Mexico, and Arizona. On that trip he organized churches at Trinidad in Colorado, at Las Vegas and Santa Fé in New Mexico, and at Tucson in Arizona. In December he went East and did not return. The Congregational Union (now the Congregational Church Building Society) laid hold of him and made him its secretary.

The next superintendent was Rev. Addison Blanchard. He arrived December 29, 1881, and that same evening preached an ordination sermon in the West Denver church. In February he organized a church at Oak Creek; in April one at East Pueblo and one at Green River, Wyoming; in May the Boulevard Church of Denver, and in August one at Red Cliff. During 1882 there were also ten church edifices completed. In 1883 Pilgrim Church, at Denver, and the Grove Church, at Pueblo, were organized. In 1884 the Tabernacle and Park Avenue (now Plymouth) churches at Denver were started, and also churches at Buffalo, Big Horn and Sheridan, in Wyoming. Mr. Blanchard's superintendency of three years covered a period of comparative depression in the growth of Colorado and the adjacent territories. There was not much new work opening, except in one part of Wyoming and in Denver. Mr. Blanchard's chief work was in holding churches already established and in carefully planning for the work in Denver, which was greatly enlarged.

He also secured a meeting of the different denominational superintendents, at which, after a day or two of discussion and prayer, assent was given to certain principles and rules of comity on that field. Mr. Blanchard was a wise and spiritual overseer. At the beginning of 1885 he went to the Kansas superintendency, and since 1889 has been pastor of the Denver Second Church.

In 1883 Western Wyoming was detached and added to the Utah field, while New Mexico and Arizona were put into a district by themselves.

When Mr. Blanchard left, Rev. Roselle T. Cross was asked to act as superintendent until the vacancy was filled, which it was supposed would be done in a few weeks. He carried the work, in addition to his pastorate of the West Denver Church, for twenty-one months. During that time Olivet Church was organized at Denver; the Park Avenue Church was resuscitated, and buildings erected for both of those enterprises; a church was organized at Montrose; the work on the plains in Eastern Colorado came into existence and churches were organized at Julesburg, Otis and Hyde, also a second church at Cheyenne.

In October, 1886, Rev. Clarendon M. Sanders, who had been pastor eleven years at Cheyenne, began work as superintendent. He made his home in Denver, which had become the well-established headquarters of Congregationalism for the Rocky Mountain region, though from 1878 to 1881 Colorado Springs was the home of the superintendents. Mr. Sanders took many trips over the plains and into the mountains to visit new and old fields, to organize churches, to dedicate church buildings, to help ordain or install ministers, and to hold fellowship meetings. During his superintendency, Colorado, and especially Denver, had a large growth. New mining camps, and newly settled valleys

and sections of the plains, called for church enterprises, and the following churches were organized: In 1887, Eaton and Platteville; in 1888, Harmon in Denver, Pilgrim in Pueblo, Arickaree, Fruita, and Whitewater; in 1889, Trinidad, Cortez, Mt. Zion in Denver, Rico, Telluride, Brookside, Second at Colorado Springs, Claremont, Seibert, Flagler, Lyons, Green Mountain Falls, Steamboat Springs, and South Broadway in Denver; in 1890, Grand Junction, Kannah Creek, Emanuel (Swedish) in San Luis Park, Lafayette and Villa Park in Denver; in 1891, Cope, Minturn, and North Church in Denver; in 1892, Debeque, Creede, Cripple Creek, Littleton, New Castle and Hot Sulphur Springs; in 1893, Amethyst and Bachelor.

Near the beginning of 1894 Mr. Sanders retired from the work after continuing in it more than seven years, or twice as long as any previous superintendent. He took a pastorate at Marseilles, Ill., which failing health compelled him to resign in 1896. He died in New York City in August, 1896. No one has yet labored continuously so long as he (eighteen years) in the Rocky Mountain field.

Mr. Sanders was assisted by four general missionaries: Rev. R. B. Wright, from August, 1888, until November 1, 1889; Rev. George W. Rose, from November, 1889, until March, 1890; Rev. S. F. Dickinson, from February 20, 1890, until April 21, 1890; and Rev. Horace Sanderson, the present superintendent, who began work May 1, 1891, became acting superintendent October 5, 1894, and was appointed superintendent November 1, 1895.

## THE WORK OF THE IOWA BAND.

As a representative of the Iowa Band, and that you may catch a glimpse of its humble part in a great work, let me call your attention first to the time and the situation of its going forth.

It was in the autumn of 1843, fifty-three years ago. That was but a few years after the Western emigrant began to cross the great river for a home in the frontier Territory of Iowa. The settlements had advanced but about forty miles beyond the river and were scattered one from the other. All beyond even the most of what is now Iowa was a wilderness, untrodden save by the Indian, the deer and the buffalo. No Minnesota to the north, no Dakotas to the northwest; to the west no Nebraska, no Kansas, no anything, on even to the Pacific. The population gathered upon that narrow strip up and down the river numbered but a few thousands. Some schools had been started, and a few churches of various kinds planted. Of our own order there were fourteen, with a membership of about 400. To care for these churches and the new openings there were six men. Noble, faithful men they were, but entirely unable to occupy the fields rapidly opening around them. This inability those brethren had felt most painfully, and so were calling for help. For some time they had eagerly called, but in vain, till the cry for help was turned almost to a cry of despair; for the West then, as a mission field, especially the extreme West, was considered far, very far, away, as morally barren and destitute, full of ague and fever, but empty of the conveniences and comforts of civilized life. Indeed, as a mission field it was declared by some as little preferable, if any at all, to one in the heart of Africa. So it was

that if, in response to the appeal of those far-off brethren, any started to reach them, it seemed as though they never would do so, but were sure to drop into openings by the way.

We might here pause to recount the steps that led to the formation of the Band, to narrate the incidents of the journey out, first by rail from Boston to Buffalo, the termination of the railroad travel westward, then by boat around the lakes from Buffalo to Chicago, thence by prairie schooner and stage across Illinois, across the river twelve miles into the Territory, to Denmark, the immediate destination on the field. Much of interest could be said of the New Hampshire colony of Denmark, the cradle of Iowa Congregationalism, the place where the first of the five churches already alluded to was organized, the first church, by the way, of our order now extant ever organized west of the Mississippi; Denmark, the place where lived the first Iowa planter, that remarkable man, Rev. Asa Turner, by all acknowledged as the patriarch of the Iowa ministry, whose counsels, with those of his brethren, we were to follow as to our particular fields of labor. I might tell how seven of our number were there ordained, and after ordination of our being assembled in the pastor's study to receive, as we supposed, from the brethren specific directions as to the fields each was to occupy; how, instead of this, the brethren, with map in hand, pointed out and described the points that most needed to be occupied, then retired, leaving it to us to decide where each should go. Yes; and how, after a brief prayer, in twenty minutes, somehow it was decided to the satisfaction of all; so that each went out from that gathering with his place in view; went out soon to be scattered hundreds of miles apart, never more all of them at any one time at the same place to meet on earth. All these things, for the want of time,

we must dismiss by a mere reference to them, and fix our eyes for a moment upon these new workers, these young and inexperienced workers in a new and untried field. How did they find their work, how get hold of it, and settle into it?

The settlements being scattered, communication between them sometimes by bridle-path only, the streams bridgeless, and the sloughs well nigh bottomless, the first necessity, of course, was a horse. This was the saddle period of home missionary labor. But as for a home and a study, where and what? Well, one found himself in a lean-to of a hotel, and "boarding 'round" in schoolmaster fashion, accepting proffered board in families that could eat, but not sleep him; giving credit therefor to the Society as part payment of the \$400 stipulated. Another found his study in a lean-to of a store, with but a thin partition between the studies on one side, and the traffic and gossip on the other, where, if he was not careful to shut the door as he went out, the pigs were sure to go in. Another, who had planned for a quiet room and writing two sermons a week, was of necessity in the saddle much of the time, his stool and candle and bed in one end of a living room with only a bedquilt for a partition.

But there must have been hardships and privations then. Oh yes, to some extent, in common with the people. But pioneer experiences begat pioneer friendships and sympathies. But what about fever and ague and malaria of a new country? Not much. Sickness and death are everywhere. Not more, on the whole, there than elsewhere. For myself, not in boasting, but in gratitude, I am able to say that in all my Iowa life I have never had the ague, never a fever, have never been confined a whole day to my bed by any kind of sickness, have never failed of meeting a dozen appointments from any cause whatsoever. And yet,

there were sometimes lonely hours in those early days—hours that threw one back upon the impulses and purposes of life that God had put within him.

Let me give you a picture. It is a beautiful autumn morning. That rider, whose horse is evidently feeling the exhilaration of the frosty air, is going out after a month or two of experience upon his field, to some settlement not far away. The open prairies, at first in their verdure of green so fascinating, are now a wild waste about him, blackened by frost and fire. So, too, has the poetry of Western life and his Western work already vanished. He begins to see things as they are. As he ponders the situation, his thoughts were something on this wise: Here I am alone. All I have is myself, my trusty horse, a few books, the clothes I wear, and that little debt at the seminary. I came here to preach. I thought the people were destitute, and eager to hear. But they are just as careless and indifferent as elsewhere, and more worldly, I do believe. I thought the churches and the preachers were few. But here the people come from every quarter, each, if he cares for any church at all, anxious for his own, and a preacher for each is waiting at every turn. Of all the denominations here and there, more than I ever heard of before, my own is among the least known and least cared for. I came here to preach, but there are no churches to preach to, no houses to preach in, nothing organized, nothing started, and nobody to help, really. And here I have come to live. What if sickness or accident should come and I be laid aside, what then? The foreign missionary is cared for, but for the Home Missionary, what? Lonely, almost sad is he for a moment. But he rallies. His saddle exercise has sent the quick blood coursing through his veins. The autumn sun ascending towards the zenith is sending down upon him its warm rays, and somehow



he feels that God and His love are everywhere, that though autumn is, and winter is to come, yet the blackened prairies are to bloom again. He thinks how the advancing tide of a Christian civilization is to cover them with homes and the fruits of husbandry and toil. Here, he says, is spiritual seed to be sown and spiritual harvests are to come, and here it is mine to sow the seed, and this will I do, whoever the reapers may be.

Take another picture, showing how in this purpose he is strengthened and encouraged. It is after the first three months upon his field are ended. In the bi-weekly or tri-weekly mail there comes a letter. Its postmark is New York. The twenty-five cents postage is paid and the letter is taken to his room and opened. In it is a check, the Society's first payment for services rendered. It seems to him as sacred money, for he knows how the missionary money is raised and given in his own New England church. He thinks of the widows' mites that he knows must be there. He thinks of the prayers that go with the gifts. He reads the cheery words of the Secretary in that letter, generally signed Milton Badger, and then it comes over him that he is the channel through which gifts and prayers are to flow. He must be faithful, he must be in earnest—a thought that often comes to him not only to cheer, but for new consecration, as at other times and in other ways he finds that he is in a great work, the workers many, he the almoner and servant of all.

In due time your young men took to themselves wives. Helpmates are needed in home missionary work, if anywhere. Homes are made and children born. They are neighbors now, and citizens identified with the interests where they dwell. The Territory becomes a State, a State whose resources as they begin to be developed show it a glorious field.

Having happily coalesced with the brethren before

them, all becoming as one man, the new State growing rapidly, with new openings around them and new churches to be formed, a hearty welcome was given to the new helpers who came to join them; all were workers together. So it was that they found their work, that they got hold of it, and got into it, and now they hold to it. Much was in this as to all the future. Once in the work, they held to it.

I do not know that it can be said of the members of the Band that they were particularly brilliant or highly gifted. But of them there is one thing that can be said. In addition to being honest, faithful workers, they had a staying quality; they went to Iowa for a life work. As a rule, they have made it so. Of the eleven composing the Band, six have passed on before. One early returned to his present home by the Eastern sea, leaving four yet spared upon the field. It is their privilege to look back on the wonderful developments of the half-century past—Iowa no longer a frontier Territory, but a State central among States. Not that we and our brethren of the Band have done it all; no, no, a little part only.

As to the whole work, simply this: In it and out of it and through it all even a little force, constantly at work, helps much for the grand result. As the State has been growing, and the churches multiplying, in it and of it. In legislation sometimes, in it a little, by acquaintance and influence with legislators.

We have our Iowa College, of which we are not ashamed. In it, also, we helped to raise funds at the start. Two of our members were among its early professors, and three are now, and always have been, on its Board of Trustees. In our annual Association some have always been present. If you will pardon a personal reference, it has been my privilege to attend every one for the last fifty years, with one exception,

and that was when the death angel was hanging over the home.

Somehow, there has grown up a peculiar fellowship among the brethren, giving a warmth and glow to our gatherings which strangers are not slow to observe. We have been in this, too, and of it. In those early days, at the start of things, with no established usages or precedents to bind us, we were at liberty to adapt matters to our own needs, and so we did, improving somewhat, as we think, upon even good old New England ways. We framed our Associations, to take in the churches as well as ministers. We soon learned to form churches without societies. We threw open our colleges to the daughters as well as the sons. Feeling its need, we had a church building fund for the building of churches before our Eastern friends would tolerate the idea. In these things, too, we were in and of them.

At the time of our country's need, Iowa stood forth nobly to do her part. For this had she been prepared by our churches, as much as by those of any other order. As to liberty and freedom they gave no uncertain sound in the early days when to be an abolitionist was a reproach. In this, too, in and of it. In all the progress made, as I have said, in it, of it, and through it all. Yes, you must allow us to say that, to us who are spared, it gives pleasure as we think of the past. We thank God that our steps were turned to Iowa at such a time, not only for the relief of the brethren then on the field, but to be joined with them in our labors in the very seed time of Iowa's history. We have been told that our going out at the time and in a body as we did had something to do with bringing the Eastern churches really to believe that the purity of their doctrine and the simplicity of their policy could be carried even to the West; that our going out as we did

turned the attention of the churches to, and greatly increased their interest in, the Western work; that after our going, it was much easier to obtain laborers for the Western field than before. These things, it is true, were not of our planning, but of God's working. But they are pleasant to think of.

And now, remembering our early associations with this Society, our relations to it as Home Missionaries, that up to 1882, the time when we came to self-support, there were scarce a dozen of our churches but what at times had been receiving home missionary aid, as to the little part we have had in the great work, it is a pleasure to give a tribute of praise to the noble part which this Society is doing in building not a State only, but a nation, and all for the kingdom of God on earth.

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### NOTES FROM IOWA.

Of Iowa as a State I need not speak at length. Friends outside call us "the Massachusetts of the West," "the Mesopotamia of America," "the Garden of Eden." With a very modest little bow we accept these compliments. It is pretty well known that Iowa is *somewhat* larger than Rhode Island, and, indeed, is almost as large as the whole of New England; that it is a rural State, its largest city having a population of less than 70,000; and that, while there are here extensive mines of coal and lead, and manufacturing enterprises are multiplying, Iowa is pre-eminently an agricultural State, and, as such, is unsurpassed. Almost every day the Des Moines *Register* sings the praises of "peerless Iowa, peerless Iowa!" "Peerless Iowa" is a little off this year, but still we will have "enough and to spare," but not much to add to our wealth.

Nebraska disputes our claim to pre-eminence in the

matter of literacy, but until she can prove her right to the first place by some higher authority than an Omaha paper, we will continue to assert that in literacy and swine Iowa stands at the head. As to the swine there is no dispute.

While Robert West was the editor of the *Advance*, every few weeks he had something to say about "brave, clean Iowa." Alas! Iowa is not as brave or clean as she once was! We have surrendered to the saloon. We have nullified our prohibitory law in a way that, as I look at it, is at once stupid, cowardly, dishonest, and lawless, legalizing that which the law forbids, for a consideration in the form of a mulct tax. As a result, saloons are springing up in all parts of the State, and all the evils of intemperance are on the increase. For this inexcusable blunder on the part of our legislators, good men mourn and are "filled with shame and confusion of face." However, the end is not yet.

But I am not to write of the affairs of the State; only of Congregational Iowa. I wish, in the first place, to remind our friends that Congregational Iowa is still in the days of its youth. Our oldest church was organized in 1838. Two of the original members of this Denmark church are still living; one of them, Mrs. Lucy K. Brown, formerly Miss Taylor, of New Ipswich, N. H., is so young that every pleasant Sunday morning she comes to the services and stays to the Sunday-school. But this woman is thirty years older than our oldest church! Please remember our youth, and don't expect too much of us.

We are still young and small, but can report some progress made. The Denmark church is now in fellowship with more than 300 Congregational churches in the State. Our resident membership is about 27,000. More than 33,000 children and youth are in our Sunday-schools. We have two colleges, Iowa and Tabor, and

they are good ones. Our academies, Denmark and Hull, are so good they ought to be made better by larger endowments. We have about \$2,000,000 invested in church and college property.

These figures indicate our physical proportions. Our spiritual measurement we cannot give. The prophet Zechariah once saw in vision a smart young man going out with his little measuring line to measure Jerusalem. The prophet learned by the vision that Jerusalem could not be measured in that way, because Jerusalem was not physical alone, but a spiritual force as well. How large Congregational Iowa may be as a moral and spiritual force, only God and the angels can tell.

These churches, colleges, academies, buildings, endowments, spiritual forces, whence came they? All these are of God, but through human agencies in part, very prominent among the human agencies being the American Home Missionary Society and its Iowa Auxiliary.

In January, 1836, Rev. Cyrus L. Watson, a Presbyterian minister, under commission of the American Home Missionary Society, began labor at the "Dubuque mines," M. T. (Michigan Territory). How was he supported? A few "bits" and "picayunes" came from the people, but his salary for the most part came from "friends in the East" through the American Home Missionary Society. Other missionaries followed, supported in the same way, and thus, at length, the First Congregational Church of Dubuque was established, the American Home Missionary Society expending on the field \$3,300. The contributions of that church to the Society up to date amount to \$5,779.66.

In August, 1838, Rev. Asa Turner began his thirty years' pastorate at Denmark. His salary was \$300—one hundred of this only from the people, one-fourth of the one hundred in produce; \$200 from the Ameri-



can Home Missionary Society, Mr. Turner acting as agent of the Society in the new Territory.

In 1843 came "the Iowa Band," and they came saying: "Please God, we will spend our lives in Iowa." They found stalwart pioneer missionaries of the American Home Missionary Society already on the ground—such men as Asa Turner, Julius A. Reed, Reuben Gaylord, John C. Holbrook, and Oliver Emerson. They found also thirteen home missionary churches already organized; but they also found some 40,000 people, in scattered settlements up and down the river, almost totally destitute of the bread of life. November 5, 1843, seven of the band were ordained at Denmark, in the first Congregational meeting-house in Iowa.

For the most part the brethren of the band had no opportunity to "build upon another man's foundation." They went out to make churches for themselves. How were they supported in this church-planting work? For years almost entirely by friends in the East, through the American Home Missionary Society. They came to stay.

In 1856 Rev. Chauncey Taylor, of Vermont, came to Iowa with a commission from the American Home Missionary Society to labor somewhere in Northwestern Iowa. One Friday afternoon he stopped at Algona just as the surveyors were plotting the town. After two years of labor he organized a church of five members, two of these of his own family. Two years later the church had dwindled down to three members, only one outside of the minister's home. The grasshoppers had come and the people had gone away. It was nine years before the church had developed "deacon timber" sufficient to have a single deacon. It was twelve years before the church had a house of worship. Now you may worship with our people at Algona in a building costing about \$12,000, and for a good many years this



has been a strong, self-supporting church. But how was "Father Taylor" supported through the time when the church was so small and weak? For many years a large portion of the salary came from friends in the East through the American Home Missionary Society. The Society put into the foundation of the church \$6,000.

About fifty years ago a young man in Canada came to the resolve: "Other young men give themselves to the work of foreign missions; I will give myself to the work of Home Missions." In 1856 he came to Iowa. For many years he bore the title "Bishop of Wright and Hancock Counties." He covered the numerous points of his great parish by midweek meetings. Sometimes for months together he would hold services in eight or ten different communities every week. One of his appointments was in a French settlement, where he preached to the people in their own tongue. Within the bounds of his original parish there are now seven flourishing Congregational churches. His salary has seldom exceeded \$400.

Here is the answer to the question, Whence came these institutions and spiritual forces, called Congregational Iowa? In large measure they are the results of the toil and sacrifices of these consecrated men, and a host of others of like faith and consecration, who have wrought for God and his kingdom on earth in the pioneer fields of Iowa, commissioned and assisted by the American Home Missionary Society and its Iowa Auxiliary. The history of Congregationalism in Iowa is substantially the history of home missionary operations in the State. Congregational Iowa is growing, and is destined to grow. Every few days a church is organized, and every few Sabbaths a house of worship is dedicated. A rapidly increasing family makes lively work for the parents. The Iowa Congregational Home

Missionary Society has its hands full, and more than full. But we recognize the claims of other portions of the land and the world. We would not live for ourselves alone. Our sympathies, prayers, and contributions go to the ends of the earth. Our sons and daughters are giving themselves to the work of the kingdom at home and abroad. The most conspicuous legend on our banner is: "Iowa, our Country, and the World for Christ!"

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## THE "WESTERN RESERVE" OF OHIO.

Few sections of our country possess so interesting a history, with more to interest the annalist or inspire the student of social and religious life, than this north-east corner of Ohio. After the original colonies along the coast, it may be said to lead in interest in suggesting providential guidance and in the faith and heroism of the brave men and women who made this wilderness blossom like the rose. Here were planted seeds that had grown from Pilgrim and Puritan stock in old New England, and here upon this new soil they bore a harvest such as would have been impossible in one of the older colonies. Here were wrought out some problems which had vexed the older colonies, and whose solution was not clear until then. The work which here has been done for freedom and the furtherance of the kingdom of God in education and enlightened citizenship forms one of the most interesting and inspiring passages in our country's history.

In the good old days when the generosity and geography of kings were in inverse ratio to each other, it was the custom of sovereigns in making grants upon the eastern coast of America to extend the lines of

those grants through to the Pacific Ocean, and they then cherished the opinion that the country would never be settled more than a dozen miles from the coast. Some of these grants expanded as the lines moved westward, and others moved according to parallels of latitude. Thus it came to pass, in the closing days of the last century, that this section of Ohio was severally claimed by Virginia, New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut.

Connecticut's claim, though not the earliest in date, was held to with the greatest tenacity, because bounded by her own parallels of latitude, and she was disposed to insist that this grant should be continued entirely across the continent. Such a grant, however, would include a slice of Pennsylvania, and take a good share from the claims of each of the farther west States. There arose a serious danger that the title to this portion of our country could not be settled without bloodshed between the colonies. The government cut the knot, however, by deciding that the Northwest Territory as a whole belonged not to the original colonies under the colonial charter, but to the colonies as a whole by reason of their united conquests in the Revolutionary War.

In 1780 New York relinquished her claim to the Northwest Territory; in 1784 Virginia did the same; in 1785 Massachusetts followed, and on September 14, 1786, Connecticut relinquished her claim under the grant made by Charles II. in 1662. Each of the States reserved a grant of land for its revolutionary soldiers or for other purposes. Two of the States made special conditions. Virginia, through her representatives, Paul Carrington and Lighthorse Harry Lee, refused to relinquish her claim to the Northwest except on the condition that slavery and involuntary servitude should be made forever impossible here; and Connecticut,

while relinquishing her right to the government of every portion of her strip toward the Pacific Coast, was granted a right to the soil of this northeast corner of Ohio, and thus grew up the Western Reserve, the child of Connecticut.

In the year 1800 the first missionary work upon this reserve was done under the direction of the Connecticut Missionary Society, by William Wick, at Youngstown, and Joseph Badger, the pioneer missionary hero of the Western Reserve. His quaint little autobiography, beginning when there were only two families in Cleveland, and covering the first period of growth in this region, is full of most interesting incidents, and illustrates the law of cause and effect in home missionary operations. Mr. Badger came from his home in Massachusetts upon a salary of seven dollars a week, bringing his family with him into what was then a trackless wilderness, riding from place to place amid danger and fatigue, and subject to the almost incessant sickness of the early colonists, laying with his companions the foundation of many of the strong churches, several of which he personally organized.

He who would know a history that teems with interest and constantly illustrates the grace of God and the courage and faithfulness of man, should know how the gospel began to be preached in Austinburg, Hudson, Warren, Tallmadge, Cleveland, and Oberlin, for time would fail me to tell how they, through faith, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, out of weakness were made strong, and thus added to the list of worthies whose noble deeds are recorded in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews.

I may speak specifically of one or two elements in the life of the people of this reserve which have made their influence potent. First, I may mention that combination of personal independence combined with social solidar-

ity which at once dedicated this region to high thought and concerted action. That the men of this region would be independent thinkers was to be expected from their training, but this thinking was made effective for righteousness by certain social ties which broke up the isolation of pioneer life and fused the separated and homesick settlers into a body politic.

*First* of these was their town meeting. Each town was a unit, possessing political autonomy, and upon its forum every citizen was the equal of every other citizen. *Secondly*, there grew up almost immediately the public school, in which boys and girls were prepared for intelligent citizenship. The plans for an academy were almost contemporary with the founding of Hudson, whose work continues to this day, both on the original campus, and in the enlarged work of the Western Reserve University in this city. The work performed by Oberlin for higher and popular education soon ceased to be bounded by the Western Reserve, and reached to every portion of our land.

To these two communal ties the early settlers added a *third*, which, indeed, was first, the Congregational church. We may waive all present reference to the plan of union which hampered the development of the Congregational idea, further than to say that that plan, infelicitous as it proved to be in some of its workings, was conceived on both sides in the broadest Christian spirit, and still presents many features well worth a trial by divided Christendom under somewhat more favorable auspices. The development of the life of these communities along the line of the Congregational idea was in entire harmony with the genius and institutions of the people who settled in the Western Reserve.

*Secondly*, I may speak of the influence of the Western Reserve upon the cause of freedom. The fundamental principles in the life of the people of the West-

ern Reserve were essentially those of New England at the best. The primitive crafts that came sailing into Lake Erie were transformed Mayflowers, with the spirit of the Pilgrims reincarnated in their passengers. The heavy creaking ox teams that made their way through the wilderness were piloted by the reanimated spirits of Thomas Hooker and John Davenport.

In this land that soon began to flow with milk and maple syrup, they established the four pillars of the Pilgrim community—the Pilgrim home, the Pilgrim church, the Pilgrim school, and the self-governing Pilgrim community; and the Pilgrim principle of freedom and respect for manhood, as such, had here a freer field for development than even in New England itself. In some important particulars New England obtained not the promise, that it without the Western Reserve should not be made perfect. An illustration of this is found in the anti-slavery records of this newer New England. When Anthony Burns escaped from slavery at Boston and was demanded by his master, he went back to slavery, not without a solemn protest, but he went back. But when the Oberlin-Wellington rescue occurred, the fugitive did not go back to slavery. Thirty-seven prominent citizens of those two towns, whose names are held in immortal honor by those communities, went to jail in this city of Cleveland, and made the prison echo with songs like those of Paul and Silas, until a veritable earthquake of popular sentiment shook open the prison doors and the angel of the Lord led them forth in triumph amid the acclamations of a jubilant community. No man after that attempted to enforce the fugitive slave law on the Western Reserve.

This part of the Northwest Territory, which by the ordinance of 1787 was first dedicated at the shrine of freedom, was also first in demonstrating the impossibility of enforcing a law against the conscience of the



people, and the rest of the anti-slavery portion of the nation thanked God and took courage.

John Brown himself was almost a native of this reserve, and here he spent some of the best years of his life. The burghers in Hudson and in Kent count him as having belonged to them, and the cemetery at Oberlin holds the bodies of some who died in his engine-house fort, and whose souls, with his, go marching on. The soil of this Western Reserve has been consecrated with tears and prayers and blood.

## TWO EARLY HOME MISSIONARY ENTERPRISES.

Students of the early history of our American Home Missions need not to be told of the moving spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers—that which led them to these shores: “the great hope and inward zeal they had of laying some good foundation, or at least to make some way thereunto, for the propagation and advancement of the Gospel and the kingdom of Christ; yea, although they should be but stepping-stones unto others for the performance of so great a work.” “For that the propagation of the Gospel is the thing we do profess above all to be our aim in settling this plantation (Massachusetts Bay), we have been careful to make plentiful provision of godly ministers, ‘. . . that not only our own nation may be built up in the knowledge of God, but also the Indians may, in God’s appointed time, be reduced to the obedience of the Gospel of Christ.” And Higginson, of Salem, spoke truly when he said: “New England is originally a plantation of Religion, and not a plantation of Trade.”

No better demonstration of the depth and strength of the missionary motives that actuated the Fathers



can be asked or given than was presented by the self-sacrificing lives of John Eliot, "the apostle to the Indians," and his successors and imitators, five generations of the Mayhews, Bourne, Cotton, Treat and others in Massachusetts; Pierson, Fitch and others in Connecticut; and, later, John Sargeant and his son, Jonathan Edwards, Stephen West, David Brainerd and the rest of that saintly brotherhood.

Then followed the unorganized but energetic and fruitful missions of the New England churches, acting in concert with the government, sent with or after the colonies going out from the older parishes to new, unsettled regions, there to set up schools and to maintain the preaching of the Gospel for themselves and those who should come to be their neighbors.

Thus was gradually evolved more clearly the home missionary idea, and thus was awakened the desire—to be fulfilled later—for a well-considered and carefully organized system of Home Missions, securing to every settlement, older or newer, greater or smaller, the Christian privilege valued beyond all others: the Church with its ordinances, a qualified ministry, and the stated preaching of the Word.

The following brief sketch of two of the earliest enterprises in the way of home missionary evangelization of communities more distant from New England will interest such readers as may not be familiar with the facts.

In May, 1642, "bemoaning the sad condition for want of means of salvation," seventy-one well-disposed persons in Upper Norfolk, Va., wrote and sent by messenger a letter to the pastors and elders of Christ's Church in New England for three pastors, to be selected and commended by the Massachusetts churches. This letter was publicly read in Boston on "lecture day." The neighboring ministers, people and magis-

trates were called together for prayer, fasting and consultation. As the result, Messrs. Knowles, of Watertown, Thompson, of Braintree, and James, of North Haven, were appointed to the mission, with high hopes for the advancement of the kingdom of Christ in those parts. "They were sent forth," says the late Dr. Joseph S. Clark, "just as our home missionaries now go to Kansas or California, except that, instead of a commission from the American Home Missionary Society, it was ordered in general court that the Governor should commend them to the Governor and the Council of Virginia," which was done accordingly." After eleven weeks' hard travel, the three brethren reached their field and were much encouraged. They were warmly welcomed, and all seemed full of promise.

The people were greatly moved by their preaching. But shortly they were warned by the civil authorities that none but Episcopal preaching was allowed in Virginia. For a time the people thronged to hear them in private houses, until an order was passed that "all such as would not conform to the discipline of the English Church could depart the country by such a day," and in 1844 they came home, followed by some of the best of their Virginia hearers, who preferred the freer air and more democratic rule of Massachusetts. This home missionary enterprise failed as to its immediate object, but it is said to have greatly modified the Episcopal preaching of Virginia, and it did much to give currency to the home missionary idea—Christian care for the destitute of our own people in our own land.

There was a remarkable episode connected with this mission, in keeping with very many divine interpositions for the welfare of our Fathers. While these brethren were on their voyage homeward, the Indians rose upon the region where they had been laboring, and massacred about 500 of the inhabitants.

Another home missionary enterprise of exceeding interest was the colony sent by the church in Dorchester to South Carolina in 1695, of which the late Rev. James H. Means, D.D., gave a graphic account in "The Congregational Quarterly" for April, 1868. He called that band "the first home missionaries of New England," because, as he says, "it is the first which had permanence and success." But, first or second, it was genuine home missionary work in the true home missionary spirit, and marks the point which the rising tide of home missionary effort had then reached.

It seems that in 1695 applications came from some pious settlers in the southern district of Carolina, asking the Dorchester church "to encourage, by a Christian colony, the settlement of churches and the promotion of religion in Southern plantations." The Dorchester church, under the lead of its pastor, Danforth, readily responded. Mr. Joseph Lord, a graduate of Harvard, then teaching in Dorchester, and eight others, were organized as a church by a council of neighboring churches of Boston, Roxbury, etc., and "Mr. Lord was set apart to be, in the language of the present day, a home missionary." How many went with them to form the new colony is not on record.

Mr. Danforth's sermon, preached before their departure, is full of the missionary spirit, glowing with pure desire for the advancement of Christ's kingdom, and with tender love for the brethren about to encounter the perils of a winter voyage, longer and far more formidable than the voyage to Europe is to-day, and then to face the perils of savage environments in their new settlement. "One candle," he says, "may serve to light up many more"—that favorite figure of the Pilgrims—"and one church may lend material for the furnishing of another. The candlestick which holds the candle must not monopolize its light and influence.

Our Lebanon is not for ourselves only, but to inclose others with doors of cedar. Our mines and treasures must stand open to our Solomon to build more palaces of silver with. Hath the Lord inclined places remote to send hither for spiritual help? Hath the Lord inclined the hearts of sundry of our dear brethren to accept of mission unto such service, and are they now going forth? What we all owe to God and to His kingdom we have separated them to discharge it for us, and they are New England's offering to the Lord Jesus Christ for the service of His kingdom." "You must work for, as well as pray for, the salvation of souls and the enlargement of the kingdom of Jesus Christ," he says to the colonists. "There is something worth seeking, if God lights the candle. Your pains is well paid with the gain of one soul. You will be most happily situated to spread religion in the American islands and continent. If schools of learning, fundamentally necessary to the propagation of godliness forward to the nations and onward to posterity, will not agree with the government and people there, I charge you, in the name of God and the Lord Jesus Christ, and as you have any regard to the souls of your posterity, to return to us again. However, despair not till you have made the trial."

How characteristic is this of a New England mission! What was there already cropping out in the Southern character to excite this foreboding, this foresight of a contingency realized so many years afterward on a larger scale, when the American Home Missionary Society withdrew its missionaries from the South, for this very reason; that the New England principles of universal education and civil and religious freedom did not "agree with the government and people there?"

After a stormy voyage of fourteen days, the eighth of which they kept as a fast on account of the perils

which threatened them, the colonists reached Charleston and were received with a salute of nine guns. They soon established themselves on the Ashley River, in an unbroken forest, twenty miles from any civilized man, naming their settlement Dorchester. There, on the second day of February, 1696, under shelter of an oak, they celebrated the Lord's Supper, the first celebration of that ordinance in Carolina. Here they soon built a meeting-house, and enjoyed their Congregational church polity and privileges, with steadily increasing numbers and moderate property, for half a century. Then, in 1752, for healthier climate and better land, they removed to a place which they called Midway, in Georgia, between the Rivers Altamaha and Ogeechee, where, in 1754, they numbered 816 souls. Cordially welcomed by the people, and by the legislature with a large grant of land, the colony entered on a new era of prosperity. Strictly adhering to their Congregational principles, "they were a marked community, differing from the surrounding inhabitants," says one, "as greatly as did the Jews from the Canaanites." True to their New England love of country and of liberty, when Georgia was hesitating whether to send delegates to the Continental Congress, this parish sent one on its own account, and "on the 13th of May, 1775, the Continental Congress at Philadelphia was composed of the representatives of twelve united colonies, and Dr. Hall from this Midway parish of St. John's"—a name soon changed to Liberty County, in commemoration of their patriotism.

It would be interesting to follow out further here the fortunes of this faithful band, "whose descendants have spread themselves over Georgia as the pioneers of religion, education and jurisprudence." It has given to Georgia two governors, two of its most distinguished judges, a minister to China, a speaker of the Georgia

legislature, a bishop of the Methodist Church, seven professors in different institutions, missionaries to Burmah and China, able and useful pastors of many churches—"nearly seventy of them," says an intelligent writer on the spot. This writer, in a Macon newspaper of March 22, 1874, after a most interesting outline of the history of the old church in which he was brought up, and for which—bitter "rebel" as he shows himself—he manifests a tender reverence, goes on to bewail its present desolation: the people scattered by Sherman's march to the sea; the sacred house of worship given up to negroes; "the pulpit, which for more than a century had resounded to the eloquence of almost every eminent divine in the land, now given over," he says, "to howling dervishes, who mouth and shout and travesty Christianity with their demoniac dances, monotonous and senseless refrains, and disgusting fetichism." His Southern blood boils at such a spectacle; "but yet," he says, "who shall say that the old Midway church has existed for naught? Indeed, like Samson, she is greatest and most glorious in the hour of her seeming dissolution. Her noble children have gone forth, resolved to illustrate their spiritual mother by noble deeds in every department of life, all over this broad land. Her converts and her sons have leavened the country from Carolina to California."

Could there well have been a more striking prophecy and foretaste of the future of Home Missions than the history and work of this early colony afford? And what can be more profitable to those now in the work than an appreciative study of their predecessors' labors?





# Responsive Missionary Exercise

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## THE CHRISTIAN GIVERS' CREED



Woman's Department

OF THE

Congregational Home Missionary  
Society.

## THE CHRISTIAN GIVERS' CREED.

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### LEADER.

*We believe that God has laid upon Christian nations the work of evangelizing the world, and that the responsibility for this work rests upon every individual believer.*

### RESPONSE.

Jesus said, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Matt. xxviii: 18; Mark vi: 15.

### LEADER.

*We believe that if the world is to receive the "joyful message" through our churches, there must be a mighty taking in of Gospel power, and a mighty going out of the same to the unsaved.*

### RESPONSE.

And they lifted up their voices to God with one accord and said: "Grant unto thy servants that with all boldness they may speak thy word." And when they had prayed they were all filled with the Holy Ghost; and they spake the word of God with boldness. Acts iv: 24, 29, 31.

### LEADER.

*We believe that as Christ brought salvation through sacrifice, so the saving power of the church is through sacrifice.*

RESPONSE.

I am the good shepherd. The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. If any man will come after me let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me. John x : 11; Matt. xvi : 24.

LEADER.

*We believe that self-denial for the cause of the Redeemer, has become the exception rather than the rule in our churches, and that the converted heathen, by their sacrifices for Christ, put us to shame.*

RESPONSE.

Search me, O Lord, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts. Psalms cxxxix : 23.

LEADER.

*We believe much that our Lord said about possessions is a dead letter in the church to-day.*

RESPONSE.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven. Matt. vi: 19, 20.

LEADER.

*We believe that no one has a right to say he has given himself to God who has not given his possessions.*

RESPONSE.

For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. Matt. xii : 34.

LEADER.

*We believe that there is no lack of wealth in the church even in hard times, but that many Christians leave their giving to mere impulse—something or nothing, much or little.*

RESPONSE.

Therefore, beloved, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. 1 Cor. xv : 58.

LEADER.

*We believe that the Lord's treasury is defrauded by the amount of money spent in superfluities.*

RESPONSE.

Whose adorning let it not be the outward adorning of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel, but let it be the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. 1 Peter iii : 3.

LEADER.

*We believe that from the earliest ages our God has been worshiped by offerings, and that by his will these offerings have been proportionate and systematic.*

RESPONSE.

Thou shalt give unto the Lord thy God according as the Lord thy God hath blessed thee. Deut. xvi: 10.

Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase. Prov. iii: 9.

LEADER.

*We believe that our present need is a revival of Old Testament methods of giving on New Testament principles; and that it is time to urge these principles by precept and practice.*

RESPONSE.

Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him. 1 Cor. xvi : 2.

LEADER.

*We believe that for every man, woman, and child in all our churches there should be a definite plan of systematic benevolence.*

RESPONSE.

Gather the people together—men, women, and children—and the stranger that is within thy gates, that they may hear and learn. Deut. xxxi : 12.

LEADER.

*We believe that this age is the world's emergency and that every dollar given NOW is worth twenty given later.*

RESPONSE.

Behold, NOW is the accepted time ; behold, NOW is the day of salvation. 2 Cor. 6 : 2.

LEADER.

*We believe that there are thousands of church members who do not comprehend the alphabet of Christian stewardship. God has absolute ownership in all his creatures—and yet the majority of Christians use their substance exactly as if it were their own.*

RESPONSE.

The silver is *mine*, and the gold is *mine*, saith the Lord. Behold, all souls are *mine*. Hag. ii: 8; Ezek. xviii : 4.

LEADER.

*We believe that the money which we call OUR money is not ours, but simply held in trust for God ; and that every power, whether of mind, body, or possession, should be used in the most effective service for him.*

RESPONSE.

They first gave their own selves to the Lord. 2 Cor. viii : 5.

Their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality. 2 Cor. viii : 2.

LEADER.

*We believe that the question is not what proportion belongs to God, but having given ALL to him, what proportion applied to the uses of myself and family will best honor him.*

RESPONSE.

If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of God—and it shall be given him. Jas. i : 5.

LEADER.

*We believe that the counting room as well as the pew should be consecrated to God, and that one may honor God in a successful business.*

RESPONSE.

Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. Rom. xii : 11.

LEADER.

*We believe that God blesses in temporal as well as in spiritual things one who worships him by systematic and proportionate offerings.*

RESPONSE.

Give, and it shall be given unto you ; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over. Luke vi : 38.

LEADER.

*We believe that we should be loyal to our National Missionary Societies, and that if every one gave according to his ability there would be abundant provision for the work of all.*

RESPONSE

Every man shall give as he is able, according to the blessing of the Lord thy God. Deut. xvi : 17.

LEADER.

*We believe that as money represents self—the surrender of all substance to God is the TEST which should be applied to the church to-day.*

RESPONSE.

Jesus said unto him, “Go, sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and come and follow me.” Matt. xix : 21.

LEADER.

*We believe that no missionary on the field is called to greater sacrifice than are we at home.*



RESPONSE.

How shall they hear without a preacher?

How shall they preach except they be sent? Rom.  
x : 14, 15.

LEADER.

*We believe that to give the LITTLE all, is as hard as to give the ABOUNDING all, and so the measure of sacrifice is the same for all.*

RESPONSE.

Whosoever forsaketh not all that he hath—he cannot be my disciple. Luke xiv : 33.

LEADER.

*We believe it will be food for everlasting reflection and regret to have lived a selfish life amid such infinitely wide opportunities, and to have forced our benevolent Societies to retrench at every point instead of enabling them to MEET these magnificent opportunities.*

RESPONSE.

For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. John iii: 16.

How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? Rom. x : 14.

LEADER.

*We believe that any church which has the courage and faith and self-sacrifice to adopt the Bible standard of giving will help to usher in the Coming Kingdom.*

RESPONSE.

Fear not, little flock : for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom. Luke xii : 32.

LEADER.

*We believe that he who sacrifices most, loves most ; and he who loves most is most blessed. Love rejoices to give ALL, and does not measure its sacrifice.*

RESPONSE.

Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children ; and walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given HIMSELF for us an offering and a sacrifice to God. Eph. v : 1, 2.

LEADER.

*Then said Jesus, After this manner pray ye :*

RESPONSE.

Our Father who art in heaven,  
Hallowed be thy name.  
Thy kingdom come.  
Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread,  
And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.  
And lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil  
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory,  
forever. AMEN.



The Christian Givers'  
Calendar.

## THE CHRISTIAN GIVERS' CALENDAR.

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1. "YOUR Responsibility is your Opportunity added to your Ability."

2. "CHURCHES are living churches in the exact ratio of their missionary activity."

3. "MONEY in the hands of a true Christian Giver is the modern miracle-worker."

4. "' IF I believed as you do,' said an Armenian unbeliever to a Christian, 'how I would work.'"

5. "THERE are people in every church who stop believing the Bible the minute they look at the dollar."

6. "LOVE never picks out a two-cent piece from a purse full of gold coins to put into the collection basket."

7. "IF Christians gave one cent on the dollar of their property, the Lord's treasury would receive nearly \$90,000,000 instead of \$5,000,000."

8. "FOR every 1,000 who give \$10 there are 19,000 who do not give anything to send the 'joyful message.'"

9. "WHAT if our devotion to material interests builds up a great shell of civilization out of which the spiritual life has departed?"

10. "THE lame man who was healed by Christ did not say a word about the sacrifice of giving up a handsome pair of crutches."

11. "A DOLLAR saved is as good as a dollar earned, but a dollar which one denies himself for some good cause, is best of all."

12. "FOR every one who gives \$5,000, there are 10,000 church members who do not give one cent to send the 'joyful message.'"

13. "WE should give as we would receive—cheerfully, quickly, and without hesitation, for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers."

14. "MORE money was spent last year in this country for the pernicious boy-destroying cigarette than for Foreign Missions. This proves the need for Home Missions."

15. "SPURGEON has said, 'A man dies worth just what he has given away.' If this be so what a host of people die not worth anything."

16. "HE who says I will give when I have more to give, deceives himself. Nothing but constant giving will save the soul from shrinkage."

17. "IF each Sunday-school scholar gave one cent a Sunday to missions the Lord's treasury would receive as much as it receives now from our entire church membership."

18. "WE shall never acquire any great capacity for joy, the blessed peace of God will never possess our minds and hearts so long as we shrink from self-denial."

19.                    SHALL we give  
    " Millions for Mammon  
                    and  
    Coppers for Christ"?

20. "SOME people give because the contribution box is passed. They are ashamed not to go through the motions of putting something in—but they would be more ashamed to have the congregation know just what they put in."

21. "Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians?  
    Dare ye say ye have naught to do?  
    All over the world they wait for the light,  
    And is it nothing to *you*?"

22. "FORGIVE us, Lord, if at any time we have given pence when we should have given silver; if we have given silver when we ought to have given gold; and if we have given gold when we might have given bank-notes."

23. A HOME MISSIONARY wrote to his wife from the annual meeting of a Missionary Society: "I saw a young lady at the meeting whose costume was worth one meeting-house, twenty-three Sunday-school libraries and forty cottage organs."



24. "WE are only playing at missions. We ought to search our own hearts carefully before God, and conscientiously say, 'I will give all Thou would'st have me,' before we can hope to help save even that small part of the world which lies over against our own door."

25. HE had been a professor of religion many years. One evening he arose in the prayer meeting and asked for prayers. A brother said to him, "Why, I thought you were converted long ago!" "So I was," he replied, "but my pocket book *was n't*. I want that converted too."

26. "THE Great Physician has intrusted you with the medicine that heals the sick. The Great King has given you the meal with which to feed the hungry. We have a warrant for laboring to spread the sacred word of God; and more than a warrant, we have a statute from the throne, a peremptory command to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ to every creature."

27. "While a heathen convert was in America, a few friends gave him small sums of money, amounting in all to fifty dollars. One day he held up the bag containing the money, exulting in his treasure. A friend suggested that he buy some luxuries for himself. With tears of gratitude he exclaimed, '*This no me money. This Jesus Christ money!*'"

28. "WHEN a man is suggested to us as a candidate for our pastorate," said a prominent church officer, recently, "I turn to the Year-Book and see how much his last church gave to benevolence in proportion to his

salary. If I find his salary was generous and the church gave little outside, I decide at once that he is not the man for us."

29. "SELF-INDULGENCE is the besetting sin of the times ; but if you long to be a strong, athletic Christian, you must count the cost. It will cost you the cutting up of old favorite sins by the roots, and the cutting loose from entangling alliances, and some sharp set-tos with the tempter : it will cost you the submitting of your will to the will of Christ ; but it is worth all it costs, and more."

30. "LET us remind each other of the worth of one soul. Let us deny ourselves luxuries, comforts, seeming necessities even, for the dear Master's sake. Alas, that five or twenty-five or a hundred dollars looks so generous when it is spent for others and so small when we put it upon ourselves ! Do you not think that the relative importance of self-gratification and self-denial will change when we look back upon this life from the other shore?"

31. "THE general acceptance, by the church, of the Christian principle that *every penny* is to be used in the way that will best honor God, would cause every channel of benevolence to overflow its banks, and occasion a blessed freshet of salvation throughout the world. 'But,' says some one, 'that principle demands daily self-denial.' Undoubtedly; and that fact is the Master's seal set to its truth. 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross DAILY, and follow me.'"

# WHY AND HOW

SHOULD WE SUSTAIN

THE

Congregational Home Missionary Society



HEADQUARTERS:

Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street,

NEW YORK CITY.

## **SUBJECT :**

### **The Congregational Home Missionary Society.**

#### **TOPICS SUGGESTED FOR PROGRAMS.**

1. The Country.
2. The City.
3. Foreign Missions at Home.
4. The Frontier.
5. The Ranch. The Mine. The Lumber Camp.
6. Missionary Heroism.
7. Historical Sketches.
8. Our Country. Its resources. Its problems. Its opportunities.
9. Woman's Work. The Union. What is it? Its object.  
Its aim. Its methods. Its success.
10. The Congregational Home Missionary Society. Its origin.  
Its field. Its aim. Its missionaries. Results.

**Material will be furnished by the Society on application.**

The following list of books published or obtained by the Sunday School  
and Publication Society furnish rich material for  
the study of Home Missions.

The Minute Man on the Frontier.

Service in the King's Guards.

Nakoma.

Faith on the Frontier.

Autobiography of Fanny.

Mary and I.

Reuben Taylor.

Asa Turner.

The Pioneer Preacher.

Our Life among the Iroquois.

Marcus Whitman.

The Mormon Delusion.

Two Volunteer Missionaries among the Dakotas.

A Hero in Homespun.

Reuben Gaylord.

Julien M. Sturtevant.

Truman M. Post.

Ten Years at Skokomish.

George H. Atkinson.

Oregon. By Barrows.

Cushing Eells.

Alaska.

Strange corners in our country. Loomis.

For intelligent study of our country every library should be supplied  
with Dr. Josiah Strong's books: Our Country. The New Era. The  
Twentieth Century City.

## WHY SHOULD I?

I should give, work, and pray, for Home Missions, not only because the object sought is the evangelization of my own country, for whose welfare I shall justly be held specially accountable according to the measure of my ability, but also *because the workers are my brothers and sisters in Christ.*

The great majority of them are my own countrymen; some of them were lately my "neighbors," in the literal sense, as all of them are in the scriptural. And those of the number who have come from other lands to labor for their countrymen here, that they may themselves become and lead others to become good and helpful American citizens, surely have claims on me not inferior to those of the native workers. These all, native and foreign, are, in Christ, "my own," those "of my own house;" they are to be esteemed very highly for their own and for their work's sake, and if I neglect to provide for them I have only to look into 1 Timothy 5 : 8, to find my portrait plainly drawn by an inspired apostle.

But not from fear of condemnation for neglect would I be moved to this duty; I want to be drawn to it by love, the stronger and better, yea, the strongest and best, motive. I would never forget that they are my "substitutes" in the field, doing personally the hard, self-denying work, bearing personally the summer's heat and winter's cold—toil and endurance that I am enabled to do and bear *by proxy.*

When in the war a man sent a substitute into the field to face all its dangers, and then thought no more of him or his unprotected household, the opinions and treatment of the exempt man's neighbors made his po-

sition as uncomfortable, to say the least of it, as was that of his representative at the front. And it was just. How can I respect myself, or maintain a good conscience toward God, if I fail, by my gifts, labors with others, and prayers, to do my best toward making the condition of my substitute and his family as comfortable, and his work as effective, as it is possible for me to make them?

Therefore, I will do what I can for this cause, not through fear or shame, but from love for those whom our Savior himself lovingly calls his "brethren."

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## HOME MISSIONS AND HARD TIMES.

Home Missions implies hard times. Hard times made the atmosphere out of which Home Missions was born, and in which that work grows. As soon as hard times leaves any community that community bids good-by to Home Missions. This may not always be true of foreign missions, nor of the work of almost any other society, but it is peculiarly and intrinsically true of the work of the Home Missionary Society.

Alas! that the Home Missionary has not always kept step with hard times! For wherever these two have joined hands and kept step together this world has received a blessing. Hard times set foot with the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock. That very day Home Missions stepped into hard times' footprint, and from that Rock there sprang into being New England. These two again stepped together and builded together on the shores of Lake Erie, and there gave birth to Ohio.

What would Illinois, with her mighty Chicago, foreshadow for our nation to-day had not Home Missions, with "the Illinois Band," come to that State

when it was new and in the day of hard times? So to Home Missions and hard times we give thanks for what Iowa is, and for what, by the grace of God, Nebraska, South and North Dakota, and a score of other States, are and are to be.

Let us then thank God that Home Missions *does* come hand in hand with hard times. He who is not equal to working in hard times may, perhaps, be a foreign missionary, or a college professor, or a city pastor, but he is not called to "the high calling" of a frontier Home Missionary. And the steward who gives of what God has entrusted to him only to what is doing conspicuous things, and things which need not wait for to-morrow to reveal their importance to God's kingdom on the earth, can hardly count himself a co-worker with men like Marcus Whitman and other frontier pioneers, who will be remembered as having lived lives of faith—that faith which looks beyond the now into the to-morrow, which does not despise the day of small things or of hard things.

For years, now, hard times seem to have extended from ocean to ocean, and for this very reason the present decade may be made preëminently Home Missions' opportunity—if men of faith discover this truth, that Home Missions' opportunity is ever held in the rugged arms of dire necessity.

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## QUESTIONS AND FACTS.

In one year missions cost us \$7,000,000, against \$200,000,000 for our dogs. Christian America in the same time paid more than 200 times as much for drink and tobacco as for missions. Thoughtful, generous America! The best land God's sun shines on, and such a record! Where are her sacrifices? Millions



of the Lord's money in the pockets of the people in the church testify that they have not been "rich toward God."

Great crises crowd on each other. History sweeps by in great tides. By way of Leyden and Scrooby, Plymouth Rock and the Golden Gates, through the waiting isles, to the kingdoms that sit in the shadow of death, we have girded the world. The color-bearers of the King have planted his standards round the globe. The battle is set. God is speaking! Men! stand at your posts! Rally, soldiers of the Cross! all along the line—**FORWARD!**

Will we appropriate the means in our hands for the evangelization of the 850,000,000 abroad? Will we furnish the equipment for the evangelization of the millions at home? These are serious, cogent and decisive questions. Most of us will never be called to go and preach, therefore *we must send*. We must send! Here the sacrifices of most Christians must come.

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## THE BONES OF A TALK.

### THE CONGREGATIONAL HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY—ITS WORK, ITS NEEDS.

Theme: Contributing to the work of this Society—as an investment.

A.—It Is Real and Actual.—Not visionary. It publishes a quarterly bulletin. Annually it gives a full report. Its officers can all be found and conversed with. Documents published and distributed giving all the facts you need. Questions cheerfully answered at all hours. No paper scheme—no boom—no fancy—but solid, solemn fact.

B.—It is Old.—It has a record. Expended millions

of dollars. Organized thousands of churches. Has a large force of missionaries. Through these, tens of thousands of souls have been saved, churches, schools and colleges have been planted.

C.—It is Sound and Stable.—It is chartered. It is well officered. It is anchored to (1) Our flag—Stars and Stripes. (2) Our ballot-box. (3) The Bible. (4) The throne of God. Business principles govern it. It is as safe as the stability of its anchorage. It is built on Plymouth Rock, and under that the Rock of Ages.

D.—It Yields Returns.—It yields money—not directly, but indirectly. Two pictures—this land, fifty years hence, with religion in the new sections; and without religion in the new sections. You are a citizen? You are an American? You followed the flag? You have a boy?

What are the Returns?—The prosperity of our country. The nobility of our land. The elevation of our people. The good name of our land.

Dr. Adam Clarke preached from Isaiah 55: 1, on "The Freeness of the Gospel." A collection was taken. Why? Water is free—but we must pay for the pitchers to carry it in.

Pay for the Pitchers.—Dr. Adam Clarke, while preaching to large congregations in Ireland, pictured in glowing terms the freeness of the gospel, dwelling on the point that the Water of Life could be had "without money and without price." At the conclusion of the sermon a collection was taken up to send the gospel to the heathen. This collection embarrassed the preacher a little as it seemed to contradict the theme of his sermon. As he was telling the story to a Christian lady afterward, she replied: "Very true, doctor, the Water of Life is free—without money and without price—but we must pay for the pitchers to carry it in."

This discriminating remark dispels the fog that seems to hang over the minds of some who cannot see that the freeness of water is one thing and the employment of a person to carry it, is quite another thing. The gospel is a free gift, without money and without price; but those who take the glad tidings to others must be supported so that they can carry on their good work.

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### **THE CONGREGATIONAL HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.**

Our Congregational Home Missionary Society challenges investigation. It has no grand buildings of marble or brick; it has no superb collection of books or art treasures; but meets the condition of society in the land with the skill and energy of modern life. Its industry and fidelity make it conspicuous. Over the whole land it is like the tugboat in our harbors. When Mr. Huxley first came to our shores his attention was arrested by these little tugs, and he exclaimed: "If I were not a man, I should like to be a tug." If I were not a man I should like to be our Home Missionary Society. It is a matchless expression of wisdom and power.

There is no better way to estimate the value of this Society than to attempt to eliminate its work and influence from the land. To do this we must go back to its earliest years, and amid the crude conditions of life extract that refining, ennobling force that made them better. We must follow the advancing line of human occupancy, and everywhere trace this force, conserving the good and destroying the evil. To eliminate the work of this Society would be to shatter the nation. It has furnished the material for the

substantial structure of the State and been the instrument of building the knowledge and love of God into the lives of the people. It has made education possible and preserved and perpetuated the glories of family life. It has chased away the shadow of sin that darkened the early days of many colonies, and poured the beams of Christian light into the darkened habitations of wanderers from God. It has produced the atmosphere in which civic virtue and patriotism have flourished, and brought the majesty of the law and the beauty of the Gospel to mold human character. Without the efforts of this Society the fruitful places of the land out of which have come all that strengthens and adorns the country would have been malarial marshes to corrupt and endanger life. To take out and not replace with the same material the contribution of this Society would be to reduce the nation to the low levels of powerless nationalities.

If we look at the frontier, we find the Society meeting the rudest conditions with a zeal and energy equal to that of any eager settler. The forming town has been preëmpted for Christ before the hosts of sin have staked out their claim. If we look at the foreign people filling our Western land, we find the Society training and locating men, furnishing superintendents of consecration and power, so that the country has been a spiritual El Dorado to the Scandinavian and the German; and even the home-persecuted Bohemian has here learned of Christ and been trained to enjoy and teach his blessed truth. If we look at the deserted towns of older sections, we find the village church perpetuated by the noble policy of this Society, and the young still trained in all the virtues of their ancestors. If we look at schools and colleges, we find that they have been made possible by the labors of our noblest men and women, and that the torch has been

lighted at our fires and blazed with the oil which we have furnished. No nobler heroes will be brought to honor and reward in heaven than those who have borne the commissions of our Society.

If the nation were to pay for the service which has been rendered to it, on any just estimate of value, the expenditure would far exceed that of the civil war for the preservation of the Union. If the wealth of the nation were consecrated to the production of that which it most needs for its own expanding life, the treasury of our Society would instantly overflow and all trace of debt disappear. If the wealth of Congregational churches were wisely used, a flood of gold would immediately inundate our treasury. For all this work requires money, and the work is not yet completed. . . .

This Home Missionary Society is a vital part of every Congregational church. Some of us are too much accustomed to think of it as a distinct entity, an organization that lives by its own toils, has its own sources of supply, and digests its own material into its own growthful being. This is a serious mistake. This Society is the expression of the love of the churches for a Christian America, theoretical and practical. It has no vitality apart from the churches. Their image and superscription are upon it. Their breath is in it. Their thoughts, their affections, their impulses, their activities, flow through it. Divorced from the churches, it is a shadow, a dream, a phantom, a ghost of yesterday. What of flesh and blood, of bone and sinew, of faith and service it has, is just so much of our Congregational church life. The equipment of this Society is the equipment of the church. It cannot be neglected. This is the only way for our churches to reach their arms from Maine to California; the only way for them to put their thought

and life into the whole land; the only way for them to change their faith and money into living Christian men and women in all the parts of our great country.

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## IT IS CURIOUS WHO GIVE.

"It's curious who give. There's 'Squire Wood, he's put down \$2; his farm's worth \$10,000, and he's money at interest. And there's Mrs. Brown, she's put down \$5, and I don't believe she's had a new gown in two years, and her bonnet ain't none of the newest, and she's them three grandchildren to support since her son was killed in the army, and she's nothing but her pension to live on. Well, she'll have to scrimp on butter and tea for awhile; but she'll pay it. She just loves the cause; that's why she gives."

These were the utterances of Deacon Daniel, after we got home from church, the day pledges were taken for contributions to Home Missions. He was reading them off, and I was taking down the items, to find the aggregate. He went on:

"There's Maria Hill, she's put down \$5; she teaches in the North District, and don't have but \$20 a month, and pays her board; and she has to help support her mother. But when she told her experience, the time she joined the church, I knew the Lord had done a work in her soul; and where he works you'll generally see the fruit in giving. And there's John Baker, he's put down \$1, and he'll chew more than that worth of tobacco in a fortnight. Cyrus Dunning, \$4. Well, he'll have to do some extra painting with that crippled hand; but he'll do it, and sing the Lord's songs while he's at work."

## PROFESSOR PHELPS ON HOME MISSIONS.

"I have for twenty-five years been impressed and oppressed by a sense of our *home work* for the world's salvation. I have become imbued with the idea of divine *election* in the destiny of this country. We were and are an elect people as truly as ever Israel was, and good strategy requires the Christianizing of this nation first. Whatever else may lag, the work here must not lag.

"Indeed, the most fatal way to make everything lag is to let the home work be secondary. This has been my theory. I have fought for it at Andover by trying to create a truer balance of religious feeling among the students. . . . This has been my estimate of this country as the center of the world in Christian work. Since the War things have gone on with a rush which is awful. No words can express my conception of the crisis, the peril, the opportunity. . . .

"I would not utter a word to cool the ardor of any one in the foreign work; yet I confess that the home work does loom up before me with a painful and threatening magnitude which suggests the query whether it is reasonable to expect much expansion of the foreign service before the home field is more thoroughly mastered. There is a law of give and take in these things which is as inexorable in the work of the world's conversion as in any other. We cannot convert Asia without a certain amount of spiritual power at home. We cannot give what we have not received. And the power at home must come from a broader and deeper spiritual culture; and this must take time, money, labor, and prayer.

"What other view of it can be either philosophical or scriptural? 'Beginning at Jerusalem'; such was



our Lord's direction to the Apostles at the outset of the great work. This is the central law of missions, as it seems to me, for all time. We must keep the home work well in hand, and uplifted above all chance of failure, or we cannot get the power to impart truth to the heathen mind. Every missionary in Nebraska left to struggle for dear life, and every church left houseless in Dakota, represent just so much deficit of spiritual force in Japan.

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### THE CONGREGATIONAL HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The effort to arrange our six homeland benevolences in the order of their relative importance is not likely to be rewarded with success, for who can fix degrees of indispensability? "For all are members of one body, and none can say to another, I have no need of thee!" But as they cannot all be enumerated in one breath, and as one must begin somewhere, by common consent the Congregational Home Missionary Society heads the list.

She stands among her sisters, rival of none, yet as wise as the eldest, ten years older than herself, as active as the youngest, who was born half a century later, as full of good works as the sister who always stands nearest her side, and as energetic as the one who, with a solicitude almost maternal, follows close on her footsteps with needed shelter and protection.

Her beneficent hand has been extended to three-fourths of all the Congregational churches in the land. She knows no lines of latitude or longitude; is equally at home in the crowded metropolis or the scattered homes of the country; and makes a business of studying a polyglot dictionary of modern languages, that

she may greet in their own tongue a new class of foreigners every day.

When the call came to her to go West and possess the land, her intrepid soldiers bravely crossed the Hudson River, penetrating even to the wilds of Ohio and thence onward to the further shore of the continent; and yet, when the tidings reach her that New England, the place of her birth and all her early memories, is no longer able to support her own churches, that they are growing feeble and must die, she at once retraces her steps and kindly seeks to repair the ravages made by time and an alien population, and to check the progress of decay by strengthening the things that remain.

And so the Home Missionary Society works on, sending out from year to year a constantly increasing number of men who have enough of the Spirit of their Master to be content with inconspicuous service. The Society now employs over 2,000 men to preach the Gospel. They are not all abler men than other brethren who occupy upholstered places in the ministry, but many of them are. If their college training and seminary methods are not apparent in their work it is simply because

"New occasions teach new duties;

Time makes ancient good uncouth."

In energy, perseverance, and heroic self-sacrifice they are not surpassed in this present world. They are not always fully understood. They are sometimes supposed to be proof against heat and cold, equally indifferent to rain and dust, and to live so far above material things that a very moderate salary will supply the body with its needed food; they are thought by some to have no enjoyment in the refinements of life or an atmosphere of culture, and no aspirations for the education of their children. Some of these suppositions are not true. No one knows when these serv-

ants enter upon their labors. No farewell meeting lifts them above the pangs of parting with kindred; no public recognition encourages their hearts. If publicly ordained, the continual tripping in the service betrays that it was not arranged for home use, and practice has not begotten fluency. Few read the missionary columns in which their names are found until they are transferred from the list of workers to that of the shining ones who have entered into "the rest that remaineth for the people of God."

A picture properly representing the Home Missionary Society would be a woman with Madonna-like countenance and dignified bearing, with both hands extended, one in bestowal upon a missionary of the modest salary upon which himself and family can subsist a year if supplemented sufficiently by charity; the other extended imploringly for aid, toward a large concourse of people assembled in a fashionable church, for worship of Him who said, "Love one another; bear one another's burdens; whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

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"A church of one hundred members, all of them comparatively poor, but all determined to do what they can, each according to his ability. Let us suppose that

				They would give during the year	
5	members give	5	cents a week.....	\$13	00
5	" "	10	" "	26	00
10	" "	20	" "	104	00
25	" "	25	" "	325	00
25	" "	50	" "	650	00
15	" "	75	" "	585	00
15	" "	1 00	" "	780	00
<hr/>					
100					\$2,483 00

Paragraph from a Preachment.—It seems to me worth while to give serious thought to the methods of conducting our local benevolent societies. There is no sufficient reason why a home missionary auxiliary should eke out a precarious existence through fairs, suppers, socials, lectures, concerts, pink-teas, “Dee-strick Skules,” orange shows, fan drills, broom drills, stereopticon views, Japanese tea parties, New England suppers, ice-cream socials, candy stands, and so on through the descending scale which touches bottom at the necktie party. We are not decrying against good, pure fun. There ought to be room in our philosophy and in our lives for more of it; but duty that must always be sugar-coated is no longer duty. It is time to invest home missionary work with the dignity belonging to it, and advance its interests through well-considered, rather than childish means.

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## WHAT IS A MISSIONARY?

What is a missionary? Our friend, Mr. Dictionary Webster, answers, “One sent to propagate religion.” Flitting dimly before our minds is a vision of some dreary-faced man or woman, who, counting as nothing the love and beauty and joy of this world, has undertaken, in an official way, to carry the Gospel to the perishing heathen. Affection and enthusiasm would meet with no warmer response from such a person than from an old-fashioned box pulpit in a country meeting-house.

God does not fashion his missionaries from any specially prepared material; he uses ordinary flesh and blood. Neither does he dedicate to this particular service the poorer specimens of his handiwork. But

having made the best kind of men and women, having refined and brightened them in his own mysterious way, he inspires their hearts, sends them out to work for him, and calls them "*missionaries*."

Suppose we shake our minds a little, wake up and think for a minute or two of this class of the world's inhabitants in an honest and common-sense way.

Take any man of our acquaintance who is provided with sound brains and a heart; accept him with all his peculiar likes and dislikes, and even those distinctively manly characteristics which are often so perplexing to his friends; fill him with an all-absorbing admiration and love for Christ, and let him comprehend what there is to be done for Him in the broad world; take him out of his dressing-gown and slippers, or from his luxurious hammock and last novel; mount him on horseback, and send him up and down in the dark places of our own land, or among the mountains of Persia or Syria; let him stop to talk in a school-house or a liquor saloon or mining camp, or under a booth of freshly cut branches, to an audience sitting on the ground—and presto change! you have a missionary!

Find a gentle, beautiful, *womanly* woman; let her be well educated and accomplished; let her love art, music, dainty dresses and her own way; let Jesus Christ win and master her heart, until she devotes her soul and life to him, and perhaps when next you see her she will be going up and down some river in Africa, attracting the children along the banks to the canoe by her singing, and visiting and teaching in the villages. You may discover her among the Indians in our own far West, in some one-story log house, cheerfully pasting muslin and newspapers over the air-holes to keep out the winds; eight miles from a post-office, and dependent on the red men for supplies. You might have found her, a year or two ago, bravely hold-

ing the mission fort, the only representative of the white race in an Asiatic city of 15,000 people.

In short, our missionaries, for whom we are working, flesh-and-blood realities of this nineteenth century, are living embodiments of downright, old-fashioned heroism. They belong by right to that glorious company of saints, confessors and martyrs who have, before and since the days of Jesus, subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, out of weakness been made strong, turned to flight the armies of the aliens—of whom the world is not worthy.

Are we ashamed to call missionaries our friends? If our friends, let us love them, work for them, glory in them!

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### THE ÆSTHETICS OF GIVING.

The fact is that all the *mathematics* of giving are sadly, radically misleading. The tithe system may answer for the *minimum* but never for the maximum of our gifts. It is obvious that \$100 from a man whose income is \$1,000 is a very much larger proportion than is \$1,000 for him who gets \$10,000, or \$10,000 for him who has \$100,000 a year. In one case the man has \$900, in the next \$9,000, and in the last \$90,000 left for his own expenses. The *ethics* of giving reaches higher, but we need some higher plane than either. Shall we call it æsthetics of giving?

We need to apprehend the beauty of giving. It is the highest of the fine arts. We ought to be enamored of it as of the most æsthetic production of the artist, the sculptor, the architect, the musician. Then giving will not need to be *urged*, there will be rather need of restraining the people from bringing, as Moses did. The man or woman who learns to give in the right

spirit forgets all about the duty in the privilege, and the absence of life's necessities would bring no such distress as to be cut off from this luxury.

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It is not because of God's poverty that the world is so slowly redeemed. Not the most righteous expenditure of money alone will save it, but the expenditure of life and soul and spirit—it may be that of nerve and muscle, blood and brain. All these our Lord spent—but no money.

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Just now a singular paradox confronts us. On the one hand, displays of God's providence and grace in modern missions, which constitute his trumpet call, exceeding loud; and, on the other hand, a singular lack of response on the part of his Church to his omnipotent challenge.

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### **WHAT SOME CONGREGATIONALISTS HAVE SAID OF HOME MISSIONS.**

Wherever the Home Missionary Society goes, it puts its hand to the foundation, and helps to shape the structure of society. It does not merely scatter the seed of the Word here and there in the wild and tangled wilderness; its work is to subdue the wilderness, to spread new order over its neglected vastness, to change its gloomy waste into the garden of the Lord. Where various currents of population, from the north and from the south, from the Old World and from the New, with habits and tendencies as diverse as their origin, meet to mingle and be confounded, it sets up in that confusion of influences an organic self-perpetuating force that shall act upon unborn generations; and where the pioneer might, perhaps, have left



to his posterity an inheritance of barbarism, it spreads over the subdued and renovated soil the light, the bloom, the living and perennial beauty of a Christian civilization. —Leonard Bacon, 1852.

Who, indeed, that claims to love Christ and his country, can withhold for a moment his whole influence from a cause that aims to turn back the dark river of moral death upon its source, and to conduct the streams of salvation through each heaven-prepared channel, to every hamlet of the land?—Richard S. Storrs (of Braintree), 1855.

The American Home Missionary Society, in prospect of the immediately coming future, has as truly the world for its field as has the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. And if any who have put their hand to the plow are disposed now to look back, they are unworthy of any part in this work. The missionaries of this Society shall yet follow the American emigrant, not only to all the fertile valleys which nestle among the snowy peaks of Oregon and to all the gold-fields of California, but to the tablelands of Mexico, to the banks of the Amazon, the Orinoco and the La Plata, and to all the thousand islands of the Pacific. This is the time for girding on the harness, not for putting it off.—J. M. Sturtevant (Senior), 1857.

A church by every depot where the railroad is opening new avenues of population; a preacher in every settlement where pioneers have halted in their march upon the wilderness; a Sunday-school in every hamlet that dots the prairie or clusters on the slopes of the mountain; a Bible in every house, and with these all personal agencies that Christ has blessed for bringing souls into His kingdom!—Joseph P. Thompson, 1868.

## HOW WE INCREASED THE COLLECTION.

We took up our annual offering for Home Missions last Sunday. The amount was much larger than usual. This was our method: I made up five hundred packages, each one containing the "pastoral letter," the report of the Society's work, and the subscription envelope. I inclosed these packages in separate envelopes and addressed them to members of the church and congregation, and residents here upon whom I call. The Sunday before the collection I preached a sermon upon the work of the Congregational Home Missionary Society for the past year. In order to make the subject as vivid as possible, I cut from the Home Missionary magazine pictures representing the Society's work, mounted them on cardboard, and placed them upon the front of the pulpit. I added to this collection those pictures of the officers of the Society which appeared in "The Congregationalist" recently. I invited the congregation to pass in front of the pulpit and look at these pictures. The majority did so. The children of the Sunday-school were also interested, and as the pictures were left on the pulpit during the session of the school, they exerted a silent influence which we hope will result in still larger gifts to the Society.

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## WHAT THE SOCIETY DOES.

The Congregational Home Missionary Society helps churches to support pastors. It gives the living ministry, in the power of the Holy Spirit, to churches that need leading, and fellowship, and marshaling for

spiritual conquest. It begins these churches, fosters them with preaching and tender care till the pastor they choose comes, whom the Society helps at first to support. The church grows through the power of its testimony; becomes self-supporting, a contributor to home and foreign missions, a perpetual fountain of blessing, perhaps through centuries. Who is not glad to co-operate with Christ in maintaining his churches, the chief agency for saving the world?

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### AN INCIDENT IN THE STRIKE.

It was a valiant strike, with a noble end in view, and, as is rarely the case with strikes, resulted in complete success. It was no ordinary movement, in that it was not a strike for higher wages, nor for shorter hours, but for self-support. In a certain sense it might be called a "sympathetic" strike.

The people who constituted the Congregational church in one section of that Western city had not been able fully to support their church home, but had found necessary a frequent draft upon the benevolence of Eastern friends, extended through the Home Missionary Society. It was by this means only that the stipulated salary of their missionary could be paid. They had struggled for self-support, but had been unable to attain it; now the time had come when they were determined to "strike" for it. It was distinctly a "labor" movement. Instead of being idle, they were more active than ever during the continuance of the strike. They were completely organized, they stood shoulder to shoulder as one man, and they were victorious.

To accomplish this end, a special committee on

finance had been appointed. Meetings were held, and ways and means discussed. It was decided that a list should be made, containing the name of every man, woman and child who might with any reason be asked to give. The list completed, it was apportioned out among selected canvassers, who became the "walking delegates" that stirred the others up to join in the "strike." They went at once with their appeal, urging each to give as the Lord had prospered him, building over against his own house, that the bulwarks of Zion might be complete. They who went forth in faith returned with joy, for the response was hearty, and the end desired was attained.

After the list of names had been pronounced complete and the canvassers were about to go forth upon their mission, the pastor said:

"By the way, there is one more we have forgotten; I think his name is John Crittenden."

The man named lived within a block of the church and had the largest income of any one in that section (which was not saying much), but had never been counted as a "church man."

"John Crittenden!" exclaimed a member of the committee. "He has never given a cent to the church, and never will. He lets his wife give, and we ought to be thankful for that. He never comes near the church and won't have anything to do with it."

"The very man we ought to go and see," said the pastor, who, by the way, had just come upon the field. "Put his name upon my list, and I will see what can be done."

"You'll only waste your time, and you may be shown the door," was the reply.

The next day the pastor looked in upon Mr. Crittenden at his office. He began with the business in hand at once. "Pledged income of the church ten dollars

per week, expenses thirty dollars. Have been receiving three hundred dollars a year from the Home Missionary Society. Want if possible to get along without that, and get the thirty dollars per week in pledges."

He had scarcely time to state the case when Mr. Crittenden wheeled around in his chair and wrote a check for twenty dollars. "I make no pledges," he said, as he handed it to the pastor, "but this may help you a little. You have my best wishes for success. That's business, and I like it."

Two surprises were in store; one for the treasurer of the church when the next day he received that twenty dollars, the other for the congregation when on the next Sabbath they saw John Crittenden walk into church with his wife. Upon his having made an investment, interest began immediately to accrue, and he came to look after it. It became more and more evident that Mr. Crittenden was interested. During the weeks that followed, he came with marked regularity. It was even whispered about that when Mrs. Crittenden could not come, he was sometimes seen to come alone. He had been heard to say that he didn't feel comfortable any more when Sunday morning came unless he went to church.

Three months after Mr. Crittenden had written that twenty-dollar check, near the close of the year, it was decided to make a public presentation of the financial condition of the church, and to receive pledges then and there for the year to come.

A sermon was preached upon "The Blessedness of Giving," a clear statement was made of the needs of the coming year, and pledge cards were distributed. When these had been gathered, it was found that Mr. Crittenden had attached his name to one of them with a pledge for two dollars per week.

"He'll never pay it," was the remark of some who knew the fact. But the next afternoon, before his critics had thought of paying the first instalment upon their subscriptions, and fully three weeks before that first instalment was due, the pastor received a check by mail from Mr. Crittenden for \$106. He had even noted that there were fifty-three Sundays in the coming year.

But the best part of the story is yet to come. Four months later the pastor said to Mrs. Crittenden:

"I have been studying Mr. Crittenden carefully, and I wonder if the time hasn't come to talk with him about becoming a Christian."

"I fully believe that it has," she said. "He seems so completely interested in all the affairs of the church. You couldn't keep him at home now if you wanted to."

"How can I best manage to see him alone?"

"I will arrange that. Call to-morrow afternoon about five o'clock. I will bring him home from the office, and then take the children to ride. You will find him alone."

The pastor had learned the wisdom of directness with such men as Mr. Crittenden. "I have called to have a good talk with you," were his first words, "and now I want to know at the outset why you are not a Christian?"

"There is no reason whatever," was the reply.

"Wouldn't you like to be one?"

"Yes! I would."

"You've been thinking of it, then?"

"Oh yes! And if you had asked once more last Sunday night for those who wanted to be Christians to hold up their hands, you'd have seen mine up."

Then and there they knelt together, the heart was surrendered, the burden lifted, and three weeks later

Mr. Crittenden united with the church on confession of his faith in Christ.

He was the first fruits of a great revival, which started with that church and spread throughout the city, until twenty-four churches were united under the lead of an earnest evangelist, and in the end it was estimated that two thousand souls had been converted.

You will agree that "the Strike of 1891" was a great strike. Faith was honored, effort was crowned with success, and those that went forth with weeping came again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them. It was the natural harvest of the seed sown in that church by the Home Missionary Society.

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

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## THE COMING CHURCH.

We often hear about it in high-flown phrase. But to be practical, the coming church is already among us. It is now in our homes and Sunday-schools. In spite of all our theories as to what the church of the next generation ought to be, the forces are now at work which are determining what it will be. Great will be the opportunities, tremendous the responsibilities of that coming church.

Shall the great *missionary movement* of this century be carried forward by the next generation?

Shall the *missionary spirit*, which is the very heart of Christianity, sway and summon the Christian forces of twenty years hence?

Shall *generous gifts*, the living and essential proof



of a conquering Christianity, mark the coming church?

Shall the succession of *missionary heroes*, veritable apostles of the faith, continue in unbroken line?

Pastors, Superintendents, Teachers, *you* are answering these questions.

He said that the object of that meeting was to "*work down* the missionary spirit." He explained that usually missionary interest first struck the head, and after awhile got as far as the mouth, then the heart, conscience, and will, and by and by the pocket, and last of all the legs and feet. Blessed are they on whom the missionary spirit works down far enough to produce those winged sandals—the alacrity of a messenger of the Gospel!

If the church should so lose sight of God's purpose concerning her as deliberately to determine *not* to carry the Gospel to the world, in one second God's judgments would sweep such a church away from the earth, as no longer of any more use than savorless salt.

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### A RINGING SENTENCE.

The following words were written by the Rev. J. W. Pickett, who, while doing home missionary work in Colorado, was instantly killed by the overturning of a stage-coach, near Leadville, in November, 1879. He was one of the most consecrated, whole-souled, and hard-working missionary superintendents that the great West has ever had, and these words indicate the spirit in which he went about his work.

*"The work before us is so plain and simple that we cannot mistake it. Courage, courage, faith and courage to do great things for God! A complete resting*

*of the individual life in the divine life till the soul throbs and thrills with God's mighty purposes in the world's redemption, and rises from this baptism of power to undertake, with impressible thankfulness and joy, the hardest service for Christ, assured of the hundredfold of richest reward."*

This extract is too long for a motto, but it might well be printed at the head of every home and foreign missionary commission. It is a text that might well be expanded into a sermon—yea, into a life, as it has been again and again. It was Mr. Pickett's soul biography and missionary record condensed into a few words. Notice the great thoughts in those words: A plain and unmistakable work; courage and faith to do great things for God; resting one's life in God till the soul throbs with God's mighty purposes for a lost world; then, undertaking the work with thankful joy, assured of a rich, hundredfold reward!

Mr. Pickett crossed the plains of the great West, and trod the passes of the great mountains, in the spirit of those words, with a soul possessed by those mighty thoughts. So single-eyed was his devotion to his work, that once in the Black Hills, when he picked up a stone that gave promise of a rich mine, and found himself beginning to build air-castles, he threw the piece of rock far from him, and went on, saying, "That is not my business; I have other work." It is only by such faith and consecration that the waste places of America and of the world can be conquered for Christ.

The missionary work of the church is as plain and unmistakable to-day as it ever was. There are as great things to be done for God as have ever yet been done—yea, greater. Great courage and great faith are still needed. The soul of the church, and of each missionary, must so come in touch with God as to vibrate

with his mighty love and divine purposes. Then will come a baptism of power, and then one will thank God, and rejoice that he is permitted to do even the hardest work on the hardest field, and to all who do such work in such a spirit there will be a hundredfold reward.

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### BESSIE'S QUESTIONS.

My little sister Bessie is always turning over some grave subject in her wise little head, and asking no end of questions. Mamma says she doesn't know what she will ask next. The other day she came running in from the children's Christian Endeavor Society, and had hardly hung up her hat before she began:

"Mamma, did you ever see a real live Home Missionary?"

"Why, yes, my child, many times."

"What are they like?"

"Like! Why, like any minister—like our Dr. M."

"Aren't they kind of low people, not nice like Dr. M.?"

"What can you mean, child, by such questions? Of course they are educated, refined people, like other ministers. Some of them are among the noblest people I ever knew; and their wives are very sweet, cultured ladies, graduates from our best schools and colleges. But what makes you ask such strange things?"

"Why, when we came out of our Christian Endeavor meeting the ladies were just beginning to pack a barrel for a Home Missionary, and some of the things looked just like those you give to old Joe Saunders, who cleans out our ashes. I'm sure none of our people would give them to Dr. M. What do they give such things to nice Home Missionaries for?"

"Score one for Bess," said papa, laughing. He had just come in without our seeing him, and heard the

talk. "But really, wife, I do sometimes wonder, whenever I think soberly long enough, whether being away from home, friends, and doing the hardest kind of frontier work, wouldn't be the missionary's share of self-denial without having to starve and freeze, and wear old clothes that Christians at home, who never do any good, don't want any longer. But you know best about such things, I suppose." (Papa isn't a Christian, and leaves the religion of the house to mamma.)

Mamma sat thinking a few moments after papa went out, and then went upstairs. She didn't come down for some time. I thought her eyes were red, but she looked very sweet and happy.

"Johnnie," she said, "I wish you'd run down to the church and ask the ladies to put this letter into the barrel, and on your way stop at Joe Saunders' and leave this bundle.

"Yes, you may read it before I seal it," she said; seeing, I suppose, a curious look in my eyes.

This was what it said: "Inclosed please find two ten-dollar bills. I was intending to spend them for some new jewelry for myself, and to send you some old clothes; but my little girl asked me some questions which set me to thinking. I am ashamed that I have been willing in the past to let the missionaries do all my self-denial. Please buy with this money something nice and beautiful, just such as Christians at home have. With new interest in your work, and prayers for your success, A Christian who is ashamed of herself."

I think it was just splendid in mamma; and when I get to earning my own money I'm going to do lots of such things. I'll send a good big contribution every year to the Home Missionary Society, so as to be sure the missionaries can have their salaries paid promptly,

and then I'm going to send some extras ; but I won't send anything that wouldn't be good enough for our Dr. M.

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## ONE OF OUR COUNTRY'S PERILS.

Many years ago, when I was a missionary in Austria, it was my privilege to cross Switzerland. I ascended the romantic Zermatt Valley, and gazed with awe upon that giant natural leaning pyramid, the Matterhorn. Standing sentinel in the most wonderful amphitheater of glaciers that Switzerland can boast, it seemed to defy the efforts of man to scale its steep, rugged backbone. A young American had just fallen a sacrifice to his temerity in cutting loose from his guides at some dangerous point of the ascent. Last year I was thrilled by the account of another ascent of the Matterhorn. The reader involuntarily shudders as the bold climber describes his creeping along the face of a precipice, bound by strong ropes to his guides, and clinging to the narrow icy ledges with fingers and toes, when a single slip would send him flying down a thousand feet into the yawning abyss below, unless his stronger comrades can keep their hold of the rock and stand the strain of the fall.

There is safety and danger in being tied together. So it is ever in human society. So it is with the widely differing elements which make up this nation. Our fearful Civil War proved the great danger of the inseparable connection of the negro slaves with our white population. To save the negro and save the country cost immense sacrifice of life and treasure. To-day there is a much greater danger than most realize in the inseparable union with our native Anglo-Saxon American stock of vast masses of population of other nationalities and other races. We are bound to

one another. No power on earth can separate us. Our destinies are one. Among these foreign elements are many of the noblest and the best of mankind. But the great majority are alien, not only in language and habits, but in tastes, principles and purposes. But they are tied to us, and we to them. This is providential. God expects the Christian elements of this nation to be like Alpine guides, so much sturdier, clearer of eye, and more sure-footed, so able to cling to their principles and to maintain their hold on God's eternal truth, that they can save themselves and those whose guides and saviors God has ordained them to be. If we short-sightedly and selfishly neglect this high and holy duty, if we fail to win the vast unevangelized elements of our immigrant population for the gospel and kingdom of Christ, if we fail to help them plant their feet on the Rock of Ages and to cling to Christ alone for salvation, they will miss their foothold, and drag us, as a nation, with them into the fathomless abyss of error and ruin.

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### THE MINISTER'S DREAM.

I sat down in an arm-chair, wearied with my work. My toil had been severe and protracted. Many were seeking the salvation of their souls, and many had found what they sought. The church wore an aspect of thrift and prosperity; and joy and hope and courage were the prevailing sentiments on every hand. As for myself, I was joyous in my work; my brethren were united; my sermons and exhortations were evidently telling on my hearers; my church was crowded with listeners. The whole community was more or less moved with the prevailing excitement; and, as the work went on, I had been led into exhausting labors for its promotion.

Tired with my work, I soon lost myself in a sort of half-forgetful state, though I seemed fully aware of my place and my surroundings. Suddenly a stranger entered the room, without any preliminary "tap" or "Come in." I saw in his face benignity, intelligence and weight of character; but, though he was passably well attired, he carried suspended about his person measures, and chemical agents, and implements, which gave him a very strange appearance.

The stranger came toward me, and, extending his hand, said: "How is your zeal?" I supposed, when he began his question, that the query was to be for my health, but was pleased to hear his final word; for I was quite well pleased with my zeal, and doubted not the stranger would smile when he should know its proportion. Instantly I conceived of it as physical quantity, and putting my hand into my bosom, brought it forth, and presented it to him for inspection. He took it, and placing it in his scale, weighed it carefully. I heard him say, "One hundred pounds!" I could scarce suppress an audible note of satisfaction; but by his earnest look as he noted down the weight I saw at once that he had drawn no final conclusion, but was intent upon pushing his investigation. He broke the mass to atoms, put it into his crucible, and put the crucible into the fire. When the mass was thoroughly fused, he took it out, and set it down to cool. It congealed in cooling, and when turned out on the hearth exhibited a series of layers or strata, all of which, at the touch of the hammer, fell apart, and were severely tested and weighed, the stranger making minute notes as the process went on. When he had finished he presented the notes to me, and gave me a look of mingled sorrow and compassion, as, without a word except "May God save you!" he left the room.

I opened the "notes," and read as follows:



ANALYSIS OF THE ZEAL OF JUNIUS, A CANDIDATE FOR A  
CROWN OF GLORY.

Weight in mass—100 lbs.

Of this, on analysis, there proves to be:

Bigotry .....	10 parts.
Personal ambition .....	23 “
Love of praise.....	19 “
Pride of demonstration.....	15 “
Pride of talent.....	14 “
Love of authority.....	12 “

Pure zeal:

Love to God	4 “
Love to Man	3-100.

I had become troubled at the peculiar manner of the stranger, and especially at his parting look and words; but when I looked at the figures, my heart sunk as lead within me. I made a mental effort to dispute the correctness of the record. But I was suddenly startled into a more honest mood by an audible sigh—almost a groan—from the stranger (who had paused in the hall), and by a sudden darkness falling upon me, by which the record became at once obscured and nearly illegible. I suddenly cried out, “Lord, save me!” and knelt down at my chair, with the paper in my hand, and my eyes fixed upon it. At once it became a mirror, and I saw my heart reflected in it. *The record was true!* I saw it; I felt it; I confessed it; I deplored it; and I besought God, with many tears, to save me from myself; and at length, with an irrepressible cry of anguish, I awoke. I had prayed in years gone by to be saved from hell, but my prayer to be saved from myself, now, was immeasurably more fervent and distressful; nor did I rest or pause until the refining fire came down and went through my heart, searching, probing, melting, burning, filling all its chambers with light, and hallowing my whole heart to God.

## OUR MISSIONARY MEETINGS: HOW CAN WE MAKE THEM MORE HELPFUL?

This is a question of great importance. That our churches are expecting Christian women to accomplish much in the way of instruction and enthusiasm is being recognized; that we, as coworkers with Christ and the Church, are slowly awaking to the world's needs and our own blessed opportunity, is also a fact. We are to encourage and assist each other, not only by co-operation, but also by mutual instruction, that the Gospel of Christ may be made to us inspiring, helpful, and real. Allow me, therefore, to remind you of a few simple elements by which we may, by God's blessing, make our meetings more helpful. These may be five points, guiding us as a star of promise for the future:

1. Prompt Attendance.—It is a good plan, for the officers at least, and with them as many of the members as possible, to meet for an informal social conversation five or ten minutes before the appointed hour. Strangers may be then introduced, friendships renewed, and greetings given. The president or leader should call the meeting to order promptly, even when there is but a quorum present. If you have little to do, meet promptly, do it, and adjourn. When business presses begin on time, attend to the work before you without undue haste on the one hand or tardiness on the other, and do not extend the time of meeting except under very exceptional circumstances.

2. Sharing in the Exercises.—There is one thing that we can all do—we can patiently listen. Apart from the social courtesy which this implies, there is also the

respect due to the subject which brings us together in our missionary meetings. We may not all be able to sing the tune, we can all at least hum the words. We may not all possess the gift of audible prayer, but we can all say "Amen." Most of us can read a selected piece, and many of us (many more than now do) might prepare original papers upon the geography, the history, the flora and fauna, and the people of our missionary fields. Let us all seek to find something that we can do, and finding it, do it as our share of the work.

3. A Prearranged Programme.—If you want to have a dismal failure, omit the program. If you want a success (and you do), have a good program, carefully and previously arranged. Prepare your program for the following month at the close of the previous meeting. Original papers should be commenced, if possible, two months ahead. The author of a paper or the reader of a sketch should have intelligence and interest enough to make her part so natural that it will come from her heart. Give her time, encouragement, and, where necessary, co-operation. I firmly believe that one of our most common weaknesses is neglect in this particular. Where time is taken our best efforts can be made. I earnestly plead that though our program be brief, it be carefully prepared and the very best we can get.

4. Interest Every Member.—Do you say this is impossible? I answer, Perhaps. Have you tried to do it? Some will, of course, reply, "Don't ask me to do anything." Be ready to tell each member what she can do. One can write, another read, another sing, another sketch. A map made by a member showing the location of our missionary workers would interest every member. A solo sung at our private meetings would inspire and help, while at our public meetings

good vocal music is essential to success. Our societies should change the committees often. In some cases it is desirable for the welfare of the society to frequently change officers. Such schemes will help to interest every member.

5. Agitation.—This is the very end and aim of our missionary meetings. If we do not agitate we do nothing. Why, the very meaning of this word is “to stir up,” and so the mission workers must move or fail. Agitation is our very life. From the days of the apostles until now the work of the true Church has been agitation. In the apostolic age the agitation was against a degraded paganism, unspiritual Judaism. In after days the struggle was against legends, myths, superstition and bigotry. In these later days the conflict is against ignorance, Mammon, and every form of unbelief. This, then, is our mission of to-day. Agitate! We must, or deny our Lord. Agitate! We must, or “quench the Spirit.” What we all need to-day, as mission workers, is the spirit of Count Zinzendorf, who chose as his motto, “That land is henceforth my country which most needs the Gospel.” The real heroes of our mission work are not those who toil, languish, sicken, and die martyrs for the truth, but rather those who labor, pray, weep, suffer, but hope on; literally, “living sacrifices” for the Gospel of Jesus Christ.









# THE FRONTIER.



COMPILED

BY THE

Congregational Home Missionary Society,

Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street,

NEW YORK CITY,

## **SUBJECT :**

### **The Congregational Home Missionary Society.**

#### **TOPICS SUGGESTED FOR PROGRAMS.**

1. The Country.
2. The City.
3. Foreign Missions at Home.
4. The Frontier.
5. The Ranch. The Mine. The Lumber Camp.
6. Missionary Heroism.
7. Historical Sketches.
8. Our Country. Its resources. Its problems. Its opportunities.
9. Woman's Work. The Union. What is it? Its object. Its aim. Its methods. Its success.
10. The Congregational Home Missionary Society. Its origin. Its field. Its aim. Its missionaries. Results.

Material will be furnished by the Society on application.

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The following list of books published or obtained by the Sunday School and Publication Society furnish rich material for the study of Home Missions.

The Minute Man on the Frontier.  
Service in the King's Guards.  
Nakoma.  
Faith on the Frontier.  
Autobiography of Fanny.  
Mary and I.  
Reuben Taylor.  
Asa Turner.  
The Pioneer Preacher.  
Our Life among the Iroquois.  
Marcus Whitman.  
The Mormon Delusion.  
Two Volunteer Missionaries among the Dakotas.  
A Hero in Homespun.  
Reuben Gaylord.  
Julien M. Sturtevant.  
Truman M. Post.  
Ten Years at Skokomish.  
George H. Atkinson.  
Oregon. By Barrows.  
Cushing Eells.  
Alaska.  
Strange corners in our country. Loomis.

For intelligent study of our country every library should be supplied with Dr. Josiah Strong's books : Our Country. The New Era. The Twentieth Century City.

## A SHORT STORY.—FOR THE INQUIRING GIVER.

Time of service covered, three years. Amount expended by the Society, \$800. The field lay in North Wisconsin, in the pine belt, the pine industry being always heterogeneous and numbered about 1,000. It most the sole support of the town. The population had the reputation of being the hardest town in that section of the State. In the year preceding the commencement of our work orgies of the wildest character were indulged in, and the whole town was given over to wickedness. Ministers of four denominations had attempted work, but all signally failed and retired after a brief trial. Our general missionary then came to the town with his band of assistants, and, after a season of faithful labor, succeeded in winning a few who had a desire to see the town reformed. With the ten members thus gathered the work was inaugurated. A feeble beginning, truly, but it was the leaven in the meal. By faithful effort and the aid of our Building Society, a neat meeting-house was built; and in the Spring of 1892 the writer was sent to the field to take the first pastorate of the church and town, serving at the same time an older church ten miles away.

A description of the town on the Sabbath afternoon of my arrival (having preached at the other church in the morning) will illustrate the place and its character most readily. Here on a vacant lot near the main street is a congregation of brutal men and boys engaged in dog-fighting. Driving up the street, we notice that all the saloons, stores and shops are wide open. Here, tied to a post in front of a store, is a

wagon load of hogs and sheep for the butcher, and yonder is another, likewise loaded, with a pair of steers tied behind. The streams and lakes of the vicinity are well patronized by fishing and boating parties. During the first service, slimly attended, an amateur brass band makes hideous discord in the hall just across the street, and when its members have blown themselves out of breath, a fight breaks out, just in the middle of the sermon, at the boarding-house some forty feet away, and helps to mar whatever portion of the service the band did not. On the streets the greater number gather to see the horse-race, one of the standing village amusements on Sunday. This is just a fair sample of the experiences your missionary encountered for months on the Sabbath. The town was dominated by the saloons, the atmosphere was gross, the population sceptical and intensely worldly, the number of moral people very small.

We began at once a campaign for temperance and righteousness. For a year little, seemingly, was accomplished; and when we closed the first year with a membership of twenty-one, and the vote for "no license" showed only fourteen against 160, we were not at all cheerful.

But the turn of the tide came slowly. At the end of the second year there were thirty members in the church, an Endeavor Society of fifty members, and a vote for temperance of eighty-six against ninety-one. At the end of the three years' work, we had over fifty members in the church, but were compelled to leave the field in early Spring.

If you go into that town to-day you will find it as orderly as the average Eastern village. Sunday is as well observed as in any town in Wisconsin. There is a pride in having all things in order. Through much bitter opposition and persecution has this thing

been brought about by the grace of God, the labor of your workers, and, not least, by the expenditure of your gifts. There has been no other organization at work in the field until the last year, when work was begun among the Swedes and Norwegians. All has been done through the medium of that feeble band planted under the care of the Home Missionary Society; and what has been done there is only one instance of thousands that its missionaries could furnish of what is being wrought for the regeneration of America.

How much did it cost, thus to lift up to the level of decency, cleanliness, morality, the beginning of the highest life, this town? Spread over the membership of the Congregational churches of the country, it cost a little over a cent and a half each, and that outlay spread over three years. It does pay! It will pay always. Why? Because it is God's work, and that work shall prosper until its glory shines "from the river unto the ends of the earth."

Every cent of that money has brought visible results. The harvest of the blessed things not seen we must wait for. "The message of life's great to-morrow will have that story in its sweet strain. Duty has her finger pointed unerringly to the pressing needs of to-day. It is no ten per cent. investment that seeks our (or rather the Lord's) capital; but one whose most meagre return, the saving of one soul, overbalances, in the great scale of the hereafter, the wealth of the universe. How much still stands unpaid on the debit side of *your* life ledger, that you can pay to your Lord? The time to begin payment is to-day." He is speaking loudly—in the great opportunities to spread the work; in the pinch and suffering of many faithful missionaries; in the perplexities of our national officers; in the shadow of a needless and irritating debt;

in the alarming conditions of our national life, whose need is the Gospel. Is not this His word to you: "Pay me what thou owest"?

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**LIBERTY MEANS LICENSE.**—God is not dead, for his blessings have been new every day. When I look out upon the people I am led to ask: "Are there few that be saved?" With the Gospel of Christ so near, how few are thirsting for that divine truth that makes its possessor glad? The enemies of the cross have not lost their vitality. Drink, the saloon and card-table are attractive. Lust, vice, and the love of gain abound. While the Gospel is being preached the report of fire-arms betokens the sad fact that the Sabbath-breaker is worshiping at the shrine of his tin pigeon god. Liberty is understood, it seems, to mean but one thing—license to act regardless of law and morality. The dancing saloon makes \$57 in a night. The Church of God receives thirty cents at its morning contribution. And yet, in the midst of all these things God has a few who have not lost faith in the Son of his love, a few who long for the kingdom of Christ to be established upon the earth. It is with this little company that I go toiling on.

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### **BREAKING NEW GROUND.**

A grand sight is "the forest primeval" when the birds fill all its arches with song, or we sweep through them to the music of sleigh-bells. A pleasant sight is the farmer, surrounded by his wife and children, with well-kept farm, ample barns, and well-fed stock. But what wild desolation once reigned where now these fine farms are seen! The great trees stretched on for

hundreds of miles. The hardy settler came with an ax and saw and slow-paced oxen, cleared a little space, and built a log hut. For a little time all goes well; then thistles, burdocks, mulleins, and briars come to pester him and increase his labors. Between the blackened log-heaps fire-weeds spring up. The man and his wife grow old fast. Ague shakes their confidence as well as their bodies. Schools are few, the roads are mere trails.

Then a village starts. First a country store; then a saloon begins to make its pestilential influence felt. The dance thrives. The children grow up strong, rough, ignorant. The justice of the peace marries them. No minister comes. The hearts once tender and homesick, in the forest grow cold and hardened. At funerals perhaps a godly woman offers prayer. Papers are few and poor. Books are very scarce. In Winter the man is far off with his older boys, in the lumber camps, earning money to buy seed and supplies for present wants. The woman pines in her lonely home. The man breaks down prematurely. Too many of these pioneers end their days in insane asylums. It is the third generation which lives comfortably on pleasant farms, or strangers reap that whereon they bestowed no labor.

This may seem too dark a picture. Song and story have gilded the pioneer life so that its realities are myths to most people. It is better when a colony starts with money, horses, books, etc.; but it is hard enough then. Few keep their piety. I visited a community where nearly every family were church members in their early homes; but after twenty years only one family had kept up the fire upon the altar. It is hard to break up such fallows. How different had a minister gone with them and a church been built!

The missionary has different material altogether to



work on in the natural-born pioneer. I visited one family which had a black bear, two hounds, some pet squirrels, cats and a canary; over the fireplace hung rifles, deer-horn and other trophies of the chase. The man was getting ready to move. At first his nearest neighbors were bears and deer; but now a railway had come—also schools and churches. He said: "Taint like it was at fust; times is hard; have to go miles for a deer; folks is getting stuck up, wearing biled shirts, getting spring beds and rockers, and then ye can't do nothin' but some one is making a fuss. I shall cl'ar out of this!"

And he did, burying himself and family in the depths of the woods. The homesteader often takes these deserted places, after paying a mere trifle for the improvements.

Homesteaders are numerous, generally very poor, and are apt to have large families. One man who had \$800 was looked upon as a Rothschild. Many families had to leave part of their furniture on the dock as a pledge of payment for their passage or freight bill. But homesteaders or colonists, all must work hard, be strong, live on plain fare and dress in coarse clothing. The missionary among these people must do the same. A good brother told me that on a memorable cold New Year's day he went into the woods to cut stovewood, taking for his dinner a large piece of dry bread. By noon it was frozen solid. "But," said he, "I had good teeth, and it tasted sweet." Another lived without bread for some time, being thankful for cornmeal. Those who live far from the railways are often brought to great straits through stress of weather and the wretched roads. Little can be raised at first; the work must be done in a primitive way.

As it is with the farmer, so it is with the missionary.

The breaking of new ground is hard work. Everything at first seems delightful. The people are glad, "seeing they have a Levite for their priest." They promise well. The minister starts in with a brave heart, and begins to underbrush and cut down the giant sins that have grown on such fat soil. But as they come down he, too, finds the thistles and the mulleins; jealousies, sectarian and otherwise, come in and hinder him, and it is a long, weary way to the well filled church, the thriving Sunday-school, and the snug parsonage.

Often he fares like the early farmer. The pioneer preacher is seldom seen in the pretty church, but a man of a later generation. The old man is alive yet, and perhaps his good wife; but they are plain folks and belong to another day. Sometimes they look back with regret to the very hardships they endured, now transfigured and glorified through the mists of years. Should the reader think the picture too dark, here are two condensed illustrations from Dr. Leach's "History of Grand Traverse Region." Remember, this was only a few years ago, and where to-day 70,000 people dwell on improved farms and in villages alive with business, having all the comforts and not a few of the luxuries of civilized life.

In those early days, Mr. Limblin, finding that he had but one bushel and a half of corn left, and one dollar and a half in money, prevailed on a Mr. Clark to take both corn and money to Traverse City, thirty miles away, and get groceries with the money and have the corn ground, Mr. Clark to have half for the work. One ox was all the beast of burden they had. Mr. Clark started with the corn on the back of the ox; about half way he exchanged for a pony and sled for the rest of the road, leaving the ox with the Indians until his return. On his way back a fierce

snow storm hid the shores of the bay from view. Presently he came to a wide crack in the ice; his pony, being urged, made a spring, but only got his fore hoofs on the other side. Mr. Clark sprang over and grasped the pony's ears, but, as he pulled, his feet slipped and down he came. His cries brought the Indians, who rescued him and the pony. Exhausted, he crawled back to their camp. But, alas! the cornmeal and groceries were at the bottom of the bay. A sad scene it was to see his poor wife's tears on his arrival home.

Rev. Peter Daugherty, a brave pioneer, was the first missionary in these parts. He once missed his way, and, night coming on, he saw that he must sleep in the woods. The air was chill. Not daring to build a fire for fear of the damage it might do to the dry woods, he cast about for shelter. Spying two headless barrels on the beach, with much trouble he crawled into them, drawing them as close together as he could, and so passed the night.

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### **"GRANDMA A."**

One experience on the Flag Butte field must not go untold. In the afternoon, with Mrs. W. as pilot, we started to visit "Grandma A." Four or five miles of climbing hills and crossing valleys and we came, at last, to an isolated log shanty. In the distance a man was lazily plowing in the field. Mrs. W. said: "That is Grandma's only son, and the only relative the old lady has in all this country. He goes to town, drinks and stays away sometimes three or four days. I don't see how Grandma gets along at all." The missionary tied the horse and turned toward the old

log house. It was a warm day, and the door was open. As they drew near they saw down in one corner of the room what proved to be a woman's bent form, evidently engaged in some work on the floor. "Why, Grandma, what are you doing?" cried Mrs. W. "Well, I declare! cutting potatoes! Grandma, you are too old to do such work. I don't see how you do it." There were the potatoes on the floor, part of them cut for the planting, and this decrepit old woman, over whose head had passed the mighty tide of more than eighty years, was cutting potatoes for her son, who was planting them with the help of horses and plow. Slowly the bent form straightened a little, unsteadily and tremblingly—for Grandma had "had a shock"—and a wrinkled, dark face was turned toward the visitors. It was a shrunken, black, uninviting face, but Mrs. W. kissed it just the same, and then introduced the missionary. The conversation was mostly between the two women, but it soon appeared that back of that withered old face was a good degree of Christian knowledge and real understanding, and beneath the almost repulsive exterior was a heart that was loyal to Jesus Christ. Despite the burden of great age and physical infirmity, memory was active and clear. She told of her girlhood days, in the far-off but ever verdant realm of youth, "away back in Missouri." She recounted the circumstances of her conversion and baptism, and gave the names of the ministers by whom she was led into the kingdom. Oh, the pathos of it all—this poor old soul with the memory of husband and home and sons and daughters, of brighter days fresh on the tablets of the mind, but left now in her age and widowhood, like Naomi of old, among strangers in a strange land, with only this wretched son and poverty and want to attend her declining years—the infinite pathos of it all came over

the visitors like the shadow of a great sorrow upon the family circle. After kneeling in prayer to the Father of the desolate widow, the minister gave her his hand and tried to speak some fitting word of comfort, some gentle benediction. Then the tongue of the old woman was loosed, and the benediction was fittingly spoken: "I'm glad ye come. It was good o' ye to come 'way out here to see a poor ol' woman who hain't got no friends nor kin in all the 'arth no more. I thank the Lord fer yer words, an' that He put it in yer heart t' come an' speak 'em. I sh'l never fergit 'em. They're a comfort t' me ol' soul. They're a light in me dark life. They're marrer t' me bones. I hope ye'll come agin. The Lord bless ye, the Lord bless ye." And the poor old hand trembled yet more violently, and the voice was even more unsteady. The missionary pressed the hand of the old saint, and tried to speak; but the blessing was one of stammering words, and we passed out into the sunshine that somehow seemed blurred, as when seen through falling rain. Good Mrs. W. kissed her again—a better benediction than the minister's—and speaking a cheery word, she turned to guide the way to other homes.

That night the schoolhouse was well filled, and the missionary talked about the obstacles that keep men away from Christ.

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## THE FIRST EFFORT.

The dark of an early winter's morning had settled down upon the little prairie town whose railroad station was the center of all that was interesting thereabouts. This station, a two-story building, with a long platform, and a tall windmill and tank at the end,

was quite a picturesque feature of the landscape. The town lay along on one side of the station only; and away from the front of it, where the main track lay, stretched the unbroken prairie.

It was dark now. The signal lights had been hung out at the switches, and the great light which illumined the front of the station meant "all right; go ahead!" should any train come along in the night with no need of stopping to discharge freight or to let off a gang of hungry men for supper. For the station agent was hotel-keeper to the train hands, and irregular passengers who sometimes ride in the caboose.

The last train for the day had gone, but a freight came thundering along at midnight, and another rushed through in the small hours of the morning. This time it might have been a long train of heavy ore cars from Montana, shaking the earth and rattling the windows, but not awaking the family of the station agent, who lived over the waiting room, for they were used to it. But the home missionary pastor—who, by the way, is a woman, and whose only possible accommodations in the town were the family "sitting room," turned at night into a bedroom—never got "used to it." To her there was always something startling and momentous in the passing of the trains at night. A sudden flash and gleam and roar out of the dead silence into the darkness; then darkness and dead silence again—such a grewsome silence, made audible by the weird thrumming of the night wind upon the telegraph wires.

To stand upon the platform of this prairie station alone at night and look around you and up into the wide, starry heavens was, in the solemn stillness, coming face to face with immensity. Sometimes, after a weary and most discouraging day the missionary paced a nightly beat up and down the long platform

and gazed with a certain fascination upon those pulsating lines of steel stretching away into the night. How quickly she could return to the whirr and rush of cities! She could, should she choose, unbury herself. The distant home away off to the eastward beckoned her in the stillness. It was something of a comfort to realize how easily she could reach friends and privileges renounced for the sake of that Friend who had once given up all for her! She could if she chose. There was liberty in the thought, but there was greater joy in being the "prisoner of Christ Jesus."

Let me tell you of one particular evening. It had been a busy day of traffic. The trains had passed, the loungers had gone. The station agent and his boy, by the aid of lanterns, were busy rolling great piles of freight into the freight house for safe keeping over night. Strains of music from a saloon stole out upon the evening air. The fiddlers were playing an invitation to the usual Saturday night dance at the only place of entertainment for the youth of the town. Unlimited drinking, playing cards and dancing had full sway, with the usual fight to close the festivities.

The missionary vexed her righteous soul over this state of things, and redoubled her energies to stem this tide of evil. Her congregations were increasing in numbers Sabbath by Sabbath as they met in the waiting room of the station. She had ventured to appoint a weekly prayer meeting, the first ever held amid these godless surroundings. The invitation to all the people had been urgent and cordial. The hour had arrived. The meeting was to be held in the "sitting room" upstairs.

A group of boys, big and little, gathered in the waiting room of the station. They stood about the stove, talking together in whispers. Finally one of the number, a long, lank fellow in a collarless shirt, a rimless



hat, blue overalls which were held in place by a single suspender, called out: "Come on, Jimmy! Le's me an' you go up, anyhow!"

This being in the nature of a challenge, not only Jimmy responded, but he was followed by a whole trail of boys of all sizes. They ascended a dark, winding stairway, edged along a narrow passage, hesitated a moment before an open door, from which a bright light streamed, and finally sidled into the room, slipping into some chairs that mercifully stood near the door. They were really at "the prayer meeting," concerning the nature of which they had not the remotest idea; it might be a "sleight-of-hand show," for all they knew—those boys!

That "upper room"! How redolent the very name with prayer! How it calls up the early days of apostolic labors!

The missionary knew how to greet boys, and they responded brightly to her salutations. A row of sweet faced little girls, in warm hoods, which they insisted upon keeping on their heads through the evening, but on that winter's night wearing no other wraps, sat on the lounge on the other side of the room. A madonna-faced mother sat in the doorway of the little bedroom that opened out of the sitting room, rocking a small infant—a little two-year-old being already asleep in his crib in the same room. A hush was over all.

Such a strange, strange church prayer meeting, and not a church member present! What should she do with it? Her mind traveled swiftly back to the "place of prayer" in the old New England meeting-house. The very smell of the underground vestry greeted her memory, and there arose before her, one after another, each in his regular turn, each from his accustomed seat, the good "brethren" who "took part." The very

sound of their voices, each with his peculiar tone and turn of expression from time immemorial, was in her ears.

A slight stir among the children aroused the missionary and brought her back to present surroundings, to find herself again confronted with the question, What shall I do with this strange prayer-meeting? Do? Why, open the meeting with prayer, at least! And with a mental appeal for guidance, she knelt and offered a simple, childlike prayer, leading these little ones into the "audience chamber of the King." But the presence was that of Him who on earth had spoken these sweetest words: "Suffer the children." Then a simple Sunday-school hymn was sung, one of the simplest and sweetest, "Jesus Loves Me." "I am so glad," sang the children, "that Jesus loves me!"

A pause. There were no "brethren" to "occupy the time," and a prayer meeting that is all leader is not good for much. Ah! she has it now. There is nothing in all the world to children like Bible stories; so, turning to that matchless one, the story of Joseph, she read, word for word, chapter after chapter, of the Scripture history. Say what you will about putting the stories of the Bible into modern English, there is a wonderful virtue in reading to children, even young children, the straight word of God as found in the Book. So the missionary read on and on. The room was very still. Even the little mice crept out, and with bright eyes seemed to listen. The children listened with open mouths and round, wide eyes.

When the story was finished there was a moment's pause, a long-drawn breath, then down the stairs scurried the boys without ceremony, making a great clatter with their coarse boots. The missionary hastened to the door to send after them a pleasant parting

word, when she overheard one boy say to another—the boy with the great, hungry, brown eyes:

“My! Wasn’t that a bully story, though!”

At a late hour that evening the missionary again stepped out upon the platform for a bit of rest and communion with the Unseen. Her face was flooded with the beams of light shining about her other than the rays from the holy stars above her, and as we walked back and forth upon that platform, and shared that night the little room at the station-house, she told me, as I have told you, the story of her first effort at a prayer meeting in the little prairie town.

Perseverance, prayer, pluck, with faith as a background, and the little church has a building now and holds regular services. There is a live Sunday-school, a missionary society, and a real church prayer-meeting. Thus hath God rewarded that “first effort.”

### “SUCH A HOUSE!”

Such a house! Located beautifully on a flat-topped hill amidst the mountains; grand old Blood, the highest in Georgia, directly overlooking the spot and standing guard unweariedly; accessible by all the settlement roads; a convenience to a large area of country not otherwise accommodated with church privileges. But the house itself; it has not all the appurtenances of a modern hundred-thousand-dollar house in the city. It has no door, but a “right smart place” for one; no floor, save the hard gravelly red clay, strewn with straw; no windows, but plenty of crannies for light to come in; no upholstered pews, but plenty of loose chestnut poles about five inches in diameter, and hewed on one side, and a few of the same with legs inserted on the unhewed side in two-inch auger

holes; no wainscoting except a few shingles, such as the roof is made of—oak, rived, three feet long, six to eight inches wide, and unmarked with the draw-knife, nailed over some of the cracks, between the logs, for the whole is made of logs, hewed on one side, and joined at the corners with notch and scarf; no chandelier, but one lamp with a reflector hung on the wall, behind where the pulpit ought to be, and a lantern on the table of unplanned boards, with hewed chestnut legs, which serves as pulpit; no furnace, but a cheery "hearth-stone" near the middle of the floor, as dead embers witnessed; no —; no —, etc. But what? It fills the bill temporarily; furnishes a much better shelter than the "bush arbor," its predecessor; occupies the permanent church site, and helps to consecrate it, giving the young church organization "a local habitation," such as it is; inspires the people to build a better, which they are planning to do, while already under the hill the mill is being put up that will saw the lumber for it.

The house has proved too small, even to begin with, as only when the measles are favorable can half the people who come to worship get into the house. It is twenty-five feet square or more. *It was built from the stump in one day!* "To-morrow night," so the pastor announced at the close of a Sunday service held under the bush arbor two or three months before, "to-morrow night we will have preaching in the new church on our lot yonder." "Ugh, ugh," they said, down under the arbor.

"Yes; to-morrow night," said the pastor. And they did. "Many hands make light work." Just as the sun dropped the next day behind the blue peaks in the mist the workmen finished sawing out the doorway, and then, within twenty-four hours from the time the announcement was made, all who could get in went

into the new house with prayer and praise. I imagine the strength of those ten-inch rafters was tested by the first congregation they ever sheltered.

The church organization has prospered from the first—less than a year. Assured growth is before it. It will soon see other churches of its own kind springing into life and coming into its fellowship. Let it have its house—the projected house—so, surely, the prayer of an old-time worthy for another church of the same faith and order will be answered for this church: “Eminent in site, may it be eminent in light and love.”

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### HE TOOK THE WHIPPING.

On one of the Dakota prairies there had never been a Sunday-school. The children heard their mothers tell about the Sunday-school “back East,” and they wanted one very much indeed. The mothers always said: “When the Missionary Society can send us a missionary we shall have a Sunday-school.”

One day, to the great joy of the children, this very thing happened. A missionary and his wife came to live among them on the prairie, and would open a Sunday-school the very next Sunday in a deserted schoolhouse, if anybody could find a way to heat it. There was a stove; but it was difficult to get fuel. Why? Because there were so few trees, and it is so hard to keep those few alive, nobody would think of using even one branch for firewood. The people used “twisted hay” to cook with at home; but it was all they could do to twist enough for their own use. How do they twist it to burn? Well, they take enough hay to make a hay strip about a yard and a half long, and about as thick as a man’s wrist. Then they twist this up into a figure eight, about the size of a stick of

wood. It reminds one of an old-fashioned New England giant doughnut!

But how was that schoolhouse to be heated for the Sunday-school? A plucky boy thought out a way. He arose very early one Sunday morning, and taking a basket on his arm, walked quite a distance to the railroad track, and then walked on the track until he filled his basket with coal which had fallen from the engines. This he bravely carried to the schoolhouse, and a happy company of children had a "real Sunday-school." After this the school depended upon our plucky Bob for fuel.

Now, I am sorry to tell you that this dear boy's father was not a Christian, and did not approve of the missionary or the Sunday-school. When he heard what his boy had been doing he was very angry, and said:

"Bob, I'll beat you within an inch of your life if you get another basket of coal for that Sunday-school."

Bob had a pretty good excuse to lie in bed the next Sunday morning instead of trudging off at daylight with his basket, but after thinking it over and laying the matter before his Heavenly Father (for Bob had become a Christian under the influence of the missionary), he decided to get the coal for the Sunday-school just the same and then take the whipping. This he did for several Sabbaths until his father's heart was melted, and he owned up that "there must be something in the kind of religion his boy had got hold of."

This always happens. When a true soldier of Christ loves his Captain enough to bravely live the true Christ life, the bitterest opposer to Christ will *think*, if he does not *say*, "There must be something in *that* religion. I wish I had it!"

## A MEXICAN FIESTA.

To step from a Christian community into a Mexican village and witness the Roman Catholic festival, the Feast of Malinche, is enough to make one ask himself whether he is in the nineteenth century or back in the Middle Ages; whether he has not been transported to some pagan land of the Orient, instead of being in Christian America.

The feast is held in honor of the patron saint of this village, San Rafael, after whom the village is named, but the honor is shared by Malinche. This woman is not a saint. She was a slave of Cortez, acted as his interpreter with the Aztecs, and was finally made his mistress. She is held in grateful remembrance by the Spaniards for the aid she gave them in effecting the conquest, and by the natives for the kindness and sympathy which she showed them in their misfortunes. "Many an Indian ballad commemorates the gentle virtue of Malinche. Even now, if report be true, her spirit watches over the capitol which she helped to win; and the peasant is occasionally startled by the apparition of an Indian Princess dimly seen through the evening shadows, as it flits among the groves and grottos of the royal hill of Chapultepec." So says Prescott. Rehearsing for the dance begins many days before the feast, and drinking and carousing continue from the time of the first preparations until some days after the feast day.

The feast consists of mass in the church, a dance in the plaza in front of the church, and bonfires and fireworks in the evening. There are twelve dancers, all men, over their trousers wearing pants of white muslin, extending down from the thighs, tucked and frilled and trimmed with lace. Shawls of varied hue and pattern were pinned to their shoulders and hung



down their backs; a large silk handkerchief of bright color covered the face below the eyes and hung down over the breast, while above this the face was veiled by lace, beadwork, or a piece of mosquito netting. This curious costume was crowned by a gorgeous headgear, being a cap about fifteen inches high, running to a point and covered with glass beads, tinfoil, tinsel, etc. On each cap were several small mirrors, which glittered and flashed in the sunlight as the dancers kept time to the music. Long streamers of ribbon of all the colors of the rainbow, a dozen to each cap, hung from the topmost point. Fan-shaped ornaments of wood were carried in the left hand, and waved in time to the music, and rattles in the right hand were kept in motion as they danced. One of the dancers is the *Monarcho*, representing Montezuma, and Malinche was impersonated by a girl of fourteen. Besides these were four other characters, as follows: the Vieja (old woman); a man, who was the manager of the dance, dressed in a suit made of gunny sacks, a sheepskin mask and sombrero; two Abuelos (grandfathers), similarly dressed and masked; and the Toro (the bull), whose head was crowned with a pair of horns, and whose special function was to scare the small boys. These four were in reality the clowns of the performance, making themselves as ridiculous as possible, and furnishing fun for the occasion. Preceding the mass, the dancers and performers were led into the church, a crowd of people who had gone in before being sent out, and, rigged out as they were for the coming festivities, received a special benediction. Two priests officiated at the mass. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity, with not less than 400 people, including the performers. After mass the priests, carrying a picture of San Rafael, led the procession in a march around the plaza, followed by the

dancers and clowns, dancing and performing as they went. In the afternoon the dancing was more elaborate, including a variety of steps to the music of a violin and guitar. These instruments also accompanied the singing in the church services. During the mass an anvil was fired at frequent intervals just outside the church.

Some of the actions of the performers were grossly indecent, and their speech too vulgar for repetition. Liquor flowed freely. There were three saloons running specially for this occasion, in this village where none exists at other times (though native wine is kept in many houses and habitually used), for the express purpose of supplying the needs of this religious (?) festival. One of the Abuelos flourished a bottle of liquor from time to time. Nearly every one drank—men, women and children—and some of the performers gave unmistakable evidence of its effects. One man was reported shot and another cut, in brawls, during the fiesta. At the last the Toro is killed and Malinche catches his blood in her silk handkerchief, but he comes to life again in time to join in the final dance. The evenings are made brilliant with fireworks and a large number of bonfires on the plaza and on the roof of the church (the roofs are made of adobe and are flat), and *bailes* (common dances) are held each night.

In the presence of such superstition, drinking, carousing and vulgarity, as a part of a so-called Christian festival, one can hardly help querying whether this is Christian civilization. A greater travesty on religion can hardly be imagined.

In this same village, surrounded with what makes such scenes as this possible, stands our Congregational church and school. Is it any wonder that the work is difficult and results are slow to appear? Not much

gain can be seen, though most efficient work is being done by our missionaries. After about ten years of work in San Rafael, a fully established church had heretofore been impossible. But on the very day of these mockeries there came to the mission a man who until a few months before had been living in drunkenness and adultery, bringing his wife with him, both desiring to unite with the church. There is no question as to the sincerity of their purpose. Thus there are rifts in the clouds.

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### WAS IT CHANCE?

I was endeavoring to reach Buena Vista, where I was announced for the Sabbath, and had taken the train Saturday noon, expecting to reach my destination at five o'clock that afternoon. There had been some change in trains, so that it was needful that I add fifty miles to my journey. There were other unavoidable delays, and it was midnight when I reached the first train on which I could come to my appointment. I was on "the flyer." The conductor came.

"This train does not stop at Buena Vista," said he.

"But I have an appointment there for the Sabbath; I *must* be there," was my reply.

"Sorry, sir, but you will be obliged to go on to Salida and wait for the 'West Bound,' and take that back; it makes the stop. I wish that I could stop this train for you, but I have my orders and they are imperative. I must obey them."

"That's right; I would not have you do otherwise for me."

Now this would make an additional fifty miles travel and use up most of the night. I was weary. It had been a trying week. My rest had been much

broken by illness in my home. I accepted the situation as gracefully as I could, and yet how unfit I should be for the work of the Sabbath with little or no rest. I remembered that it is said, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." I called to mind our God as a great God, "able to do exceeding abundantly." He was able to stop that train without harm to any one.

I said so to Him reverently. If it could be His will, would He not do it for me? I did not allow myself to fall asleep, but put myself into an expectant attitude. When within a few miles of Buena Vista the conductor came through the car, and as he passed me he said: "I am obliged to stop this train for you. We have a hot box. I shall charge this to you." Yet he seemed rather pleased that he could accommodate me.

"All right," said I, with a grateful heart.

The train did stop to cool that hot box, and I left it, not more than three blocks from my resting place for the night. Was that simply chance? Surely it was a very fortunate happening for me, and I was just simple enough to thank my God for it, and to be encouraged by it. It made more helpful this promise which is much in my mind of late: "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He *shall* bring it to pass."

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## OPENING OF THE CHEROKEE STRIP.

To keep our friends posted as to our Cherokee Strip work, I will give a few material facts of the opening. On Saturday, September 16th, at twelve o'clock, I presume from 100,000 to 150,000 people witnessed and took part in the occupancy of this new land. Such a wild, reckless scramble for dirt was

never known, and I hope may never be repeated. I drove to the line four miles north of Hennessey and witnessed the rush from that point. The greatest number along that line started from near the registration booths, which were situated close to the Rock Island Railway. Fully 10,000 entered the Strip from this point. Besides horsemen and footmen, men and women in vehicles of every description awaited the signal from United States soldiers to start into the promised land. The horsemen and those in light vehicles were lined within a hundred feet strip along the border for miles, and the heavier teams, loaded with merchandise of all sorts—lumber, household goods, tents, buildings fitted and ready to be put together, barrels of water, stacks of cooked food, etc., etc.—were arranged in the rear to follow the owners, who were to race for claims and town lots. On the railway there were forty palace stock cars attached to three engines. As this train moved into position it was literally filled and covered, sides and top, with living humanity as fast as men and women impelled by the wildest frenzy could scramble into place. I could hardly see a foot of the wooden slats as the multitudes went up the sides to the top like so many squirrels or monkeys. Every part of the cowcatchers and of the engines was covered with men anxious to be near the front to jump and get a little advantage of the other fellows. Eleven minutes before twelve o'clock a false signal was given, and in less time than I can pen it the prairie was covered with the myriad racers. The few soldiers were utterly powerless to stop the rush, and away in the distance went the wild crowd. The rush and the roar of the thousands, the whistle of the engines and the rumbling of the immense train, the shouts of excited drivers, the noise of the moving wheels of the lighter and heavier

wagons, the rearing and tossing and neighing of excited horses, the discharge of firearms in every direction, and the clouds and clouds of dust raised by this moving mass, all conspired to make impressions upon those who witnessed the grand and awful scene, never to be erased. My companions and my horses, with myself, caught the excitement, and we followed for a mile or more the crowd and along beside the train. Deepest and conflicting emotions controlled me in these eventful moments. I wanted to shout with the shouting thousands on the train one moment, and then I found my throat filling and my eyes weeping the next. I went home a much more thoughtful man than I went to that scene, and suffered with ache of head and heart for forty-eight hours upon my bed as I have seldom suffered. To get the whole scene you need to see 320 miles or more on the north side and south side and west side, having enacted along their length scenes similar to these. Arkansas City, Hunkewell, Caldwell and Kiowa in Kansas; Hennessey, Orlando and Stillwater in Oklahoma, had the great crowds, but the spaces in between were occupied. Many thousands went in before the legal hour, and through collusion with the soldiers, or unseen by the few scattered troops, gained an unfair advantage over the honest settlers. The country literally swarmed, I am told, with these "sooners," and many of the best claims and the town sites were covered before legal occupants could get upon them. Men rode for miles, and as their jaded horses came to ravines or wooded streams scores of men on fresh horses would come up out of their hiding places and lead them in the race. Two hundred and fifty horsemen, ten minutes after twelve o'clock, rode into the townsite of Perry, when the honest thousands were miles away riding for this goal of their ambition. The whole scheme by which

this land was opened has aided, intentionally or not, the gambler, the adventurer, and the dishonest speculator. Fraud, bribery and false swearing have been the rule from the beginning, and, I fear, continue to govern too much among the smaller and larger officials. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been expended by the Government and by the people worse than uselessly, and scores of lives have been sacrificed in the rush. Some of the scenes of that afternoon were ludicrous and some pathetic. Thousands of men, and some women, jumped or rolled or fell from the trains, moving at the rate of twelve or fifteen miles an hour, to secure a claim or a lot. Some broke an arm or a leg, or both; a few were killed, but the majority escaped with no serious hurt. Many got more real estate upon their faces and persons than they had to keep or sell that night. Of course, others were rewarded in getting splendid claims and valuable lots for their efforts and risks. The Rock Island right of way is fenced through the Strip with a five-wired barbed fence. Through this, most found serious difficulty in making their way. I saw one man with a big piece out of the back part of one of the legs of his trousers. He said he hung in the fence and vainly struggled to extricate himself, while a woman crawled through and got the claim he was after. Two young men started from the train in an equal race for another claim. One caught on the wire; the other went through, or over, staked the claim, and returned to help his unfortunate competitor from his position. One man leaped the fence, stuck his flag on a choice piece of ground, and then pulled a skirt and sunbonnet from under his coat and donned them. Woman's rights are respected on the Western plains, he argued to himself. These scenes and many more of like character were waved and cheered by the train-load. Two



young men and a young woman raced from the train for the same claim. She caught in the fatal wire. The rival male claimants staked at the same moment. The multitude from the train jeered and hissed at the ungallant youths. Ashamed, they ran and extricated the struggling lass, took her stake and drove it into the ground, pulled theirs up, lifted their hats, and went to seek other quarter-sections amid the cheers of the same multitude that a moment before had jeered them. There were many evidences that all men are not altogether selfish and sordid.

Our missionaries went into Enid and Pond Creek on the Rock Island, Santa Fé and Perry on the Santa Fé, Woodward on the Kansas Southern, and Pawnee in the northeastern part of the Territory, on the first afternoon, and occupied these county seats in the name of Christ and Congregationalism. The next day, Sabbath, services were held, and in some of the places our missionary was the only one present. In others union meetings were held. Of course these were in the open air, with heat intense and dust almost intolerable. At several points we have organized, secured lots, erected tents, or are arranging for other temporary places of worship. Until we can get such places where we can call the people, we can do but little toward organization. We have had but little with which to do. We need church buildings, must have houses for our missionaries, must have lamps, and stoves, and seats, and books, and organs. Where are they coming from? Who will furnish them? Hundreds of souls can be saved, if God's people will give us but a few hundreds of dollars to tide over until titles are settled and owners compromise, or the better one kills the other; when, with the aid of the Congregational Church Building Society, we will build permanently for our work. It will not be the

fault of your missionaries, but of those withholding aid in this hour of need, if the work in this new country is not a success. Saloons are open and do a thriving business, the gamblers are defiant and successful, business is booming. Where is the church? Two days after the opening, banks were doing business in their own buildings. Thousands of houses and stores are now erected and occupied, twelve days only from the inception of this new movement. Help us, brethren, to keep step with this forward movement and permeate it with the Gospel leaven. We must keep up with the world's procession, or we will have no hearers of our Gospel message. We are occupying all the county seats, with several other places, and from these will reach out to other centers of population as they develop.

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### DANCING SANCTIFIED.

"Once upon a time," said the preacher, "in a Western theological seminary, a score or more of students determined to wrest dancing from the list of questionable amusements, and sanctify it. It was urged that it was not fair for the devil to monopolize the most fascinating amusements, and that Christian people must teach young people how to use without abusing these amusements. The opportunity to put these theories into practice was most favorable. The lady with whom most of the students boarded was more than willing that her fine double parlors and grand piano should be placed at their disposal, and agreed to invite in a dozen or more of the most charming young ladies in the city. It was deemed best to adopt some very strict rules for the new sanctifying process, as follows:

"I. No expense shall grow out of these theological

dances. A good Presbyterian brother shall play the fiddle, and a Congregational sister the piano.

"2. No refreshments shall be served, as this would be contrary to the laws of health.

"3. At ten o'clock the dance shall stop short off, no matter how interesting it may be. One or two hours of dancing are quite sufficient for recreation, and anything beyond this will be dissipation.

"4. The students shall not be permitted to go home with the girls. The girls live very near, and damaging remarks may be made by students who do not believe in a sanctified dance, if the dancers promenaded the streets together."

For a few weeks all went well, and the delighted young men believed that the vexed problem of questionable amusements was happily solved.

But very soon an unexpected difficulty arose: one of the leaders was engaged to conduct a large mission in a neighboring city, and he very soon found that the young people were greatly injured by attending a Saturday evening dance in a beer garden. In order to obtain the exact facts, and to secure data for the condemnation of the injurious custom, the young missionary visited the beer garden one evening, and found to his great surprise that the young people were dancing precisely the same dances on the platform in this place that he and his companions were dancing in the boarding-house parlor! What should he do? He could not say to the young people that they must not dance unless they danced in grand double parlors; for they would never be invited to dance in such a place; and if he condemned their practice on general principles, and the young people learned that *he* danced the same dances at his boarding-house, his advice would go for nothing; for the conditions would not be considered by the young people. The mission-

ary was sorely perplexed, and all the time this text kept ringing in his ears:

*"If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth."*

After a long struggle he decided that, for the sake of the young people in the mission whom he wished to bring to Christ, he would not dance again! He told his seminary mates his decision, and upon what ground he placed this act of self-denial. One of them said: "You might as well say you will never eat anything because some people overeat!"

Not long after, this man was also employed to work in a mission, and soon had an experience very like that of his classmate. After a hard fight between his desire to dance and his sense of duty to the young people under his care, he too decided to deny himself the amusement of dancing for the sake of his mission people. His friend could not resist the temptation to quote to him his own words: "You might as well say you will never eat anything, because some people overeat!" "This whole matter," replied his friend, "depends upon your 'point of view'."

The withdrawing of these two leaders in the enterprise caused the sanctifying process to stop altogether; and so—in the minds of those students, at least—dancing still remains in the column of "questionable amusements."

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## LIFE OF A MONTANA HERDSMAN.

Eastern people who are surrounded by all the advantages of civilization can scarcely realize the lonely condition in which so many people live in this Western country. A sheep-herder's life, for instance, seems to me one of the most unendurable of any I have

know. In the summertime, after shearing, one man takes a herd of about 2,000 head and goes away from the home ranch, leaving that for winter feed, to the summer ranch, often eight or ten miles from any habitation. He has a little log cabin, sometimes only a tent, with a dirt floor and dirt roof, with an old sheet-iron stove, a bunk for his blankets, a home-made table and stool, a few provisions, consisting mostly of potatoes, beans, bacon, flour, coffee, tea and sugar. Here he remains with his sheep alone, except a dog for company, for three or four months at a time. The owner of the sheep either goes or sends some one out with fresh supplies and some reading-matter about every fifteen days.

The herder gets up early, prepares his own breakfast, takes the sheep out, and stands around or lies down on the grass while the sheep graze, only keeping near as they move on, and having a lookout that none stray away, and that no wild animal comes in to molest and scatter. During the heat of the day the sheep rest, and so does the herder, on the ground under the broiling sun, for we have few trees here. In the afternoon he turns the flock toward the cabin, and they work their way back by sundown. Then he incloses them in a corral for the night, and he and his dog go in and get their lonely supper. And so his life goes on, day after day, the same uneventful routine. Is it any wonder he is eager to get anything to read when he can? And I am so thankful when I can send good, healthful reading to any of them. Many of that class read nothing but novels of the lower type.

Why should one enter upon such a life? Well, a young man in the East gets the Western fever, and comes out here to find work and make a fortune. He applies to a ranchman. Sheep-herding is about the simplest work, and the forty dollars or fifty dollars per

month offered for wages is tempting ; so he tries it. If he does not become entirely discouraged in the first or second season, he will continue year after year, and after a time become unfit for anything else. It is a life that leads to insanity, and not infrequently you find an item in our local paper like this: "John Brown, a sheepherder, was judged insane and taken to the asylum at Deer Lodge. Brown came to Montana from Maine some eight or ten years ago, and has herded sheep in this valley ever since. He was about thirty-five years of age." That is all ; but what a volume do those few lines unfold to one who feels the value of a human life, and realizes the hope and ambition that led the young man from his New England home, and how soon it has died in this lonely, monotonous life—the mind gone while the body is still in the vigor of manhood. This is not so with all. Some are interested in reading and studying, and make one or two seasons of this work a stepping-stone to something higher, and realize the ambition of their youth.

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### WITH THE MISSIONARY WIFE AT THE FRONT.

It is not a large town, neither is it a new town, so I cannot tell you any thrilling tales nor hairbreadth escapes ; but I wish I might take you over this field in the missionary wagon, drawn by two strong horses which make up in faithfulness what they lack in beauty. But first I wish I could paint for you the change that has come over the whole valley since work began here two years ago. The missionary wife is our charioteer, and, while guiding the horses, gives us a glimpse of the past. Let us listen :

"My husband began work here in a dirty, dark

dance hall. I used to look at such pictures in *The Home Missionary* with a complacent feeling that I didn't have to go to church in such a place. He worked here a year before he would allow me to join him. He came on East to get some money for a church building, and I returned with him. My feelings are better imagined than described, when I stepped from the train and saw this place for the first time. There were days when I could not bear to see or hear the East-bound train, as it rushed through the town.

"And my first Sabbath in that dance hall will always stand out in my memory like a nightmare. When I am inclined to be discouraged, I compare the condition of things as they were then with what they are now, and can say: 'Surely, it is the Lords doings, and marvelous in our eyes.' We remained in that dance hall until January, 1894. The audience steadily grew, and the Sunday-school nearly outgrew the whole."

She was silent, but we judged from her shining face that the pretty new church occupied her thought just then. Would that you, dear Eastern friend, might look into this beautiful little church, complete in every detail, which has taken the place of the old dance hall. It is painted on the outside a neat stone color; the graceful steeple is occupied by a sweet-toned bell that reaches the ears of people ten miles away. The main room is large and convenient, seated with chairs; the windows are of cathedral glass, presented by the young people of the East. A prayer-meeting room and ladies' parlor open off from the main room, separated by glass doors. A convenient kitchen, fully furnished, opens off the parlor, and from it is a room occupied on Sunday by a large adult Bible-class. The walls of the church are tinted a delicate lavender, done by the pastor; the woodwork is oak finish, oiled and varnished.



The whole effect is restful to the eye; and really, if you could walk into that church some bright Sunday morning, and look over the thoughtful, well-dressed people, you would hardly believe that this work was begun only two years ago with a few indifferent, rude people, in a dirty dance hall. Please remember that this work could not have been done but for the Congregational Home Missionary Society and dear Eastern friends who believe in Home Missions.

Let us look over the church membership. One of the adults is a reformed drunkard, whom the preacher found in the gutter. Another was a saloon-keeper's wife. She had been a gay, frivolous woman, but came to Christ wholly. She soon began to see the sin of her husband's business, and with womanly tact set to work to get her husband on to their ranch. It took her a year to accomplish it, and she said: "My husband is very slow in deciding a matter, but when he decides, the matter is settled." She succeeded, as she deserved to; worked with him in the field, lived uncomplainingly in two little rooms through all the hot weather, but is rewarded by a good crop, and by hearing her husband say: "I've sold my last glass of liquor." She has developed into an earnest Christian, and a refined, intelligent woman. If nothing else has been accomplished here, is not the transformation of that woman and that home worthy of the effort that has been put forth? In the evening we gleaned one more bit of experience from the preacher's wife:

"In order to really understand the work, you should go touring with me. Imagine a hot day in August, the thermometer marking 108 degrees. Your courage wavers a little. Well, never mind; put on your coolest dress, a broad-brimmed hat, climb into the missionary wagon, and away we go. Now we are speeding along over the hot sage-brush plains. The

dust is terrible, isn't it? It fills your eyes and ears and nose and hair, and spoils your freshly ironed dress. Do I get used to it? No, I do not; and I don't believe I ever shall.

"We have come ten miles to a little shanty in the midst of the sagebrush, the dreariest shrub that grows—not a tree to give shade. We are warm, soiled and tired. Knocking, the door is opened by a little woman whom we recognize at once as a lady. Entering the tiny parlor, our eyes light on a beautiful piano that fills one corner, a well-filled bookcase in the other. Glancing into the kitchen, which is immaculate in its neatness, our eyes rest on the fresh, green house-plants that are full of blossoms. We sink into our chair, feeling sure that we shall thoroughly enjoy this call. Imagine our delight to find that this lady is from Chicago, and that we have mutual acquaintances. How our tongues fly! As a result of this call, the lady joins our Missionary Society, comes to church with her husband, and has promised to learn to drive alone and hitch the horses, if he will not bring her.

"We tear ourselves away, and go to the next place, where there are many children and a number of adults, all living in three rooms. As we enter the apology for a gate, we wonder if we can reach the door in safety: cats and dogs, pigs and chickens, and dirty, half-clad children hurry and scurry hither and thither. A discouraged-looking, unkempt woman appears wonderingly at the door, and with a martyr-like air bids us 'come on in.' We enter a wretched room; bare, little furniture, no curtains, and not a picture on the soiled board wall. We occupy the one chair and inwardly wonder if it will hold us, while the lady of the house stands and stares. One by one the children gather about her with curious eyes; the chickens get familiar and come into the

living-room, while flies threaten to devour us. There we sit, so warm, so tired, so dusty, wondering what we can say to wake up this poor woman before us. We are at our wits' end to know how we may win her poor, benighted soul. After exhausting every topic we can think of, an inspiration causes us to buy some fruit. This touches the heart of the man of the house, and he brings in an enormous watermelon, and I tell you it tastes good. Now that the ice is broken, the poor woman owns that 'back East' she was a church member, and she and her husband know that it isn't right to work on the Sabbath; he promises to 'hitch up' and take the family to church. When I get home, I look over my supplies from the last missionary box, and perhaps find a good garment that the mother can use. This warms her heart, and finally, inch by inch, she lets me into her confidence, and I am able to exert some influence over her for good.

"Oh, the people here seem so ignorant, so asleep, and so perfectly content with their condition. I come home utterly worn out—these country roads are not boulevards—discouraged, and, yes, I'll own it, a good deal disgusted that any one in these United States, in this glorious century, can be content to merely exist.

" 'Well,' my good husband says, 'we are here for the very purpose of waking these people up.'

"But I say, 'I doubt if anyone, short of Gabriel, can put life into these dead bones.' Yet we have only to look back and exclaim again: 'What hath God wrought!' and to say from our hearts, *Home Missions do pay.*"

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF OKLAHOMA.

My first impression of Oklahoma was decidedly unpleasant. I reached my destination shortly after midnight, and was met by our genial Superintendent Parker, who gave me a most hearty and cordial welcome. But when I opened my mouth to reply to his kindly greeting it was filled with sand as I stood facing the south, from which direction was coming a terrific sand storm. If you have ever experienced a sand storm you will appreciate what this meant. If you know nothing of one I will not attempt to describe it, for words will fail. Perhaps a slight idea may be gained of what it is when I say that the wind blows anywhere from twenty-five to fifty miles an hour, and is freighted with sand. Down our way we have had no rain for nearly a year, excepting an occasional local shower, so the ground is all ready to be picked up and carried by every wind that blows.

Let me take you for a trip with me through Oklahoma, and see if your impressions will compare favorably with mine. The first Sunday I spent on the field I went with Superintendent Parker to visit some of the churches. We started in the face of a brisk wind from the west. As we rode along the wind increased and the sand flew. Part of the time we could scarcely see our pony's head. However, after ten miles of this we reached our first church, a very plain building, but a place for our people to meet together and worship God.

I don't know what we would do if it were not for the generosity of the Church Building Society in giving us these places in which to meet. You could hardly tell that some of them were churches, unless they were labeled, they are so very plain; but the people

are most thankful to have them. The only dwelling in sight of our first church that Sunday was a sod house, and I proposed that we stop there and tidy up for meeting, as I felt positively ashamed to stand before the people looking as sandy as I felt I did. We drove over to the sod house; the woman kindly furnished a tin basin and some water; and as she noticed the look of dismay with which I greeted my appearance in the looking-glass, she remarked to our superintendent, "She hain't been down here long, I reckon." I got the outside of it off, but it took me a long time to get the sand out of my ears; and as I met the twinkling eye of Mr. Parker, I knew he was enjoying one of my first impressions of Oklahoma.

When we reached the little church, however, and found there about 160 earnest, honest souls, who gave us more than a kindly greeting, we felt that the discomfort of the wind and dirt was as nothing; and we had a most enjoyable service. After dining with our friends in the sod house, we started for our second appointment, twelve miles south. The wind, which is more obliging in Oklahoma than in any other place which I had ever visited, had veered around to the south, and we had the pleasure of facing the wind on our second trip. There was no sod house, however, near this church to which we could go for a cleaning up; but I felt that we would all look alike, and I saw others removing the real estate from their faces and ears, as well as myself, with the aid of a handkerchief. There we had another crowded house, and I never saw people seemingly more hungry for the Gospel than the friends we met there. I haven't time to tell you of the many invitations received "to come and visit us," and the promises I made for the future were many indeed.

We started back home for an evening meeting at

the Kingfisher church, another ten-mile drive, and our third appointment for the Sunday. Thirty miles in the sand storm and three services is not a bad day's work for a "tenderfoot." On our way to the town we saw people who had met with an accident. Superintendent Parker remained behind to help tie up the old harness and broken shaft, and your missionary took into our rig the old lady who had been hurt by being thrown out during the runaway. As we rode along we got acquainted, and I found in her an old family friend who was living in this new country in poverty, in a house not much more than a shanty—a woman who in better days had entertained royalty in her own palatial home in far-off Canada. We have all kinds and conditions of men, and our population is slightly mixed. Before we reached Kingfisher visions of my little home came to me—for I have a home in Oklahoma, a little hut which is ten by twelve feet, and seven feet high, originally built and occupied by cowboys, then by colored people, after which it was used for a storehouse for grain. When these had successively moved out, your missionary moved in. As I thought of the refreshing cool bath which would in some way prepare me for the evening meeting, my heart went up and my hopes soared high; but alas! when I unlocked the door of my little hut, I found that the sand storm had been raging in town as well as in the country, and I scarcely knew my little home. The ten-cent matting which I had so proudly purchased and nailed down myself was nowhere to be seen because of the sand which covered it. I quickly took my broom and swept a little of it out; then, upon turning to the corner in which stood my washstand, another surprise awaited me—the washbowl nearly half full of sand, and the water in the pitcher mud. I felt like crying, but I didn't—I hadn't the time. As there were only twenty

minutes left me in which to prepare for the evening service, I hurried to a neighbor's house and begged the use of her bedroom for a few minutes that I might at least *appear* clean.

Time fails me to tell you of the distant parishes, the long drive before we reached them, the pathetic services where the people, who are pitifully poor, meet to worship God, dressed in every conceivable fashion; but you forget about these things when you see the honest faces and think of the loyal hearts behind these rough exteriors.

One afternoon we went to dedicate a little church, and I don't think I ever made such a goose of myself in public as I did that day; but after the preaching service, when we celebrated for the first time in that church the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and the little pine table was brought in covered with a towel, and the wine served in plain china cups out of a "Hood's Sarsaparilla" bottle, I mentally resolved to stand by them through thick and thin. The raisins which this poor sister, who lived in a dug-out, had used to make this wine, were served to eke out the scanty meal which she set before our missionaries. That impression was very tender.

And then there is the vastness of our work, and the many needs. If I had time I could tell you of the cowboys, of the bandits, and of the outlaws, who surely need the softening influence of the Gospel. They have had Winchesters and force; they need Christ and love. And then there are the lonely women. All over these prairies are homes, some shanties, some sod houses, some dug-outs; and in every home is a lonely woman, separated from friends, separated from familiar surroundings. The cry of one little German woman, found in a log hut away off in some scrub oaks, which is our only timber there, answers for all



our lonely sisters: "I vas so lonesome; von't you come again?" And the little daughter, looking up into my face, her little eyes brimming with tears, said she thought I must be like an angel because I had come to visit them; and as she said, "Nobody ever comes to see my mamma, and she cries nearly all the time," I mentally resolved, God helping me, I would try to be an angel of mercy to these hearts who are longing for love and Christian sympathy. And my going to them and to these others means the Gospel of Christ for them.

I wish I had time to tell you of one of our missionaries who has a parish extending 200 miles west, 50 miles north, 50 miles south, with about 3,000 Indians and 2,000 whites for parishioners. He must be properly equipped for the work with a team in which to get around, for he is far from the railroad, and he must have an interpreter when he visits our Indian friends, who, as we all know, need the Gospel badly. If ever all these in this new country needed love and sympathy and tenderness, they need it now. The foundations of this new country are being laid now; let us see to it that we do what we can to have them well laid. Our wants are many, our resources are few. May we not count on your love and prayers and support for this work which is so much needed in this new country? Remember, it is your country, our country, whose future welfare these new settlers are to bear their part, no small part, in deciding.

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### HOW THEY BUILD A SOD HOUSE.

The sod house of the Kansas and Nebraska plains is following the buffalo and antelope into the land of legends. A good many of the queer structures are still standing, and in some instances are yet used as

human habitations, but most of them are utilized as stables for horses or cattle and slowly crumbling away, to become indistinguishable in their original earth. When I first went West, years ago, my father took up the acres as far as his eye could reach in what is now Eastern Nebraska. There was not a tree in sight of the knoll he had selected as the spot upon which his residence should be erected, and the nearest place lumber could be secured was sixty miles away. He put up a small tent in which to cook and eat; the family slept in the wagons, and with my brothers and hired man to help, set about making a house.

The thick sod was cut from the prairie in slabs about two feet wide by three in length, and on the side of the knoll, where an excavation had been made, these slabs were placed, one on top of the other, until the required height was reached. It was arduous work, and I remember what a lot of excitement there was when my father and my brother Lem started off early one morning to go after the ridgepole and rafters that were to support the roof. They took only the running gear of our small wagon, and I cried like a good fellow when they started off, because I thought they had broken up my pet vehicle.

They were gone nearly a week, and reached home in the middle of the night after their journey of 120 miles. They had brought a long, round piece of timber, like a slender telegraph pole, with numerous other smaller pieces, and my mother nearly had a fit of delight when they proudly displayed a door and two window sashes, with a bundle of glass for the latter. There was great rejoicing when that ridgepole was put in place and the rafters run down from it to rest on the sod walls, and then came the laborious task of putting on the sod roof so that it would keep out the rain and snow.

At last it was completed and we moved in. The house had four rooms, which was unusual for such structures, and its two windows soon made it known all over that section of the West as the "Shack with the Glass Eyes." There never was a more comfortable building erected than a sod house. They are not at all damp, as one would suppose, and are warm as you could desire in winter, while in summer they are the most delightfully cool places imaginable. But they are rapidly disappearing now, and when you see one you are sure to find near it a modern cottage with its windmill, just as you do out at our place.

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### FIRST EXPERIENCE ON THE FRONTIER.

At about nine o'clock of a bright cold morning in early May our buckboard started for a 125-mile trip to Fort Robinson. Twenty-four hours later we rode into the White River bottom, to the station nearest Forts Robinson and Crawford. Oh, that twenty-four hours! The horses and drivers were changed at intervals, stopping long enough to feed the horses and get meals at the stage stations, when we kept on over the weary expanse of prairie and along the interminable road. And such meals! We came into one station just as the gray streaks of morning struggled up the eastern horizon. The family were just beginning to stir. It was a low log house, with various sheds and pens round about. On one side of the roof timbers projected four or five feet from the eaves and were covered with brush and earth, as was the whole roof. This formed a sort of piazza. A stovepipe ran up through this extension, and the cook-stove was out on the veranda. They were now getting breakfast, and

being both cold and hungry, it was natural for us to gather about the stove and watch the preparations. I think the chicken-house must have been near, because the chickens were so fearlessly familiar with the other members of the family and showed such interest in what was going on.

Our hostess was busily frying potatoes on the stove, and also setting the table inside. When she attended to the potatoes she turned them with a knife, which she laid on a saw-bench when she went into the house. Then the chickens jumped upon the bench, walked over the knife, and picked off bits of potatoes from its blade. The hostess came out, drove the chickens off, picked up the knife they had walked around on, and turned over the potatoes with it. Now, we like our potatoes turned and fried on both sides, but we did not feel much like eating *those*. I selected a little that seemed to threaten as small amount of risk as anything, and swallowed a few unrelished mouthfuls. After having paid my fifty cents, I thought to myself that I had never before paid more money for less value.

The morning was crisp and cold as we rode down from the "tableland" into the valley of White River, passing a freighters' camp. The horses were picketed near by, the wagon with its canvas top stood beside the road, and under it, wrapped in their blankets, the freighters were still asleep. The scene as we wound down into the valley was beautiful in the early morning light. Beneath us lay the deep winding valley, and beyond the strange, rugged bluffs just north of Fort Robinson, their bare rocks, like the turrets of some vast castle, lifting themselves against the sky, while at their base grew the dark green pines. Away off to the right (the east) extends the uneven line of the Pine Ridge, with "Crow Butte" standing out

against the morning sky like the giant captain of a giant host.

Presently the driver turned into a yard, in which was a long, low log house with sheds for horses. A woman stood in the door. Children, dogs, and various other domestic animals uttered for us each his peculiar greeting. Here our horses stopped, and our journey was ended so far as staging was concerned. I could see nothing but open and apparently uninhabited prairie as I looked around with interest, not to say foreboding, for the town in which my missionary labors were to be expended. I asked the driver, "Where is Fort Robinson?" Pointing off across the valley and toward the buttes, he said: "Jest over th' hill an' th' trees a little ways; yer can't see it f'm here."

A little encouraged, I asked: "Where is Crawford?" "Wall, th' ain't much Crawford now. 'Tis goin' to be over thar. Yer ken go out t' thet ridge thar an' see all ther is."

I went as directed. I could see a small clear stream winding along under the cottonwood trees and brush, also a line of embankment, evidently a partial grade for a railroad, and where the grade approached the stream a pile-driver was sending down the heavy posts for a bridge. That was a sign of coming life, but it wasn't a town. Over a little farther I could see a tent, and beside it a few pieces of timber sticking up in the air. Evidently some one had begun a building of some sort. That was all I could see—all there was to see. That tent contained the first stock of goods ever brought upon the site of the present city of Crawford, and those pieces of timber were the posts of Crawford's first frame building—a hardware store. That was Crawford as I first saw it.

For a few days I was kindly entertained in the house of an officer at Fort Robinson, and then I met General

Missionary Bross and three of my fellow-students from the seminary. They were traveling in a wagon in real emigrant style on their way to a point still farther up the line of the projected railroad. After a pleasant dinner with them about the camp fire, and consultation with the general missionary, which gave me a notion of what he wanted me to do, I bade them farewell, saw them move out of sight on the trail to Wyoming, and turned to the task before me.

The town of Crawford had not come yet, and there was nothing to do at that point; but down the valley, twelve miles farther, was a little hamlet called "Earth Lodge." There my work was to begin. That same afternoon the ambulance, at the generous command of my host, took me to the settlers' cabin at the foot of "Crow Butte," to which Mr. Bross had directed me. There I found a Christian brother and a Christian home, though housed in a log cabin. That evening was pleasantly spent in conversation and in singing gospel hymns, and after the season of worship came rest and refreshing slumber.

Early on the following morning the brother took me to his farm, pointed out the location of Earth Lodge, and directed the way to it. Taking my grip, I trudged along afoot and found my way to Earth Lodge that day. Ten or a dozen small houses, huddled together on the banks of the White River, constituted the hamlet. Announcing preaching for the next Sabbath, I began making acquaintance with the people. My first inquiries as to whom I might expect to help in the commencement of Christian work, were made of the local postmaster: "Do you know any Christians about here?" "Christians? That depends on what you mean by Christians." "I mean those who follow Christ as their Lord and Master." "Well, then, I don't know of any Christians 'round here."

I was put to great straits to find a place to study and prepare my sermons. There was a "hotel." It had three rooms and a shed kitchen, but no room in which I could be by myself daytimes. A few hundred yards away ran "Ash Creek," a small stream with steep banks, along which were a few trees. Under them was a log, well shaded by foliage. That shady nook I appropriated for a study, and during the most of that summer what reading I could do and the work of preparing my sermons were done almost wholly in that outdoor study. My Bible, the commentary of nature, and my observation of men and things were all the helps I had.

Our Sunday services at first were held in an empty store room, in one corner of which was a land office. Such boards and supports as could be had served for pews.

Within about two weeks of the beginning of my work at Earth Lodge, rumor said that people were coming into Crawford. I promptly rode down to investigate. Imagine my surprise when, coming in sight of the place where a few days before were a solitary tent and part of a frame building, I beheld a village of at least 200 inhabitants! The railroad graders were at work in the immediate vicinity, and things were "booming."

There were two or three frame business houses of the frontier sort—light frame, rough boards, battened over cracks, no paint, no plaster, no finish; the rest of the town consisted of tents, some of them stretched over thin joists, some with walls of wood; in fact, every sort of contrivance to make a temporary shelter for goods and work-room. Some structures were covered with tar paper tacked over light frames, and held in position by laths tacked on the outside. It was a strange-looking town, and a motley collection of peo-



ple—humanity in epitome: business men (Americans and Jews), workmen—mostly carpenters, blacksmiths, and day laborers, frontier men of every stripe, hunters, freighters, cattlemen and land agents, railroad men of the various “gangs,” negro soldiers of Fort Robinson, close at hand, and the floating population that infests a new town—toughs, gamblers, saloon keepers and saloon loafers, lewd women, and various other grades and sorts of degenerate humanity, the nomenclature of whose species I am not able to command. One thing I soon noticed. There were no hotels and no residence houses. Every building was some sort of a business house or shop, or office. Men and their families, if they had any, lived in their places of business. Restaurants there were, but no rooms for lodging. Every man was supposed to have his own roll of blankets, and to find a place to spread them under his own or some one else’s canvas. I soon discovered my former friend with whom I had lodged at Crow Butte, and agreed with him for six feet of space on the floor of his wagon shop.

Seeking a place in which Sunday service could be held, I learned of a large tent only partially occupied as a store-room for a feed store, and gained the owner’s permission to use it for preaching. The announcement was given out, and on the next Sabbath I preached the first sermon in Crawford. The tent was well filled. In one corner of it a young man had placed a barber’s chair, and was plying his trade. Not until the service had proceeded some time did he cease work. The audience represented nearly all the classes I have named above, and were seated somewhat irregularly on boards and blocks, some on bran-meal sacks of various heights, and many stood; but all were respectful, and listened to the young and inexperienced missionary less critically, I am sure, than some more

highly favored audiences would have done.

At the close of the sermon the question of Sunday-school was presented. The blacksmith moved that we have a Sunday-school "to-day." It was carried. The audience resolved itself into classes, disposing themselves among the planks and grain sacks to the best advantage possible, and an hour was spent in the study of the lesson. Preaching services were held through the whole summer. In the earlier months of my stay we never knew one Sunday where the service would be held on the next. Empty rooms in partially completed buildings were the favorite refuge, but the dining-room of a hotel (when one was built) and the waiting-room of a railroad station are among the places which served our purpose. Then I secured posts and boards, set the posts in the ground, nailed the boards on, put up a frame roof, took some heavy duck to the home of a lady, and stitched the seams myself on her sewing machine, and put this cover on the roof. My friend, the wagon-maker, assisted in making some benches, and we had our own place for worship. The floor was mother earth, and our carpet the velvet grass, but many worshipers, such as the Father seeketh to worship him, have lifted spiritual song and fervent prayer to the God and Father of all, in places less attractive and comfortable.

I have spoken of the difficulty in securing lodging during those first weeks in Crawford. Of course, in that day the gambling profession was liberally represented. It was no uncommon thing to see a man walk out of one of the saloons, set up a little three-legged stand in the middle of the main street, cry out, "Walk up here, gentlemen, walk up! Bet your money and win your pile. This way, fellows, this way," and go forward with his gambling business as unconcerned as though he were selling fruits or notions. One

of the favorite devices of this gentry was the "ball and shell" trick. With his little stand, or some board or counter, before him, the gambler produced half of the shell of a large walnut and three balls, each about the size of a pea. These he would appear to put under the shell, and, manipulating them with great skill, would induce some one to bet that one or more of the balls was under the shell, or was not, when, of course, the victim was taken in, or his money was, by the trickster.

For some days we had noticed one of these men about town, who appeared to be of rather a quiet disposition for one of his class. He was in the audience at our first service, and of course knew who I was. One day he spoke to me: "Where are you going to sleep to-night?" I said, "Oh, I don't know. I shall have to find a chance to turn in somewhere." "Well, say, come and sleep with me. I have got a good tent all by myself and a comfortable bed. The tent is in a quiet place, too."

I was a little surprised. I knew he was a gambler, and he knew I was "the preacher." I knew he had no thought of making money from me. I was perfectly safe on that score; he could not enrich himself through me. I gave him an indecisive answer, thanking him for his offer. Before night he repeated the invitation, and the outcome was that when night came on I went with him to his tent and slept with him. It was pitched on a grassy plot, about forty feet to the rear of a large saloon tent. In that saloon, with nothing but canvas intervening, I could hear the conversation and revelry whenever I awoke through the night. He had a comfortable bed in one corner, and he also had an extensive collection of various devices which he used in his vocation as a gambler. He became quite confidential, showed me the contrivances,

and explained sparingly how the various tricks were worked. When we were talking about the "ball and shell" trick, I asked, "Where is the ball when you get people to bet it is under the shell?" He answered, "In my pocket." Aside from the matter of morals, I concluded there was little prospect for the patrons of gamblers to become rich. After I had heard him for some time, I took up my Bible and asked him if he would listen to a chapter from the Book. "Oh, yes, I'll listen. You can read if you want to. I ain't got nothing agin the Bible," he said. So I know that he heard one chapter from the Gospel of our divine Lord, whether he ever heard another or not. When the evening was growing later, perhaps ten or ten-thirty, he rose and said to me: "Now you can turn in whenever you want to. There is the bed, an' it's all right. I am going out and see if I can make something."

He vanished into the night, and I lay down to sleep. Then the strangeness of the situation came upon me: I, a preacher, in the tent of a frontier desperado, and he out to "make something"! I heard the chink of the glasses and the click of chips, the boisterous laughter in the saloon tent, and wondered just where my friend and bunk-mate was, and just what were his transactions. But presently I fell asleep and did not know when he came to bed. Some time during the night I was awakened by the sound of voices. My gambler friend was by my side in bed. Another man was in the tent, pleading with my bedfellow in husky and excited half-whispers. The intruder was the first to speak: "Say, pard, let me take your pop (revolver) just for a few minutes." The voice at my side answered: "No, I can't let yer have it." "Oh say, pard, I don't want it but just a little while. Let me take it." "No," more decidedly, "I won't let it go." "Oh come, now, I've got to have a pop. I'll bring it back to you

in jest a few minutes. I'll do anything for ye if ye will jest let me have your pop a few minutes."

But my companion steadily refused to lend his revolver. The other kept up his excited pleading for some time, using every persuasion, but to no avail. During the progress of the confab I felt something under the blanket touch me, and I knew that in his determination not to let this stranger, whoever he might be, get possession of his gun, he had shoved it back into the bed between us. Finally the intruder became convinced that his request was not going to be granted, and went away. As he disappeared into the night the gambler said:

"You bet I ain't goin' to give up my gun fer anybody. Ye don't ketch me without my gun." A pause. Then: "I wonder if he thought I'd let him take my gun. Not much. I've got too many enemies 'round here. There is one fellow if I ever meet again it's jest who can shoot first—that's all; 'n he's lookin' f' me, too." A pause. "*That's why I wanted you to stay with me.* That feller may come into this town." This was interesting. I suppose he thought that if there were two men in his tent, and his enemy should put in his appearance, there would be some chance that he would not hit *him*. We talked in this refreshing way for some time. I asked: "Did you see that fellow before he spoke to you?" "You bet; I heard him before he got to the tent, and I had my gun right on—pointed at his heart."

Then, as we lay down to sleep again, I did some thinking. What a life this man is leading! To be every moment on guard for his life, night and day! That man had approached our tent over the soft grass with well-nigh a noiseless footfall in the dead of night. He might easily enough have surprised me, for I did not hear him until his voice awoke me; but this gambler

was living under such a tension of watchfulness and dread that he had been aroused and was fully prepared for self-defense before that stranger had reached the tent.

"Truly," I said, "the way of the transgressor is hard." No further interruption disturbed our slumbers; but for many a day I shall not forget the night when I enjoyed the hospitality of the border gambler.

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### **"HELLTOWN" AND "PARADISE."**

Helltown is a place of which I have heard much, and have had a curiosity to visit. Though only eight miles from Paradise, there is a great gulf or cañon between, so it requires a drive of nearly twenty miles to reach it. Helltown is located at the head of wagon travel, and forty years ago nearly 1,000 men were mining in the gulches above it. In an early day there was little moral or legal restraint, and every man did what was right in his own eyes, so the place was very appropriately named. The mines have been worked out, and the place deserted, save by one family, which has lived there over forty years and transformed their place into a beautiful garden. Pomegranate trees, whose long, pendent branches, laden with beautiful red fruit, hang over the fence; flowers of every color and roses in endless variety bloom through the year. Orange-trees, whose golden fruit present such a pleasing contrast to the dark green foliage, produce the best oranges that grow in California.

Beyond are orchards and vineyards; yet it still retains its former name. It was here that I was invited to attend the funeral of an old miner, who wished to be buried in "Helltown boneyard," and desired a Christian burial in Helltown. There was a large gathering, the people coming from a distance.

Two miles from there is a little settlement. The school teacher had gathered what musical talent she could find, and drilled for the occasion. A religious service was something almost unknown, and great preparation was made for it. A more attentive and appreciative audience I never addressed. The Gospel message was new to them, and they listened.

I made arrangements with them to come over the following Sunday and organize a Sunday-school. I found the schoolhouse well filled. Mothers expressed gratitude at having some religious influence thrown around their children, and the children were delighted to be there, and they all entreated me to come again. But the distance is too great to reach without neglect of the other places I am filling. There are many such spiritually destitute communities in these mountains, where children grow up without ever hearing a sermon or a prayer.

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### **SOME OF MY EXPERIENCES IN MORMONDOM.**

As any one can easily see, a task such as mine compelled me to take frequent journeys throughout the extensive area given me for supervision. I must know what it contained and the ways of its inhabitants. For much of the time the works of nature spread out before me were exceedingly attractive to the eye, and rose often to what was majestic and sublime. A taste for geology lent new interest to the mountains and cañons, while an instinct which I never could quite understand impelled me, whenever possible, to climb to the top of every loftiest summit to see what there was over beyond, as well as to descend to the bottom of the deepest mines. And as for Mormonism and the Mormons,



the history, the creed, the practice, my continual feeling was: "Woe is me if I do not search this portentous matter through and through." So I essayed to read everything for and against, in books and papers. My questions were innumerable, and I was present, as far as possible, in all manner of their public assemblies.

In my travels to and fro in Utah, I was usually compelled to tabernacle with the "saints." Nor did I ever receive other than respectful and considerate treatment. Not seldom, too, I found shelter in the houses of the church dignities, who could not bid me God-speed, and heartily wished me outside the Territory, but yet for a money consideration were more than willing to furnish me food and lodging. One of my first adventures fell out in a hotel kept by a doughty and very zealous elder, who, after feeding me in excellent style, before sending me to my pillow, undertook to convert me from the error of my ways. The common conviction among these queer religionists seemed to be that if only they could get the benighted Gentile to listen to their story, it must be that in spite of himself he would embrace the Latter-day faith. Nor do they ever hesitate to give a reason for the faith that is in them. Well, before leaving the supper table, he began with his arguments and allegations, nor could he persuade himself to cease until midnight was near. The conclusion was that salvation was not obtainable by any human soul except through baptism (immersion) administered by a Mormon elder, authorized by Joseph Smith. With that furnishing, the most devilish was vastly better off than the most saintly in its absence! A number of times I tarried for a night in one of the houses of a six-wived bishop, which was presided over by the first wife. He owned an entire square, and his various homes were located upon the different sides, the central space being territory common to all—fight-

ing ground sometimes, I had reason to fear. Being possessed of such embarrassment of riches in the shape of dwelling places, the poor man, having no system in the matter, was evidently at his wits' end to decide where to take this and that meal. To prove that he was a saint of high standing it is sufficient to state, in addition, that his children, by actual count, aggregated fifty-two (forty-seven being still in the land of the living), his grandchildren one hundred and forty-seven, and his great-grandchildren fourteen.

I passed a Sunday once in St. George, far south in the Territory, almost upon the Arizona line, and not far from the scene of the most shocking Mountain Meadow massacre, in the hostelry owned and kept by Apostle Erastus Snow, one of the magnates of the realm. Upon politics, history, agriculture, and various other themes we could converse pleasantly and with profit, for he was a man of large experience and had traveled extensively. But when it came to religion I could find absolutely nothing on which we agreed, or which we held in common. He seemed to be an altogether different person, of a different intellectual make, employing different faculties, reaching his conclusions by a process wholly different. Here he was haughty, domineering, dogmatic, and touchy in the extreme. One of my last experiences was connected with a Mormon woman, the first wife of a Salt Lake polygamist who had fled the country to escape the officers of the law, leaving her in charge of his property. I had rented some rooms, and called to make my last payment before my departure for the East. As I arose to go he asked me to tarry a little, and deep emotion was apparent. Then she began by speaking quite flatteringly of my entire walk and conversation since the day when we first met. But while I wondered what all these appreciative words might signify, she turned to the state-

ment that such uprightness of character and such uniform excellence of spirit made the mystery all the more profound that I could ever have written such and so many dreadful slanders in the Eastern papers against the Utah saints. It seemed as though I must have known I was penning falsehoods, etc., etc. Had I ever investigated by talking with the leaders? In self defense I set forth how painstaking and unwearied I had been for six long years in seeking the truth, and protested that I had never penned a word which I did not believe was in accord with the well established facts in the case. At this her whole manner changed, her face was flushed and her eyes were all aglow, while her words became deliberate and solemn: "I feel compelled to give you my testimony before you go. I speak not what I merely believe because I have read it, or because the church rulers have so declared, but I verily know, because the Spirit of God has revealed the truth to my soul. I testify that this is the church and kingdom of God, that Joseph Smith and Brigham Young were prophets of God, that the Book of Mormon is a revelation from God, that this kingdom will everywhere prevail, and all its enemies will perish. I shall meet you in the Day of Judgment, and you will have to answer for the way you treat this testimony." After this exciting passage, which continued some five minutes, she drew a long breath, as if the desire and conviction of months had now found relief, and said: "You don't know how much better I feel," and we parted.

As illustrating another phase of Mormon womanhood, quite often I visited at a home whose founders were of sturdy Yankee stock, and which for years was childless. When polygamy was set up, this couple were fairly badgered into accepting both the theory and the practice. In a spirit truly submissive and childlike they talked over the best mode of procedure; with en-

the unity of sentiment they selected the candidates for the second, third and fourth places in the affections of the husband, and agreed that the wife should make the announcement to them, do whatever "courting" might be necessary, and, in short, make all the arrangements for the triple wedding. When in later years children were multiplied in the house she called herself their stepmother, and being a schoolma'am, became their instructor in the rudiments of knowledge. But alas! this multiple marriage did not prove to be "celestial" in its results. For one "wife," by the bedlam which ensued, was driven to the bad; another retired in disgust from the scene of strife, while to all concerned were left only lives blighted and full of bitterness.

Mormon schools were unique, and at most points highly original. The schoolhouse and the meeting-house were commonly the same building, and the themes presented and the spiritual atmosphere diffused on Sunday were but slightly modified during the week. As compared with the pupils, the teachers for the most part were but ignoramuses of a larger growth. Free schools were rare exceptions, the children of the poor were excluded by their poverty, and a year's instruction was included within the limits of from two to five months. The "saints" had no fear of "religion" in their schools. The day's work was closed as well as begun with prayer, offered in the one form in which all are drilled from infancy, and which is always heard on all manner of occasions, even at the opening and ending of the dance. I once visited a school, and as the hour came for dismissal all who were willing to pray were asked to raise their hands. From the score or two who responded, a girl of ten was selected, who rattled off the regulation petition. As in China, studying aloud is held in high esteem, and the general aim seems to be to reduce good order to a minimum. In another

school two large spelling classes were on the floor at once, with two teachers lifting up their voices to make themselves heard, and each class strenuously endeavoring to spell louder than the other. On this occasion the three trustees were present in their official capacity, rude representatives of the priesthood, whose rank for scholastic attainments would be hard by the primary class. When the proper time arrived these elders were called upon to give instruction and encouragement to the company of ingenuous youths there assembled. But, instead, they turned to me and asked the Gentile stranger to speak, which I proceeded briefly and modestly to do, urging the children to regularity, promptness, obedience and studiousness. Seldom have I ever made so profound an impression. When the turn came for the trustees to shed what light they had, they were evidently overcome by the learning and eloquence which had just preceded. At least all they did was to indorse my every statement with warmest words, and in phrases almost identical, and to solemnly adjure the boys and girls not to fail to remember and practice my precepts, since this would be well for them both in this life and in that to come. Finally each one, as he had so often done when speaking in meeting, his voice running the full length of the downward slide, closed with these words: "And that you may *do* this is *my* prayer in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen."

A peculiar flavor was certain to pervade all Mormon gatherings for worship. The spirit of reverence and devotion was conspicuous only by its absence; one could not be at all certain that much attention would be bestowed upon things religious nor must he be disappointed if what was said was commonplace always, and often shaded off into the ridiculous and vulgar. One Sunday evening I visited the Twelfth Ward meeting-house in Salt Lake, the bishop, as usual, being in

charge. When he came to the notices, he called attention to the fact that with his counsellors he had completed arrangements for a series of dancing parties, to be held during the weeks to come. Upon one point he desired to make a statement. Some of the brethren thought that only cotillions should be tolerated. But no such nonsense would be countenanced in the Twelfth Ward. A proper proportion of waltzes would be introduced into the programme. If anybody objects to this, "I'll bet a gill of buttermilk that it is a man or woman who in former years went it blind on waltzes, and having indulged in round dances to satiety, is now unwilling that the young folks should have any fun. We won't have any such nonsense in the Twelfth Ward." And up went his hands to pronounce the benediction, the audience taking their departure in fine spirits.

Though the offenses of Mormonism against righteousness, reason, and even decency are so many and so heinous, perhaps at no point are its derelictions more lamentable than in connection with the celebration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Taking the hint from the Campbellites, the ordinance is of weekly occurrence, and, including the Sunday school, the elements may be partaken of twice or thrice in a day. The "Prophet" gave his followers permission to substitute water for wine, and seldom is the juice of the grape resorted to. Whosoever will, may freely partake, be he babe or octogenarian, saint or sinner. In hot weather it often occurs that the cups are passed back to be refilled for those who would improve this opportunity to quench their thirst. Several barrels of water may stand at convenient points as a source of supply, and the entire quantity is "blessed" by a form of prayer provided. I have seen the distributors perform their parts in their shirt sleeves and barefooted while in Sun-



day-school young boys are chosen to pass the bread and water to their companions. And meantime all along a succession of elders are called on to occupy the time by speaking upon politics, agriculture, business in general, anything that happens to be uppermost in their minds. Each one begins by asking an "interest in your faith and prayers," and then proceeds to "speak as the Spirit gives him utterance." Verily the works of the "Spirit" are sometimes fearful and wonderful in the Great Salt Lake Basin.

Once I found myself at Shoshone station, in southern Idaho, with time at my command extending from daylight to the next midnight. I had never seen the Shoshone Falls of the Snake, and this was my life opportunity. There was no public conveyance, and to hire a carriage would cost a small fortune, so that plainly the trip must be made on horseback. Inquiring, it came out that the only beast available was a pink-eyed and spotted bronco. I set forth with somewhat of fear and trembling, since the distance to be traversed was some sixty miles, and in this particular line of business I was entirely out of practice. The way was over the lava beds, with not a drop of water, not a house, not an inhabitant save jack-rabbits and rattlesnakes. It soon came out that the walking pace of my animal was so mortal slow that it must be wholly dismissed from the programme, while his trot was much too rough and violent for flesh and blood long to endure. Nothing remained but a dead run, and this indulged in all day long would end the career of both horse and rider. But worst of all, this semi-savage brute was found grievously addicted to a fashion of stopping suddenly when going at the top of his speed, without giving the least warning to the passenger on board, with results to the latter not pleasant to contemplate. Being destitute of spur and whip, my only resort was to a rope halter



fortunately large and long. In this I tied divers knots, set him going at his best, and at every slightest intimation of a halt proposed on his part, up went my arm with threatening gesture which sent him forward again with accelerated speed. Before my destination was reached, so often had he threatened to throw me over his head and so often had I protested by brandishing those knots, it seemed as though my arm would break. Of the cataract I will only say that it is quite dwarfed by its environment, being at the bottom of a chasm a thousand feet deep, rent in the lava, with sides as good as perpendicular, and near a mile in width. The day was devoted to rambling up and down, and to resting in preparation for the return journey. About dusk I started; a sickly old moon lent a modicum of cheer; the experiences of the forenoon with the bronco were repeated to the utmost of endurance; for the last few miles I much preferred walking to riding; I took my train, badly shaken up and in a condition of general physical demoralization, and for several days most enjoyed a posture either wholly upright or else wholly prone. But ever since I have rejoiced to think I was permitted to pay a visit to Shoshone.

THE CITY  
AND  
HOME MISSIONS.



COMPILED

BY THE

Congregational Home Missionary Society,  
Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street,  
NEW YORK CITY,

## **SUBJECT :**

### **The Congregational Home Missionary Society.**

#### **TOPICS SUGGESTED FOR PROGRAMS.**

1. The Country.
2. The City.
3. Foreign Missions at Home.
4. The Frontier.
5. The Ranch. The Mine. The Lumber Camp.
6. Missionary Heroism.
7. Historical Sketches.
8. Our Country. Its resources. Its problems. Its opportunities.
9. Woman's Work. The Union. What is it? Its object. Its aim. Its methods. Its success.
10. The Congregational Home Missionary Society. Its origin. Its field. Its aim. Its missionaries. Results.

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Service in the King's Guards.  
Nakoma.  
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Reuben Taylor.  
Asa Turner.  
The Pioneer Preacher.  
Our Life among the Iroquois.  
Marcus Whitman.  
The Mormon Delusion.  
Two Volunteer Missionaries among the Dakotas.  
A Hero in Homespun.  
Reuben Gaylord.  
Julien M. Sturtevant.  
Truman M. Post.  
Ten Years at Skokomish.  
George H. Atkinson.  
Oregon. By Barrows.  
Cushing Eells.  
Alaska.  
Strange corners in our country. Loomis.

For intelligent study of our country every library should be supplied with Dr. Josiah Strong's books : Our Country. The New Era. The Twentieth Century City.

## THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CITY.

At the beginning of the century now drawing to a close, we had a continent to bring under the yoke of civilization. A vast army of occupation has been sweeping across the country and it has been the high commission of this honored society to keep step with this army and to make the victories of the cross co-extensive with those of civilization. Nobly has this society and those of other denominations cared for the spiritual needs of scattered populations on the frontier. But Home Missions are now entering into a new stage, because our national life is now entering on a new period.

I do not refer to the new national consciousness, which has just come to us, that we are an integral part of the world's great life; nor to the fact that as immigration has made foreign missions, so following the flag seems destined to make Home Missions foreign missions. I refer to the fact that civilization has now crossed the continent; the centers of populations have been selected; the era of the frontier is closing; the era of the city is opening.

The beginning and end of the nineteenth century represent two different civilizations. The one was rural, the other is urban. At its beginning there were six cities in the United States; ten years before its close there were 443. Its beginning saw three per cent. of our population living in cities; its close will see not far from thirty-three per cent. During the ten years preceding the last census the cities of Ohio gained 414,000 inhabitants, while 775 townships of the State actually lost population.

This redistribution of population, which has taken place chiefly in the latter half of the century, has been caused by the substitution of mechanical power for muscular. When a man's power was in his muscles or in those of horses and oxen, he could take it with him, and do his work a mile or ten miles from his next neighbor. But when a stationary steam engine became the source of power, workmen gathered around it, and there followed inevitably the factory, the division of labor, the organization of industry, the city, the new civilization.

We have left behind the age of homespun; we have entered on the age of the factory. In that age life was independent; in this, it is dependent. In that, it was simple; in this, it is complex. In that, it was individualistic; in this, it is social. Then the family was industrially a little world, now the world is rapidly becoming one great family. The supreme problems of the old civilization were those of the individual; the supreme problems of the new are those of society, which problems meet in the city. In other words, the city is the great problem of the new civilization, the new century; and, while scattered populations must not be neglected, the great field for Home Missions in the future will be in the city.

I cannot dwell upon the causes of this movement of population from country cityward. It is enough to say that they are permanent and compulsory, and that the cry, "Back to the soil," which is now heard on every side, is utterly fallacious as a solution of the problem of the city or as a mitigation of its evils. The concentration of population is the result of economic laws which are as imperative as gravitation.

A school examiner once asked a bright boy whether God could make a square circle. The boy replied, "No, sir, he couldn't, and it would be very unwise for

him to try." We might as well try to make a square circle as to attempt to circumvent natural laws. We might as well seek to reverse the motion of the earth, we might as well issue a bull against the comet, or try to hang up Lake Erie on a clothes-line to dry, as to attempt to suspend or reverse the operation of economic laws by which populations are being swept into the city to-day. The problem of the city must be faced; it cannot be evaded.

Note how imperative it is to find a speedy solution of this problem. If the movement of population from country to city from 1880 to 1890 continues at the same rate until 1920, there will then be in the United States 10,000,000 more people in the cities than outside of them. Let us drop a plummet into this fact and sound its deep significance.

Our free institutions are based on two fundamental principles, that of local self-government and that of federation or union. They are alike necessary, the one to the exercise of our liberties, the other to their preservation. A generation ago we waged a fearful war to save this principle of federation, and it was preserved in its integrity. Let me remark in passing that the line of sectionalism between the North and South, which was the scar left when the chasm was closed, is to-day being erased by the feet of 200,000 men marching shoulder to shoulder under one flag which floats alike over South and North, the home of Hobson and of Dewey.

The Union is safe, and no doubt safe forever; but while patriotism a generation ago was at the front fighting for the principle of federation, that of local self-government was being quietly subverted at home.

Through the development of the political machine and the "boss" our cities have lost the power of self-government. Especially is this true of the larger

cities, the political corruption of which has made them a stench to the nostrils of the civilized world.

Our friendly but discriminating English critic, Professor Bryce, says that one conspicuous failure of our American institutions is the government of our great cities, and every intelligent man knows this to be true. So true is it, that our legislatures no longer trust the cities to govern themselves. State constitutions draw a line around municipalities limiting their liberties. So generally have we come to recognize the danger of the city vote that we have for years relied upon the country vote to save State and nation from its consequences.

We are now prepared to see the significance of the fact that, at present rates, in 1920 a city will dominate a nation. When it becomes fully conscious of its power, it will no longer ask permission of the legislature to do this or that, but take its own affairs into its own hands; and not only so—it will control the affairs of State and nation. What if the city is then incapable of self-government? What if the city is dominated by the saloon and the gambling hell when the city dominates the nation? It looks to me as if God had granted us a probation of about twenty years in which to make the city capable of self-government, and I know of no way of saving the city without saving the citizen. I know of no way of making the city capable of self-government without making the citizen capable of self-mastery. Here, then, is the future field for Home Missions. Every motive of Christian patriotism appeals to us to save the city.

In time of war men are called on to die for their country. We are all called upon to live for our country, which demands even a higher heroism. I must not be understood to imply that there is occasion for discouragement, much less for panic. The city is to be



saved, for the kingdom is coming, and the kingdom cannot come without the salvation of the city. Corrupt as it is, it is going to be purified.

In the opening pages of Holy Writ we read that the first city was built by a murderer, and it would seem as if vice and crime had festered in the city ever since. But in the closing pages of Revelation, when John would picture to us a perfected civilization, a kingdom of God fully come in the earth, he does it under the figure of a city, a New Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven.

During the Civil War a friend of mine was chaplain of a regiment of cavalry. During one of the battles of the Wilderness he became separated from his regiment by carrying wounded men to the rear. Seeking to find his men, he came upon a tent somewhat apart, and found its owner in an officer's hat, in shirt sleeves, driving the tent stakes more firmly into the ground, which had been loosened in the wind. The chaplain said to him: "Colonel, can you tell me where such a regiment is?" The officer replied: "Yes, you will find them yonder." "Well," said the chaplain, "I understand that General Grant's headquarters are somewhere in this neighborhood; do you know where?" The stranger replied, "They call me General Grant." The chaplain made the appropriate military salute, and the General said to him: "Chaplain, do you hear those volleys of musketry? It almost breaks my heart when I think what they are costing our boys. I couldn't stand it if I didn't know we were going to take Richmond." "Do you think," said the chaplain, "we are going to take Richmond?" "No," replied the General, "I don't think we are going to take Richmond; I *know* we are going to take Richmond."

Touching the issue of the long struggle between God's love and man's selfishness, between God's right-

cousness and man's sin, we do not think, we *know*. For we know that His is the power, that His is the kingdom, and when that kingdom is fully come and the city is fully saved, then *His* shall be the glory.

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## THE CITY AND HOME MISSIONS.

The American city of the nineteenth century has been notable for two things: the rapidity of its growth, and the corruptness of its political administration. The population of the nation at large has been growing apace, but the cities have grown, in many cases, at the expense of the urban districts. There is scarcely a town of 5,000 inhabitants, East or West, which lost population during the past fifty years; and there are scores and hundreds of towns which have grown within that time from nothing to tens and hundreds of thousands; while there are a great many fertile rural districts east of the Mississippi River of which the population is considerably less to-day than it was fifty years ago. The proportion of our population who dwell in cities has been steadily and rapidly increasing.

This feature of American life is paralleled in Europe. The cities of the Old World have been growing during this century about as rapidly as those of the New; and many of them, also, have grown at the expense of the agricultural districts.

American cities are distinguished also for the inefficiency and dishonesty with which their business is administered. This is not, I am bound to say, the universal fact, but I fear that it is the general fact. Most of these cities are burdened with enormous debts—debts which are crushing the life out of many industries; and for a very large portion of these debts the community has never had and never will have any adequate return. The municipal governments have been

used, in many cases, largely for spoiling the people. To accomplish this, alliances have been formed by municipal politicians with the disorderly and vicious classes, and a free rein has been given to those malefactors who get their living by corrupting and debauching their fellow-men. Worse than this, however—far worse in every way—are the corrupt alliances which have been made between the city politicians and the managers of quasi-public corporations, by which most valuable franchises have been obtained for little or nothing, and large power to levy tribute upon the community has been gained for years to come. These corrupt relations between quasi-public corporations and city governments are a comparatively recent development in most of our cities. The great value of these franchises has not been appreciated until lately. The builders of street railways, the promoters of gas companies and electric lighting companies were regarded as public benefactors, and were readily given everything they asked for. But the municipal politicians have found out that such privileges are worth something—to them, at any rate; and for the last decade they have been reaping freely where they had not sown, and gathering abundantly where they had not strewed.

It ought to be understood that one of the most promising fields for the intending multi-millionaire of to-day is the ownership and management of these municipal properties. I doubt if there is any other business in which wealth is being accumulated so rapidly. Some of the combinations of capital lately formed for this purpose are enormous. The profits of the undertaking largely depend, of course, on the terms of the franchise. And the city councils have the power to grant the franchises. It is the simple truth to say that there are millions on millions of dollars in this country

ready to be paid for franchises, by which the people may be taxed to enrich the managers of these corporations. It is pretty generally believed that a number of millions of dollars have already been used by these manipulators in electing municipal officers, and in debauching them after they were elected. It is to this cause, more than to any other, at the present time, that the corrupt character of our city governments is due. The men who most zealously seek municipal office are apt to be the kind of men who wish to use such opportunities of gain as the corporations afford them. There is a powerful, but silent, influence all the while at work in many communities to secure the nomination and election of men who can be used in this way. And the men who manage the political machines, the "bosses," are often believed to be receiving large contributions from the managers of these corporations, and are thus under obligation to aid them in securing the nomination of men who will be serviceable to them.

The danger which threatens American institutions at this point is simply appalling. I do not think that many of our citizens have any conception of the kind of mischief that is going on. It is just at this point that the breaking strain is coming upon democratic government. It makes the heart stand still, now and then, to think of the explosive force of popular fury which we are steadily accumulating.

Such is the rather alarming outlook upon the American city at the end of the nineteenth century. It is not paralleled, we are told, by anything in the Old World. European cities, as a rule, are not worse governed to-day than they were half a century ago—the great majority of them are far better governed. The science of municipal administration has been well studied in many of them, and the people are reaping the fruits of civilization. The cost of government is

much less in many of these cities than in American cities, and the benefits of government are much greater. In most of these cities the great municipal properties are either owned by the municipality, or so controlled by it that the cost of the service rendered is greatly cheapened, and the public made a sharer in the profits of their business. Nor can this superiority of city government in Europe be due to monarchical or aristocratic forms; for in Great Britain, whose municipalities are pure democracies, the most splendid instances of good municipal government are seen. It is clearly possible, in a democracy, to have good city government. Let no man seek to excuse our failure by charging it upon the form of our government: that is not where the blame belongs.

Heavily weighed with the consequences of this failure, and with the sense of it, we are going over into the twentieth century. The prospect is ominous. The perils that threaten our peace and safety ought not to be ignored or belittled. If we were to judge of the future by the past, we should say that the twentieth century city was like to become the vestibule of Pandemonium.

But, fortunately, in spite of Patrick Henry, we have other and better ways of judging of the future than by the past. "Forgetting the things that are behind," and struggling forward to the things that are before, is the voice of our high calling. "We are saved by hope" more than by experience, although there is an experience that worketh hope. And I wish to give you, in the few minutes that are left me, some of my hopes for the American city of the twentieth century, with the grounds of my hope.

In the first place, then, I hope that the twentieth-century city in America will be a well-governed city—a city in which law will be respected by the magistrates

and obeyed by the citizens; a city whose streets will be safe by night and day; a city in which the industries that debauch and degrade men shall not have larger opportunities than those which minister to their welfare; a city in which the strong are not permitted to aggrandize themselves, through legal privilege, at the expense of the weak; a city in which the great co-operative enterprises are economically and efficiently conducted for the public good, and the revenues are carefully expended for the benefit of the whole people. I trust that it will be a city in which the people have learned to co-operate in a great many ways for their own profit, securing for themselves vast benefits at small cost, through associated effort. I trust it will be a city in which there shall not only be great parks and boulevards on the outskirts, but a great many small pleasure-grounds scattered throughout the whole area, within easy reach of all the homes. I hope that libraries, reading-rooms, and great art galleries and fine orchestras will provide for the education of all the people, without money and without price. I hope that the whole city will be so clean and healthful that every portion of it shall be safe and desirable for residence; that it will contain no slums; that there will be no vast preserves of opulence, in which none but the richest could live, and no sinks of squalor and misery in which none but the poorest would live. I hope that there will be no unemployed, rich or poor, in its population; but that the city will find some way of making it certain that no able-bodied human being who is willing to work shall either beg or starve, and that every able-bodied human being who prefers to beg shall either work or starve.

These may seem to be high hopes, but I think they are not irrational; so much of all of them has already been realized elsewhere that we may confidently look



to the coming century to bring us the substance of those great gains.

But who are to do all these things for us? Who will quench the violence of partizanship, bridle monopoly, purge away corruption, banish pauperism, cleanse the slums, organize the co-operation, open the parks, build the art gall eries, equip the orchestras? Who will transform the nineteenth-century city, with its rotten politics and its wasteful administration and rank extremes of riotous wealth and groveling poverty, into the well-ordered, thrifty, peaceful community which we have seen in our dream?

The people, I answer; the people who live in the city; the men and women of the palaces and the tenement houses; the people in the stores and the shops, the banks and the factories—the people themselves must do it. Really, when you come to think about it, there is nobody else who can be expected to do it. No legions of angels are coming down from heaven to regenerate our cities; the Congress at Washington—I hope that transition did not take your breath away—will not be able to attend to it, nor will it be well for us to put out trust in the legislature at Columbus, or at Harrisburg, or at Albany, nor in any boards or commissions which it can contrive. No help is coming to us from any of these quarters. We are never going to get good government in our cities till the people of the cities give it to us.

There is a picture in the sixteenth chapter of Isaiah of a regenerated and glorified city; a city whose officers are peace and whose exactors are righteousness; whose walls are salvation and whose gates are praise; a city which has risen from misery and shame to honor and splendor. "Whereas," says the Mighty One of Jacob, "thou hast been forsaken and hated, so that no man passed through thee, I will make thee an



eternal excellency, a joy of many generations." And the clear explanation of how it comes to pass is given in one simple sentence: "*My people also shall be all righteous.*" That is the only way in which cities were ever redeemed or regenerated.

Most true it is that many things might be done by the people of the more intelligent and fortunate classes by which the emancipation and elevation of these ignorant and degraded classes could be greatly hastened. A considerable part of their degradation is due to the burdens which the prosperous and the strong wantonly impose on them. The tribute which these poor people pay for the enrichment of those who hold valuable franchises is very large. The gigantic inequalities of taxation, of which ex-President Harrison lately spoke so trenchantly, all work against them. These wrongs the rich and the poor can remedy if they will, at once, without asking leave of those who suffer them. And if such wrongs were remedied the task of reaching these multitudes with light and help would be far less formidable. Yet it would still remain true that for the great and beneficent ends which are involved in good city government these multitudes must be enlisted; they must be civilized, educated, inspired with new ideas; new paths must be opened to their thoughts; new wants must be awakened in them; a wholly new conception of what life means must be somehow imparted to them.

The city of the twentieth century which we saw in our dream is simply a great community co-operating for the common good; and in order that the co-operation may be intelligent and effective, the people must know what is good and how to co-operate. And what a mighty change this involves in the characters of multitudes of them!

Well, there is no other way to get the good things

that we have set our hearts upon. We must teach these people what life means; we must bring some regenerating influence to work upon their characters, by which they shall be transformed in the spirit of their mind, and filled with the sentiments and impulses out of which social co-operation naturally springs. In short, they must be Christianized. That is what must somehow be achieved, if our dream of the twentieth-century city is to be realized. For the constructive idea of that co-operative municipality which we are thinking about is the Christian idea—simply that and nothing more; the idea that we are children of a common Father, and therefore brothers, in deed and in truth; the idea that we are members one of another; that each must live for all and all for each. Somehow we must manage to get this idea into the minds of all these people, if we want them to help us in building on the earth the kind of city that we have been thinking about. And, doubtless, nobody can succeed very well in getting it into other people's minds unless he has first got it into his own.

This, then, is the thing that I am hoping for—that our communities are really going to be Christianized; that a great many people are coming to see that the Christian law is meant to live by; to do business by; to rule politics; to organize municipalities upon; and that they are going to make the world believe it. Such a faith as that would have tremendous power, I believe, over the people in the slums and the tenement houses, to lift them up and make men of them. Before such a faith as that, transforming society, rotten politics and grinding monopolies would shrivel and disappear; under its banner light and beauty, peace and plenty, joy and gladness will be let in.

This is our hope. Have we any reason for it? I think that we have.

In the first place, my own confidence goes down to this bed-rock of all my beliefs, that what ought to be is going to be. If I believe in God at all I must believe that. I am sure that the kind of a city we have been thinking about is the kind that ought to exist on this continent, and therefore I confidently expect it to exist.

In the second place, I can see signs that this is coming. The last years of the nineteenth century are witnessing a great awakening of thought and conscience upon this subject, and the whole trend of opinion is toward the idea that the Christian city must be a co-operative community. This means that it must be a Christian community; that the people must learn the Christian law and follow it in all their municipal administration.

What has this to do with Home Missions? I should think that it ought to have much to do with Home Missions. If the enterprise of Home Missions is the Christianization of this country, the cities must present strategic points of immense importance. You are not going to control these populations by liquor laws or Sunday laws or any other kind of laws enacted by rural influence and imposed upon them from without. The people themselves have got to be changed in their ideas and their central purposes. If there is a Home Mission field anywhere it is here.

The Congregational Home Missionary Society is already doing some work among certain classes of these vast city populations. But what it is doing, compared with what is to be done, is as a drop in the bucket. There is need of a thorough study of the whole problem. There is a demand for the highest order of Christian statesmanship in dealing with it. And there is not a moment to lose. For this problem of the city is urgent, insistent, ominous; whatever strength we

have, of mind or heart, of willing service or consecrated substance, it calls for, and calls now! I know that the problem has its economic aspect and its political aspect; I know that the industrial and civic mechanism must be reshaped; but deeper than all these is the inspiration of the people with Christian ideas and Christian motives. That is our work. God help our hands to find it, and to do it with all our might!









# Missionary Heroism.



COMPILED

BY THE

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Ten Years at Skokomish.  
George H. Atkinson.  
Oregon. By Barrows.  
Cushing Eells.  
Alaska.  
Strange corners in our country. Loomis.

For intelligent study of our country every library should be supplied with Dr. Josiah Strong's books : Our Country. The New Era. The Twentieth Century City.

## THE PIONEER.

What was his name? I do not know his name.  
I only know he heard God's voice, and came;  
Brought all he loved across the sea,  
To live and work for God and me:  
    Felled the ungracious oak;  
    With rugged toil  
    Dragged from the soil  
    The thrice-gnarled roots and stubborn rock;  
With plenty filled the haggard mountain side;  
And, when his work was done, without memorial died.  
No blaring trumpet sounded out his fame;  
He lived, he died—I do not know his name.  
No form of bronze and no memorial stones  
Show me the place where lie his moldering bones;  
    Only a cheerful city stands,  
    Built by his hardened hands;  
    Only ten thousand homes,  
    Where every day  
    The cheerful play  
Of love and hope and courage comes.  
These are his monuments, and these alone,—  
    There is no form of bronze, and no memorial stone.

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## OUR DEBT TO PIONEERS.

The people of the East are continually called upon to help the West. It would not be strange if they asked themselves, sometimes, whether they receive anything in return. A friend in Weiser, Idaho, sent us the following account of one pioneer family (and there are hundreds of such) which shows that the account of the West is not wholly on the debtor side. The East owes a great deal to the heroic men and women who

subdue the wilderness and help to build up Christian communities in these untamed regions.

"Eleven years ago a family, consisting of father, mother and three children, started in a 'prairie schooner to drive from Texas to Idaho. The husband was not much over thirty-five and the wife a few years younger. Both of them were small in stature and by no means strong. The oldest child was not more than ten years old. What it meant of hardship and care for that mother to start on such a journey, with three children, in a rough wagon, over untraveled prairies, no one who has not tried it can understand. It meant not one weary day, nor one weary week, but four weary months. It meant not a welcome from friends at the journey's end, but a separation of hundreds and hundreds of miles. It meant not sure employment and high wages, but an empty purse and the hard struggles of a new country. But they had one supreme comfort—they were Christian people, and they believed in the care of their Heavenly Father. Friends counseled them to travel on Sunday, but they said, 'We have never worked on Sunday in Texas, and we will not begin it now. Occasionally Saturday night would find them where there was neither fuel nor water, and then they would have to keep on until they found these necessities, but except in such emergency they halted every Lord's Day.

"When they reached Weiser, they had not a cent of money—indeed, it had disappeared some time before. But they rented a house, and the husband soon found work. After two years had passed, they took up one hundred and sixty acres of land, and built them a small house of two rooms. The land was wild government land. It had to be cleared of sage brush, fenced, broken up, and ditches had to be made. Children were born to them to the number of nine, two of

whom died. Yet the mother of this large family not only did all her housework, but attended to all the irrigation of the farm. The oldest child taught her first school at sixteen years of age, and has taught ever since with splendid success. She holds the highest teacher's certificate possible to be obtained in the State. With her wages she has paid the water rent and taxes of the farm.

"And now after eight or nine years of struggle the family has one hundred and sixty acres of good land, fenced, mostly cleared and prepared for irrigation. The farm yields nearly all their support, and they have never hired a half-day's labor. While they have been thus setting an example of industry and thrift, they have at the same time been consistent Christians, supporting the church and helping to maintain the Sunday-school. Now the value of such people, who have the courage and the energy to go into this Western country and subdue the land and help to build up Christian communities—the value of such people to our country is beyond compute. But it is manifest that they have not a dollar to spare for the education of their children, although those children are exceptionally bright, fine scholars, and the parents' ambition for them is very high. The most they can do is to give the eldest daughter her time and tell her to get an education if she can. That daughter comes to our Academy and is a scholar of whom any school in the land would be proud. She gives her heart to Christ and adds to her intellectual ability the graces of a Christian womanhood. But without a cent of money how can she remain in this Academy? She works for her board in term time, and earns what she can in vacation, but at the best she must have some help.

"Now it is for her, and others like her, that we ask Eastern people to help us to maintain this school. Is

it all a debt on the part of the West? Is it worth nothing to the East to have such people to develop these Western States? As a country, can we afford that the children of such parents shall not be educated? With only a little over thirty millions of taxable property in the State, it will be seen that the public school fund must be small. In the country a poorly housed and often poorly taught term of three months is all that can be had. The Christian Academy, maintained in part by the funds of consecrated Christians, is the only hope. Your true pioneer is a person who does not ask for pity. He does not complain. But if he does ask for any one thing in this world it is that his children may have a better chance for an education than he has had. Does he ask unreasonably? Shall he ask in vain?"

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Christian Heroism.—During the last forty-four years of his life the venerable missionary, Rev. Cushing Eells did not receive any pecuniary aid from any missionary society. For church lots, church buildings, church bells, church furniture and books for church use in Oregon and Washington he has contributed over \$10,000. To Pacific University and Whitman College he has contributed more than \$10,000. That he might do this, this noble man has limited his cash expenses to fifty cents a week. He raised his horse, and has limited him to the same scant fare. That the animal has not been abused is evident from his twenty-three years of service, and from all accounts he may outlive his master! These two have held undisputed possession of many hundred encampments in the "Wild West." When, in 1874, Mr. Eells and his missionary horse accomplished a journey of one thousand miles; the horse was obliged to carry all the food and bedding

required for the journey. To compensate the animal for these extra burdens his tender-hearted master walked one-third of the distance. Verily, here is an instance where "Love does not measure its gifts, but rejoices to give all!"

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### JOSEPH WARD.

In 1869 a young Home Missionary and his bride alighted from the Sioux City stage in a little hamlet on the banks of the Missouri River. They had come from homes of culture in the far East, to the very verge and border of civilization, to Yankton, Dakota Territory, where, in the spring of 1868, a little Congregational church of eight members had been organized. With them they bore a commission from the American Home Missionary Society, to preach the Christian gospel, and forward Christian education in this great, new Northwest; but in their hearts they bore a higher commission: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." It was this higher commission that led them to accept the other; and turning away from the thoughts of self-advancement and ease in the older and settled communities, they set their faces toward the regions where adventurers had gone, but where few were willing to go to establish schools and churches and Christian homes.

Theirs was a large field, for Dakota up to that time included Wyoming as well as North Dakota. It was a land practically unknown except to army officers and Indian traders. Men thought that these millions of acres were unfit for the homes of civilized Americans—an inhospitable, rainless desert. The capital city, Yankton, with its two streets, possessed a variable population not exceeding 500 people—government officers, Indian traders, a few who had pre-empted land, many



adventurers and some men who avoided all but the edge of civilization.

Joseph and Sarah Ward came to this place, not because they had heard of its attractiveness, as one might come to-day, but because they had devoted their lives to the service of Christ and their fellow-men, and they were willing to go anywhere where they could best fulfill that service. The Home Missionary Society wanted them here, and they came—came and made their home here, and looked back no more, nor longed for the Eastern home life, but under circumstances of trouble and difficulty and discouragement they stayed till Dr. Ward's work should be done.

The little church of which he was pastor met for worship at first in the old Capitol building, but in January, 1870, the new church was used for the first time. This church building was the result of Dr. and Mrs. Ward's patient efforts to raise the money among Eastern friends; not a little of their own went into it, and the church was dedicated and paid for in July, 1870. It was soon full, and later on two twings were added to accommodate the people. The membership was steadily increased by faithful, devoted work.

One month after Dr. Ward came the church began to give to missions, and held a monthly missionary meeting. A Woman's Missionary Society and a Children's Missionary Society were started in '71, so early was the church taught that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Through Dr. Ward's labors in these early days the churches at Bon Homme, at Green Island, Neb., and at Canton, were organized; and this work of helping other churches to get started was characteristic of Dr. Ward all his life. From the very first, the home missionary work of Dakota was in his heart, and much of it in his hands, and he never lost interest in it. I do

not think anything gave him more joy than to hear that a new church had begun in a destitute place, unless it was to learn that a new soul had been born into the Kingdom. And so he fulfilled the first part of his commission, preaching with fearlessness and with faith the gospel of Jesus Christ, until, in 1883, when he laid down the pastorate, there had been gathered into this fold 307 of God's children, 167 of them confessing Christ for the first time. In these years he was the President of the Dakota Home Missionary Society, and his counsel and recommendation were asked whenever any church in the Territory was to erect a house of worship.

Joseph Ward was a great teacher. The second part of his commission bore the direction to forward Christian education. He never forgot that commission. There were no schools of any importance held with any regularity in Yankton or Dakota when he came. He began a school at once. Without municipal or territorial aid at the first, he pushed the school work. Laws were made at his suggestion, and public sentiment, under his influence, at length enforced them, establishing and maintaining schools in Yankton and in the country. He was superintendent of this work for a time. We are proud of our schools to-day, in city, and county and State, and our school system has no superior; but to this brave, indomitable man and a few associates belongs the credit of making these schools possible.

Nor was this all. A Christian college was in Dr. Ward's heart. But there was no money for one. Whence were to come the buildings, the faculty, the students, the endowment, for such an enterprise? This was not the question with Dr. Ward. Somehow he never seemed to count difficulties as anything worth considering. The question with him was, "Is it needed? Does God wish it done?" When after earnest

prayer he became instructed that it was God's will, then he had faith to believe that the work would be done, and he set about it. This was a marked characteristic of Dr. Ward. He believed God. If he thought the Lord wanted any object accomplished, he was ready to go at it even if there was not a dollar at hand to pay the expenses or a man at hand to help.

But with all this faith he had practical common sense. He knew how to use means to secure ends. He did not sit down and fold his hands. He bestirred himself, and used every instrument at hand. When it was decided to have a college, and locate it at Yankton, it was at once started—started in the little lecture-room of the Congregational Church, with one teacher. He persuaded Yankton to give the land. He persuaded Eastern people to give money. He secured the best teachers to be found, and managed to inspire them with his own enthusiasm. He interested prominent men in the work. He got a building started. He went out into the new towns and got students to come here. He attended to every detail personally, and as the work grew the burden grew, and somehow the heaviest part of it fell upon his devoted shoulders.

It is no pastime to build a college, and especially to build without material. Yankton College was built by Dr. Ward, as though he himself quarried the stone, hewed it into shape, carried it to its place, mixed its mortar with his blood and sweat, fashioned its fair proportions, covered it with a roof, warmed it with his own zeal.

He seemed so brave, so patient; and we stood by, and saw him lifting this burden that might have weighted a Hercules, little thinking his life was fast giving out under the tremendous strain. But he never complained. Those who have heard him speak of the college at the Associations bear witness to the fact that

he never spoke of it without cheer and hope. He never murmured because those who ought to come to its rescue stood back. He never, even in the darkest days—and there have been dark days—yielded to fear or foreboding. He believed the college was of God—that its trials were for its good—that the victory of faith and hope would at length come. And so year by year the college grew fair and strong and useful while its President carried its heaviest burdens and fought desperately against the fatal disease that steadily sapped his strength and undermined his iron frame, though it could never overcome his masterful spirit.

The personal Christian life of this man manifested itself in many species of private help. How many might testify to his timely pecuniary help when they were hard pressed. How many poor found an unexpected bounty from his hand. How many were strengthened by his visitation. How many widows found a protector and counselor in him. Many a missionary was sheltered under his wide-reaching roof and was warmed by his generous hearth. Many a student, poor and penniless, found a place in his great love and grew into ways of self-help under his paternal care.

And all this, remember, was not because of natural amiability alone, not a generous nature alone, but because into his heart had come the sweet words of Christ, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, my brethren, yet did it unto me."

## MISSIONARY MOTHERS.

A mother conserves all that there is in religion and the best of civilization. A man easily becomes a dreamer, or lapses into barbarism, but the mother at her best estate, as missionary mothers are, is absolutely true to the type. Fifty years may pass over her in exile—often meager and hard years of work and worry, but she is still the lady she was at first, the same devoted Christian—having absorbed nothing gross, having lost nothing fine. She has refused to dispense with the refinements and attractions of home, and has insisted that her children reach the level of opportunity that she and her brothers enjoyed. But let the reader fill out the paragraph. This page is needed wholly to name the mothers of the early home missionary work in Oregon.

Mrs. Myra Eells, the wife of Rev. Cushing Eells, and Mrs. Mary Walker, wife of Rev. Elkanah Walker, were the first women to come, as Congregationalists, across the Rocky Mountains into the valley of the Columbia with the purpose of establishing missionary homes. This was in 1836. Mrs. W. H. Gray, wife of the man who wrote the most valuable history of Oregon yet produced, herself assisting largely in its preparation, followed the next year. In 1839 came Mrs. J. S. Griffin, being with her husband an independent missionary of a Congregational Church in Connecticut. With her as an associate missionary was Mrs. Hoisington Munger, wife of the man who, under pressure of solitude and morbid impressions, lost his reason and took his own life. Mrs. A. T. Smith, with her husband, on an independent mission; and Mrs. Harvey Clark, wife of the man who first projected our Congregationalist College, which grew into Pacific University, reached Oregon soon after. Nor should be omit-

ted "Mother Brown," who, upon the historic site of Forest Grove, among the monumental oak trees of that beautiful upland, made of her home a school for orphans.

These, it must be noted, were not connected with the American Home Missionary Society. They were Congregationalists, coming with a view to carry the Gospel to the Indians, or else for the purpose of winning Oregon to Protestantism. This was in the days before Oregon was under the Stars and Stripes. It was not, therefore, open to the efforts of the A. H. M. S., but to the A. B. C. F. M., or to independent workers.

Before a territorial government had been established here, the American Home Missionary Society prepared to send families. Mrs. G. H. Atkinson, wife of the first Home Missionary west of the Rocky Mountains, was the head of the company. This was in 1848, and the field occupied was at Oregon City, then metropolis and capital, a lonely trading and milling point at the falls of the Willamette. By special request, Mrs. Atkinson has made some notes of her missionary experiences. I will not, therefore, speak for her.

In 1849 Mrs. Mary D. Lyman, wife of Rev. Horace Lyman, arrived at Portland, to make the missionary home in the shade of the giant forest growth of the site of that then primitive village. The way hither was around Cape Horn in a merchant bark to San Francisco, and by bark again to the Columbia. Just a year, including a long delay in California, was spent in reaching their field. At Portland, and at other places in Oregon, homes, churches and schools sprang from the labors of these two, their later work being given mainly to Pacific University.

Mrs. Cornelia Holt Condon, wife of Professor Thomas Condon, whose discoveries in paleontology in the deep valleys of Oregon are known all over the

United States, and even in Europe, reached the Columbia the next year by way of Cape Horn.

Mrs. Obed Dickinson, with her husband, occupied the field at Salem, living there many most devoted years. As early as 1856 Mrs. Alfred Tenney with her husband began a home, together with a church, at Eugene, continuing such labor at Astoria and at The Dalles. Somewhat later came Mrs. S. H. Marsh, spending her time and talents both in making a beautiful home and in giving instruction at Pacific University, of which her husband was president. Mrs. Edward A. Tanner, wife of the present president of Illinois College, at Jacksonville, here also exerted her remarkable personal influence in the home, the institution, and in society. Mrs. Elisha Tanner, Mrs. A. S. Hatch, Miss M. A. Hogdon, and Mrs. Humphrey, though not in name missionaries, were such in fact.

It is half a sin to give here only the names of these refined, intelligent and beautiful women. But, as is the case with the most of the good and just, God reserves for them only a divine biographer—the Recording Angel somewhere mentioned. The houses which roofed them during the first months, or perhaps years, were buildings such as were intended for sheds or stables. On missionary salaries, and their husbands being bound to accept no other remuneration, they had little means to pay for household help in a land where the cost of such help was exorbitant—a cook or kitchen girl often getting more wages than the missionary. Nevertheless, the homes flourished and were such places of beauty and refinement as to attract the governors, the judges, the military and scientific men who, even in those remote times, stopped in Oregon or passed to and fro through the country. Their influence in stimulating, broadening and encouraging the scattered population of the territory, or young State,



cannot be estimated. Mary and Martha, and Joanna—one might think they had been in Oregon should one mark the footsteps of these who have been named; careful and troubled, perhaps, at times, but also sitting at the feet of Jesus, and once more making an abiding place for the Babe and the King.

Particulars of these and many others who came later might be given—of those who were and are no less worthy, and whose work sums up the same; but that would take us far beyond the scope of this article.

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## A ROMANCE OF HOME MISSIONS.

Self-sacrifice and heroic endurance are manifested in Home Missions as truly as in Foreign. This fact is well illustrated in the founding of the First Congregational Church in Greenville, Ill. This church was organized by a committee appointed for that purpose; but the only member present was Rev. Thomas Lippincott, the man who officiated at the funeral of Freedom's protomartyr, Elijah P. Lovejoy.

The church at once began the erection of a house of worship, there being no church edifice in the region, though the town was the county seat of Bond County. Subscriptions were secured from those who had simply a business interest in the general improvement of the place, as well as by those who longed to see a house of God erected. But financial affairs were not as prosperous as was anticipated. The subscriptions were not paid. They had gone on but a little way when it was found that not enough money could be realized to pay even the board of the workmen. All progress ceased. Finally the building was sold by the sheriff to satisfy a lien. The little church of pioneers could not

redeem it. Heroic effort must be put forth, and help must be secured from abroad.

The church appointed Captain Asa L. Saunders as financial agent. He was a man who could say from his heart, "I love thy church, O God."

After exhausting the financial possibilities of the new and poor settlements in the county, he started East. In order that he might not be compelled to use any of the donations received for the church for his personal expenses, and that he might not be "a common beggar on the road," in case of sickness or other emergency, he took his most valuable horse to St. Louis and sold it for forty dollars. With the proceeds of this sale as a fund to be used in case of accident, he started on his long journey afoot. He walked first to Cincinnati, O., where, through the influence of Dr. Lyman Beecher, he received some assistance. He continued his wearisome journey to New York city, where he received further aid, but not enough to allow him to return and serve the church. So he continued his march to Boston. On his way he was sometimes so exhausted that he could scarcely reach a place of shelter. Once he came near perishing on the road. He was in such a condition of exhaustion that he had entirely lost the power of speech when he finally reached the house of that earnest and benevolent Christian worker, Deacon Daniel Safford. Restoratives were applied, and after a time he was able to make known the sacred errand that had brought him there. His faith and heroic sacrifice were rewarded with success in obtaining the means necessary to redeem the house of the Lord.

But he never recovered from the exhaustion of the journey and never again had the free use of his voice. Friends in the Mount Vernon Church, Boston, furnished the means for him to return home by public conveyance as far as such conveyance existed. He was

permitted to reach his home, to see the house of God completed, and in a short time was taken to the "house not made with hands."

This is but one of many incidents which show the heroism and self-sacrifice of those who are struggling to establish the Kingdom of Christ in the pioneer regions of our land.

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## EXPERIENCES OF A MISSIONARY WIFE.

My home has been in a frontier State for eighteen years. And it scarcely need be said that in that length of time one must have passed through many and varied experiences. When asked for a personal experience I began hunting around for one which seemed especially startling or exciting. But as I now look back over the years, none of the experiences seem very novel or thrilling.

So, in place of some exciting experience, I thought I might tell you something about the work of a Home Missionary's wife, going with the missionary to help in the organization of the churches, teaching in the Sunday-schools, starting the Missionary Society, helping and encouraging the Aid Societies.

Sometimes when the missionary is worn out and has a long ride of forty or fifty miles before him, the wife goes along to drive, and take the care of providing for the trip, so that the missionary may rest.

When my husband began his work as General Missionary in Northwest Nebraska, he had his headquarters at Norfolk, the railroad then running only as far as Valentine. As the road pushed on west he followed closely so as to occupy fields as soon as open. When the road reached Chadron he immediately began work, holding his first service in the open air; soon the gos-

pel tabernacle was raised, and it was decided to organize a church there and at two other points, Hay Springs and Rushville. As there was but one church nearer than Norfolk and Neligh, three hundred miles away, these churches were invited to the council, and I was elected delegate from Norfolk. An all-night ride brought us to Chadron in the early morning. A Western town a few days old is a curious sight. Here were a thousand people living in tents, and all the varieties of trade represented: groceries, hardware, furniture stores, dry goods, hotels, boarding houses—in tents. All professions and trades, lawyers, doctors, barbers, butchers, bakers—in tents; saloons and gambling dens sheltered in the same way.

No place for us but the gospel tent, so we go there for rest. We must spend the night in this tabernacle. So my husband procures the wire springs of a bed from the furniture tent, on which we plan to put the blankets we have brought with us, but toward night a heavy rain comes on and soon the ground is too wet and cold for a bed. What is to be done? Fortunately we have brought provisions with us; we scoop out a hole in the ground, and build a chip fire, Indian fashion, having to open the tent door, of course, to let the smoke out—boil some water in an empty fruit can, make a little tea, and eat our supper from off a chair. Then we put the wire springs up on four chairs, climb on, and sleep as well as the cold and wet and a croupy little boy will allow.

The next morning is bright and beautiful, so the discomfort of the night is forgotten. We take an early freight train Saturday morning for Rushville, where our first service is to be held.

The Sabbath is a full day and one long to be remembered. A small company gathered in the gospel tabernacle, with its white canvas walls, and the green grass

for a carpet, far away from the old homes and the old associations. We are strangers to each other, but brothers and sisters in the dear Redeemer. The usual services are held and the right hand of fellowship is given to the church farther west than any in all Nebraska.

A hasty lunch and we drive to Hay Springs, twelve miles, where a similar service is held with similar surroundings, and we have a second church still farther west.

Then a twenty-mile drive to Chadron, which we hope to reach in time for supper before service. But, alas for our expectations! The way is long and the team slow. It is nearly nine o'clock when the white tents appear in sight. "To the tabernacle at once," says the missionary, and we all obey. We find the tent crowded full, and all the space in front for fifteen or twenty feet packed with men waiting for the service to begin. A few singers had gathered about a borrowed organ, and the sweet melody of the gospel hymns rings out on the evening air, bringing back to these men tender memories of the old homes and the old church far away. They listen eagerly.

We push our way through the crowd, and the services begin. Soon the little boy is asleep on my lap, forgetting his supperless condition until breakfast-time next morning, when he says, "Why, mamma, I didn't have any supper last night, did I?" The third church is duly organized with much enthusiasm.

Three churches in one day! Probably some of you have heard of the good accomplished in all that region by those churches. You may have heard how the Hay Springs Church helped supply the needs and took care of the refugees during the dreadful Indian trouble, the parsonage sheltering twenty or more besides its usual occupants.

We soon moved our headquarters to Chadron, where, in place of the tent, you may now see the neat church which has already been enlarged, and its pleasant parsonage. It is a self-supporting church of seventy-eight resident members, a strong and active Christian Endeavor Society, a vigorous Sunday-school of more than two hundred members. Many of the pupils have already been brought into the Christian life. You will also see a Congregational Academy—this would not have been possible except for the church—which is doing good work for the young people of the town and surrounding country. These are some of the results of our work that fair September day.

*Home Missionary money sent to the front is not money thrown away, and work done there is not labor lost. He that says, "Blessed are they that sow beside all waters," will surely give the harvest.*

My husband had also the care of the churches in the Black Hills and Northern Wyoming. The towns in the Hills are widely separated, so the trips were long and tedious.

One Summer we planned to visit all the churches on one trip. Taking a strong team of horses, venerable and steady, a covered wagon, somewhat like an emigrant wagon, we left home for a four weeks' trip. It was a great exercise of ingenuity to pack that wagon every morning. In the back part the canvas tent and the blankets were piled to the top and fastened in place; then a box of clothing; then came the second seat underneath which were stored the coffeepot, tin pans, cooking utensils, etc. Under the front seat a box of provisions, the tin plates and cups; while the lariat ropes made a footstool for those who occupied the front seat, and a bag of tent pins performed the same office for me. A shotgun ornamented one side of the wagon, and the tent poles were lashed to the other; the camp

stove was tied on behind, while underneath swung the lantern, oil can and water pail. Up and down the mountains, through deep cañons, fording the streams, we went, pitching our tent every night in some delightful spot, and after cooking and eating our supper we rolled ourselves in our blankets and lay down on the ground to sleep.

Buffalo Gap, where we spent our first Sabbath out, is situated just at the edge of the foothills of that wonderful and interesting country, the Black Hills. The condition of things in the Hills is very similar to that described in Hosea, where the prophet says God has given the nation an abundance of rich things, but the more he has given, the farther they have departed from him. It is a land rich in gold and silver, and beauty, but where Sabbath-breaking and all forms of wickedness abound. The mills and mines never shut down from one year's end to the other. The work at Buffalo Gap was begun as in the other towns mentioned, and has been successful.

Part of the following week we spent at Hot Springs, looking over the ground with reference to future work; then on to Custer, the way taking us through delightful mountain scenery. Custer is the gem of the mountains, beautiful for situation, near the tin mines. A little church is already at work, but they have no pastor. Two services and the Sunday-school are held.

We leave early in the week, taking the mountain road for Deadwood, stopping at Harney Peak, the highest of the Black Hills range, 8,000 feet above the sea, at Spread Eagle Mine, on Lookout Mountain, where we go into the mill and down into the mine. At Lead City the location of the "Home Stake" mines, the largest in the Hills, we spend the Sabbath, having an evening service and Sunday-school, as it is impossible to gather a congregation for morning service.



At Deadwood, our next point, you may hear Deacon Cushman tell how the work was started there. The first service was held in a carpenter shop, the shavings having been swept aside to make room for the people. The work was carried on by Superintendent Pickett, who used to travel on foot, on horseback, and by stage-coach back and forth over these hills. Now you find here a substantial church building, a neat parsonage, and a church which has the honor of being the first of any denomination to come to self-support in all that region. This testifies to the hard work done in that town so far away, and of which so much was said in newspapers and magazines not many years ago.

We go over the old stage-coach road to Sturgis, Fort Mead, Rapid City, Smithwick—all points of interest, and reach home after a four weeks' absence, during which we have been sleeping on the ground, traveling over the mountains, planning for the churches, trying to tell the love of Christ, learning something of the needs of the different fields, and how best to help them.

We are glad to be at home again and sleep in a bed, without being obliged to run the hand under and pick out the stones, or somewhat nervous lest a rattlesnake may be lurking under the cover.

I might tell you of trips into Wyoming when everything was new. No depots, and from the train where stations were to be, one landed right into the sand and cactus; of nights passed in tents where the music from the dance house of Long Jim, or another of his kind, rang in your ears through all the night hours; or, of nights in a rough frame building dignified by the name of "hotel," with fifty beds or more in one room, and the one we occupied separated from the others only by a calico curtain; where one could hear the gamblers stumbling up the rickety stairs at all hours of the night,

and the pistol shots in the street below. These things, you readily perceive, helped to keep one in a peaceful frame of mind, conducive to sleep.

But let me add this testimony: The pleasant and happy experiences have far overbalanced the trying and disagreeable ones; we have never had one regret that our work for the Master was at the front.

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## A UNIQUE MISSIONARY MEETING.

Unique, because the audience consisted largely of Nebraska Home Missionaries who were attending the State Association. I wish I could reproduce for you the prayers, the testimonies, and, above all, the wonderful Presence who illumined that meeting. A dozen "testimonies" may give a taste of the feast:

No. 1. "My Presence shall go with thee." This means, "My *Face* shall go with thee." What a comfort to the little child when the mother's face is near. No. 2. "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me." This is my assurance that he will help me to the end. No. 3. Our brother who has passed on, lived a life of great trial and great triumph. When he died he said: "The best of all is Immanuel—God with us." No. 4. "I will guide thee with mine eye." The Christian is led by God in one of three ways: by his eye; by "the bit and bridle;" by the divine hand. No. 5. The word *Missionary* expresses the very pith and heart of the Gospel. No. 6. When a boy in a home missionary family, I lived in a dug-out. We were very poor. One day all my mother had to set before us was summer squash. The noon mail brought a check for fifty dollars from the Home Missionary Society. Father said: "My boy, get the horse and go to the treasurer and hand twenty-

five dollars of this to him for the new church." I thought a good deal about this during that horseback ride: it didn't seem right, but I had to obey. No. 7. A man found a vein of richest silver which, through lack of observation, hundreds of people had passed over: so multitudes lose the rich things God has for us because we are not in sensitive communion with him. No. 8. God's design in suffering is to give us strength of character. No. 9. To me it is nothing that I have had to live on corn bread and potatoes and corn coffee; that I have been many times thrown into the water in crossing the streams; that I have been lost on the prairie and frozen to my saddle; but it is *much* to me that I may give the Gospel to thousands who need it. I have had many ambitions and many hopes. My one ambition now is that I may die a faithful soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ, and my hope now is that I may see him face to face. No. 10. Abram went out, not knowing whither he went. That was my experience when I came to the frontier. At home they said, "What will you do when you get where there is no church?" I said, "I will trust God and try to make one." Now when I look at six churches, in spite of drought, the devastating prairie fires, and the hard times, I would not change my present estate for all this world can give! "What hath God wrought!" No. 11. I wanted to be a minister, but had no money. My father was poor and couldn't help me. He advised me not to take seven years out of my manhood to study for the ministry, but I was impressed to do it. I had earned \$125, and resolved to go to school as long as that would last. When that gave out, I would work my way; but, like the cruse of oil, it held out. The Lord has led me by the way. This is my comfort and support. No. 12. If the Bible were utterly destroyed, I should have that in my ex-

perience which would lead me on to declare the truth as it is in Jesus.

While listening to these testimonies, and looking at the careworn but happy faces of these missionaries, who without complaint were enduring hardship as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, I was reminded of the story of

### THE OLD WHITE HORSE,

as told me by a Nebraska woman. When asked to say an encouraging word to these workers, I could think of nothing more fitting than this story :

A lady was obliged one day to wait over several hours at a small railway station where she had occasion to change trains. There was nothing inviting in the outdoor prospect, and nothing interesting in the waiting-room to occupy the time. As she sat looking from the station window, she saw a white horse at work in a tread-mill. The horse was poor and old and with difficulty moved up the incline. A boy stood near prodding the weary beast with a sharp stick. The lady spoke kindly to the horse. He took no notice. She tried to comfort him with a few bunches of grass and clover, but without avail. He appeared utterly discouraged. He had no spirit, no hope. He said to her as plainly as actions could speak, "My life is spent in this weary routine of work, and *all to no purpose.*" The lady returned to the waiting-room.

After a while the station agent came in, and, making a few remarks upon the tediousness of waiting, asked the lady if she would like to go out and see their wheat elevator. She gladly consented, and, climbing to the upper story, stood watching the elevator cups as they came up, one after the other, full of wheat, and were emptied into the bins. "But where is the *power* that does all the work?" she asked. "Come

to the window, and I will show you," said he. As she looked out he pointed to the poor old discouraged white horse treading his weary way. "There," said he, "is the power that brings all this wheat up here."

Some time God will take us upstairs and show us the fruits of the tried laborers in his vineyard here.

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## A SIGNIFICANT QUESTION ANSWERED.

The Colorado Superintendent of Home Missions being providentially present, was invited to speak the closing words. Noting the interest with which some visitors from the East had listened to the experiences of these missionaries, he said: "You people of New England, sometimes besieged, question, 'Why should the East be continually asked to aid the West?' Let me tell you why: 1. Because the East has large investments in the West. 2. Because the children of the East are largely the builders of the West. Everything is to be done when you reach the frontier. The town is to be built. Suppose *your* town were new, with no homes, no gas, no schoolhouse, no roads, no sewer, etc. It is the *few* in the new town who interest themselves in Christian work.

"A young man comes from the East. He comes from a Christian home. He is a graduate of Amherst College. He locates at Cheyenne, Wyoming. He is influenced by the home missionary pastor to come into the church. The young man's mother writes a grateful letter to the pastor. But Massachusetts boys are not all of this sort.

"Pap Wyman—the assumed name of a Massachusetts boy—is dead now. He was a 'character.' He opened one of the first saloons and variety theatres in Leadville—a 'three-decker.' In front was the brilliant

saloon. Over the bar was a large, old-fashioned clock. On its face were the words, 'Please don't swear!' Next came the 'gold room' or gambling den. In the archway between these two rooms was a light stand. Upon this stand lay a *well-worn family Bible!* The third room was the theatre, with all its terrible foulness. When the first missionary entered Leadville, 'Pap Wyman' took a fancy to him, called a public meeting at his saloon, and during the meeting made a speech: 'Boys, we must have a church here. You must chip in and raise the money.' He collected \$700. If Massachusetts sends such a boy to the West, should she not aid the home missionary pastor in counteracting his influence for evil, and converting him to Christ?

"In the early days, Mr. T., now the richest man in Colorado, was a poor, struggling miner. Mrs. T. cooked for the miners. Had the Congregational Home Missionary Society been able to locate there an especially choice Home Missionary, one who knew how to reach men, even at a cost of \$2,000 for the first year, possibly he might have reached that family, saved much scandal, and turned Mr. T.'s millions into Christian channels. What an investment that! There are young T.'s in the mines to-day. Why not reach them? Oh, you privileged people of the East, lend us a helping hand a few years longer, and your investments shall yield 'an hundredfold in this present time, and in the world to come eternal life' to thousands of souls."

The last word was not from the Colorado superintendent after all, but from the Eastern visitor, who said: "God helping us, we will stand by you; for what obligation rests upon you messengers of God to give your lives to this work that does not rest upon us to sustain you in it?"

## SHE WOULD NOT BE DISBANDED.

The heroine of this story is still living. She was a charter member of a church in Iowa formed in 1871, and was one of its most devoted and earnest supporters. It flourished well for a time, until in the settlement reverses came. Its members were scattered and church services were suspended. The remnant, left in discouragement, thought they might as well disband, and seriously thought of doing so. At a meeting called to consider the question they seemed unanimous in this, save this woman, who could not for a moment entertain the idea. Though in a minority of one, "Widow Slack" declared her determination never to consent to the step proposed, saying that, if left alone, she would stand by the church, and believed it would yet live. She "would not be disbanded."

It was in an agricultural community, that soon was fast filling up with thrifty farmers. The prospects became promising. Very soon a lot was secured, and a house of worship built. For a while all things flourished, till the grasshopper year came on, and then came again the reverses. Crops failed year by year, the people became discouraged. They scattered, abandoning claims or selling homes for a small pittance, in some cases exchanging these for a team and wagon to get out of the country in which they had lost all faith. A few, however, remained, some because they could not get away, others because they had faith that better times would come.

Of these latter was Widow Slack. Church services, of course, were suspended, for the members were almost entirely gone, but she remained, adjusting herself to the situation. For a house she had the roof on, but small, resting upon the ground. In the cellar were the living apartments, entered by a front bulk-



head opening to the kitchen, sitting room and parlor all in one. In one corner was a prophet's chamber, just large enough for a bed, a stand and lamp. To that the Home Missionary Superintendent was always welcome, and to share the hospitalities of a Christian home. Sheltered by windbrakes set around it, as the sun shone the inclosure was a quiet retreat from the bleak November winds that swept the prairie. But when the drenching rains poured they somehow found their way through the roof and down the sides of the mud cellar walls, till streams would cross the bottom floor, and all things would be moist and damp. Then the first fair day would be a hanging out and drying. And thus the widow here lived in faith that the time would come when corn would grow and the people return.

So it proved. In a few years the grasshoppers came no more. Fruitful seasons returned, and the people began to come. A few of the former settlers came back, but generally they were newcomers, among whom some were Christians. It was not long before meetings were held, and a church was planned for—a Congregational church. To organize a church a council was called. It met in the house of worship already built. The idea was to organize a new church, but, as a matter of course, to enter in and take possession of the house already built. Just as the step was about to be taken, there was presented by the superintendent a question of law. It was this: If you organize a new church, by what right do you take possession of this property? It is not yours, surely. There is a church already organized and legally incorporated to which this building and other things belong. Why not join this church, and enter in, and thus avoid all complications that may arise?

The suggestion met with approval at once. In

looking around for the old members, but one was found. That one was the Widow Slack. There were twelve to join. They in due form made their application to join. She received them, and they consented together to walk in the ways of the Lord. Then she who "would not be disbanded" was girt about by a living church. This church stands in the list of our churches as Grant, organized in 1880. The real date of its organization, as it is found in the minutes of years ago, is October 9, 1871.

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### A SON OF BELIAL.

My first work was emphatically missionary work. The field was one in which other ministers had seen nothing encouraging, and so had "passed by on the other side." The "call" which invited me to this field pledged the churches for the sum of \$400 for nine months. Two churches and four out-stations were associated in the call and the pledge.

The pastor was younger than now by twenty-five years, and, undaunted by the miles that numbered a score or more between preaching places, entered with enthusiasm upon his herculean task.

There were prairies that seemed boundless; streams harmless at low tide, but full of terrors when, like the Jordan, they overflowed their banks. There were days when the sun seemed a veritable ball of fire, blistering the aching head of the unprotected pilgrim; other days when the floodgates of heaven seemed to have been thrown open, and the drenching rain came rushing and roaring upon the pastor's "store clothes" and ran in torrents down his back. Still other days there were when the death-dealing blizzard peremptorily halted the dominie and caused him to right

about face! and seek safety in some hospitable shanty till the violence of the storm abated. I will not attempt to give pen portraits of notable men and women who inhabited the 1,200 miles of country embraced in my field. I may, however, give a sample or two, that the reader may understand the situation more fully. I was preaching, one Saturday evening, to a fair house, and everybody seemed attentive and interested. I incidentally spoke of the Pope—not as one who had usurped authority, or who was not worthy of reverence, but simply mentioned his name—when one of my hearers sprang to her feet and, with an oath on her lips, while she devoutly crossed herself, flounced out of the house, to be followed by three-fifths of the congregation. Outside an indignation meeting was held, and only the coolness and courage of one of the pastor's friends (a Catholic) saved us from violence at the hands of the excited mob.

At one of my appointments it was decided to have a "grove meeting," beginning on Saturday and continuing over the Sabbath, on which day three services were to be held. As this was to be an extraordinary meeting, it was thought best to have an extraordinary preacher to attend and conduct it. The services of the superintendent were secured, and the meeting began. Saturday's services were spiritual and uplifting. Only those attended who came in a worshipful spirit. The Sabbath dawned beautifully bright and pleasant. It was to be "a high day" to the people of two or three counties, and every one was anxious not to lose a moment of the day.

The morning service would have been more helpful to this congregation but for the boisterous talking of a young gentleman (?) who persisted in standing on a stump just at the outer edge of the crowd, or walking back and forth on a log which lay some distance from

the ground, one end resting on the stump from which it had been cut and the other between two trees that stood so near together as to prevent its reaching the ground. This "log walk" was just a short distance to the right of the pulpit from which the superintendent was trying to pour a stream of eloquence that should interest and attract the congregation, or at least should divide the honors with "the man up the tree." It is greatly to be feared that neither of the contestants felt overpoweringly spiritual during the morning service!

At three P. M. the congregation reassembled, and the poor pastor was to be pitted against the Son of Be-lial who had so hurt the morning services. The foe was on hand, and, after a few preliminary jokes, mingled with oaths, which everybody could hear, he came marching through the center aisle, turned to the left of the pulpit and walked out on a tree that had been partially uprooted by the waters of the creek. It lay almost horizontally for ten or fifteen feet from the bank, and then rose to a nearly perpendicular position, having been divided into forks by some freak of nature. Between the two limbs there was room for a good-sized person to sit and lean back against another small limb, which had possibly started in the race for treehood with the others, but, getting discouraged, had quit growing, and so had died. (Aren't there other things than trees that must grow or die?)

Up to this inviting seat proudly marched our rival. He turned pompously, sat down, and threw himself back against the dead branch. There was an ominous crack, a sudden plunge backward, and my opponent was placed *hors du combat*. He was baptized, if complete immersion constitutes baptism. He waded down the stream till the sheltering bank hid him from our sight before he left the water. But he did not trouble that congregation further. Everybody laughed, and

the pastor acknowledged the feeling of a little "Adam-ic" satisfaction over the discomfiture of his adversary.

Once, after having preached three times on the Sabbath, and traveled twenty-five miles between services, we found it necessary to reach our home, twenty-eight miles distant, after the evening service. There had been heavy rains, and small streams were rivers; but as we had never yet met death by drowning, and the case being somewhat desperate, we started. The first eighteen miles we had moonlight, and only one stream to cross, besides a further blessing in the shape of a plain road. Here ended the moonlight, the road, and the pleasure of the ride. The pony team, however, needed neither road nor moonlight, as they had traveled across the country often. The next eight miles were gone over safely, and we were now approaching a small, heavily-wooded stream, within two miles of home. The ford across the creek was shallow, but wide, and the road wound its way through the timber, which, in daylight, seemed bent on crushing passing vehicles between its towering walls. There was a feeling of dampness in the air, and a sound as of rushing waters distinctly audible, and—it was so dark!

We were too near to our home, and too far from any other human habitation, to entertain a motion to postpone the crossing till daylight should make the crossing less dangerous. The wise little ponies felt their way cautiously, bracing themselves against the current, which struck them almost squarely in front as the road turned up stream to secure an easy ascent from its bed. Soon we were afloat, horses, buggy and driver. Trusting in God and the team we reached the bank safely, and in a few minutes the crowing of the lords of the barnyard at home announced the approaching day, and the speedy end of our journey.

## NEW ENGLAND TACT.

The California ranch from which I now write, lying at the foot of Mount Diablo, is a fruit ranch of 160 acres. Would that you could see these 700 apricot trees, 150 Bartlett pear trees, 150 French prunes, whole groves of the fig, almond, English walnut, etc. Mount Diablo towers above us 3,000 feet. The ranch house has eight rooms. The Massachusetts man who made this home was one of the California "Forty-niners." After six years of ranch life he was joined by his wife, who came from Massachusetts via Cape Horn. This was a voyage of several months. She found her husband in a ranch house of two rooms, one above the other. She arrived on a Friday night, and with New England thrift went to work at once to make things more comfortable. This good woman was somewhat startled on Saturday by being told that she might expect a houseful of company for the Sabbath. It seems that this holy day was really a holiday to the ranchmen in all that region, who were in the habit of gathering at some house and holding high festival. The Christian influences of New England were apparently forgotten, and so this woman found herself in a godless community, and, with a pain at her heart which she could not express, discovered that her own husband had yielded to the influences of the community and become thoroughly heathenized. No word of this change, however, had ever come to her in his correspondence with home friends.

When this New England woman left home, her brother, a Boston minister, put a volume of sermons in her hand, saying: "Now, sister, there is no need of living like a heathen even if you do live in a heathen country."

When this bewildered woman of Puritan antecedents

learned that she was to prepare a feast for these men on the Sabbath day she maintained a wise silence, to the great surprise of her husband, who had an uncomfortable conviction that there would be a scene. When the company arrived on Sunday morning, she received them graciously, and carried out her husband's wishes to the letter. At the close of the dinner she invited them all to come again next Sunday; not to a dinner, she explained, but to a meeting! She told them she intended to have a meeting at that ranch every Sunday, at which time she would read a sermon from the book given her by her Boston brother.

It is needless to say that the Sabbath visiting at that ranch was entirely broken up; and a few who were reminded by this brave woman of the Christian home at the East, were touched in their hearts, and came regularly to hear the sermon. After a while a church was organized in that room. That church has now a good building of its own, and a good company of active members. So much for the tactful influence of one heroic Christian woman, again proving that "one with God is a majority."

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### WHAT A HOME MISSIONARY'S BOY DID.

Times were hard at the parsonage. We were paying ten per cent. interest on borrowed money, and it looked as though the investment made for our old age with that money was going to prove a total failure. But we had not bought without much forethought, and if it was to be a loss we did not feel to blame ourselves. We had done the very best we could. Our time to be prospered financially was not yet here—for some wise



purpose of his own our Father was leading us, and *not* as we planned.

Should we rebel, or cheerfully submit? My boy, just then thirteen, said: "I am going to work, mother. The trustees say I can try being sexton this summer, anyway—they think I can do it if I won't have any other boys round. That will be seventy-five cents a week. They paid the man they had \$1.25 in summer and \$1.50 in winter, but I'm glad to have a chance to try at this. Perhaps I can manage the furnace in winter, too—then they'll give me a dollar." He did manage the furnace, and seventeen lamps, and many bitter mornings in two winters since (for he is still the sexton) mother would say, "Four o'clock, my son," and she never had to speak twice. He would light his lantern, slip into his clothes quickly—for there was no warm corner by a base burner in the missionary's home—and go to his cold, lonely work. You may be certain that during that first winter the mother could never take a nap after the little fellow left the house. But he has been quite proud when the trustees have said, "We never had a better sexton." The year passed away and the church paid him \$44.

But to go back to the summer's work. He had the church work, but what next? The old adage proved true in his case, "Where there's a will there's a way." He never missed a job; when other boys were idle and could find no work, he was busy. He picked 100 quarts of fruit for a neighbor; bought and sold eleven dozen chickens in vacation, clearing five dollars on them. There was quite a loss in handling, some died and some got away, and so during the winter he concluded to dress them and increase his profits; but it was hard, dirty work to spend every Friday evening and part of Saturday dressing—with mother to put on the finishing touches—those that the younger brother had taken

orders for. Besides, the ladies were hard to suit; everybody wanted big ones, and they wouldn't all grow big; most wanted pullets, and the farmers said roosters were more plenty; some wouldn't have black chickens, and others didn't like white; so that about Christmas the brothers (for the eight-year-old had helped here) concluded they would graduate forever from the chicken business. They had dressed six dozen, their profits being \$8.50.

But to return to the summer. When there was no other work to be had, a neighbor's woodpile was always ready at a dollar a cord for sawing and splitting. By the first of the next June, his fourteenth birthday, he had received \$13.75 from his woodpiles; but it is only fair to say that he then and there closed out in the bucksaw business, firmly deciding that he would not make his living by sawing wood.

There were many irons in the fire that summer and winter. A good man in the country, a mile and a half out, wanted a boy to plow and do chores; and he got the place, but had to come home every evening; and we knew he would come, though it was often nine o'clock. A lad would ride up on a pony to see the home ones and get the sore feet doctored, then we would all walk with him to the edge of the village, and be very lonely after the good-nights were said and he vanished in the darkness. Four dollars came in that way, and ten dollars in various other small jobs during the year, such as cleaning yards, doing errands, a little help in the hay field, extra janitor work, etc.

Besides the woodpile, chicken and church in cold weather, our postmaster thought it would be nice to have somebody else to milk the cows, so he came home delighted with a new job, two cows to milk and care for, *new work*; and soon the village doctor thought likewise and handed his cow over, and part of the time

all of his stock, numbering seven head—horses, cows and calves. During December, January and February he worked with these, receiving twenty dollars. In the heaviest storm of the winter, his uncle—a lawyer full of business—was attending court near by, and spent the Sabbath with us. That morning the thermometer stood twenty-five degrees below zero. It was a Sabbath of hard work—deep snow and ice everywhere. The church was hard to warm; stock needed extra care to be at all comfortable. The doctor was absent, and his choice calves were out in the corn-stalks; it was so cold they would not drive, and darkness fell before the last one was safely housed and had its bucket of warm feed. When the uncle left he said: "You deserve a Jersey. Come up to my herd next summer and you shall have one at the cost to me in Vermont when she was a calf." But I must tell nothing except the story of one year this time. The sixty-mile trip all alone for his Jersey came just after his fourteenth birthday.

June came on apace, and when his accounts were straightened he had earned during the year a little more than one hundred dollars, and never missed a day of school. His own expenses, books, clothes and incidentals—the boys will understand what the incidentals were—amounted to fifty-one dollars, sixty two cents. The balance was in mother's hands to use on the debt. It was a busy year, yet play hours were scattered all along; swimming, fishing, hunting, skating and coasting, each found its place; hours all the more enjoyed, perhaps, because there were not too many of them. There was a proud, happy boy in the Iowa missionary home that fourteenth birthday.

Another year and more has passed since those accounts were squared, the records of which are in the little account book and mother's heart.

## PEPPER-SAUCE.

After days and nights of confinement in the "sleeper" of an express train, it was indeed refreshing to sit by the fireside of "Mother Sunshine" while she prepared for me, away out here in Oregon, a delicious New England breakfast. The next luxury was a sweet, fresh, newly-painted, newly-carpeted, newly-furnished room looking out on an orchard. Mother Sunshine is a character—an Oregon pioneer woman. I beg her for frontier stories. She says: "If you are a-mind to follow me 'round the kitchen while I'm doing up my work, I'll tell you one experience that may interest you." In the intervals of washing dishes, scolding the boys at work outside, attending to several visitors, feeding the hens and the pig, and preparing vegetables for dinner, I gleaned the following:

In the early days of Oregon Mother Sunshine and her husband "took up" a piece of land greatly coveted by the Indians. In fact, they considered it their property. After building a little cabin and settling his wife and two boys on this spot, the father took the older boy and returned to their former home to get some sheep and cattle belonging to him. Mother Sunshine was left alone with the younger boy.

Day after day the Indians came about the house. Some of them came in. They did not look pleasant, and she felt constantly that her life was in danger, but dared not show her fear by the slightest sign.

One of these Indians was very curious about a bottle of pepper-sauce which he had discovered upon a high shelf. Again and again he came to the cabin and begged Mother S. to give him to drink from that bottle. In vain she made known to him by signs that it was not good; it would kill him. Day after day this

Indian presented himself at the cabin with the same request, until Mother S., overcome by his persistency, took down the bottle, poured the contents into a cup, and handed it to him. He was greatly delighted, seized the cup greedily, and poured the fiery liquid down his throat.

Then began a series of gymnastic performances which that woman will never forget. The Indian leaped into the air, ran out, rushed in, rolled upon the floor, his eyes starting from his head, his tongue out full length, at the same time thrashing his arms and feet wildly about, choking, gurgling, strangling, spitting, and at intervals looking with pathetic entreaty at the woman who had brought this evil hour upon him. She told him by every sign in the language that she could not help him. With one wild leap he left the cabin, and darted into the woods.

For several days Mother Sunshine was not easy in her mind. She was absolutely sure that the angry Indian would bring his people there and take revenge; so she was constantly on the watch.

One day she saw a party of Indians in the distance coming toward her cabin. Then she knew her hour had come, and that some means must be devised by which she might save her own life and that of her boy. The quick-witted woman hastily wrapped the child in a blanket, and laid him before the open fire.

"Now," she said to him, "remember you are very sick. When I touch you with my foot, you must groan and howl and cry!"

The party came on, led by the man of the pepper-sauce, and surrounded the house. The leaders came in, casting ugly glances at her as they sat down near the fire. She appeared perfectly calm, and after a few words with them, her foot, unobserved by the Indians, gently touched the bundle lying before the fire. The

boy groaned, and soon began to cry, his cries developing into howls of distress.

"What is the matter?" asked one of the Indians. "Oh, my boy! my boy!" cried the mother, rocking back and forth; "he is sick! he is sick!" She touched him again. He howled the louder. Then the Indians wanted to see him, and she began to unroll the blanket, wailing and crying over him. Suddenly she let slip the word "smallpox!"

Now, this disease had made fearful havoc among the Indians the year before! they knew that word only too well. In an instant the cabin was deserted, and she looked from the little window to see the leader taking to his heels for the mountains, followed by every one of his band. Mother Sunshine was not molested again during her husband's absence, but occasionally caught sight of the face of an Indian peering over the high bluff above them, and suddenly disappearing.

In after years the Gospel came to this region, and this frontier woman and her family found themselves surrounded by Christian influences; and now, here we were, from Boston, from New York, from Chicago, from many sections of the great State of Oregon, for a grand missionary rally. One Oregon lady came 450 miles, as a delegate to this meeting. It was interesting to hear the addresses from these frontier Home Missionaries, but the most pathetic part of the meeting to me was the reports from the struggling home missionary churches.

A sweet-faced lady arose and said: "Our church has been in terrible need. It was thought best to give it up, but some of the Oregon ladies told us to keep up good courage, and they would try and save that church. These ladies are all members of home missionary churches, and yet they raised \$400 extra to save our church. At last we have found a man who is willing,



for that sum, to come and be our preacher, and our hearts are very grateful to-day that this candle of the Lord has not been put out."

One of these Oregon mothers was offered a life-membership of the Congregational Home Missionary Society. Like many another mother at that meeting, she had her baby in her arms. Pressing the child to her bosom, she exclaimed: "Make my daughter a life member, and she will be a member of the Missionary Society all her life."

An Oregon layman made the remark that he wished to pay ten dollars into the treasury of the Woman's Union. "I do this," he said, "because my pastor never holds a missionary meeting, or asks any collections for this cause, and I do want to do something for missions." This thought flitted through my mind while he was speaking: "Would that all laymen East and West, North and South, who are so unfortunate as to have a Christless pastor—for how can he know Christ and have no desire to advance the interests of his kingdom?—might follow the example of this earnest Oregonian."

The activity of one small auxiliary connected with a struggling home missionary church ought to put some of us to shame. The members hold a meeting every week, and two public meetings a year, taking a collection at each, and contribute to every one of the national societies. At a late meeting one man said, as he dropped a dollar into the contribution box: "This meeting has been worth a dollar to me." It is needless to add that the pastor of this little church gives his hearty support to the woman's work. Knowing that a lady was to speak to them on the subject of missions, the little company did their best to bring in the uninterested. One of these, as she handed her contribution to the treasurer, remarked: "That woman



made me think about missions." Another, having no money, but wishing to do something substantial, visited a number of uninterested women, repeating all that she had heard at the meeting, and collected from them sixty dollars.

One auxiliary was reported as being very small in numbers, but going ahead of all the others in giving. This Oregon auxiliary never takes a vacation, but holds twelve meetings a year. They glean every cent possible for the good work. "We get much help," said the leader, "from the gentlemen by following out the theory that a man's pocketbook lies very near his stomach, and we reach his purse through his stomach!" (Oh, the pity of it!) This auxiliary was formed when there was no church in the place, nor indeed within miles of it.

One lady exclaimed that she was a crank on missionary literature, and made it her business to ask every family to take the missionary magazines. One man, in response to her appeal, replied: "I do take the missionary magazines." "Which do you take?" she asked: "The *Advance*, and the *Sunday School Times*!" One good, honest brother, unwearied in his efforts for souls, said: "I tell you, brothers and sisters, saving the heathen is dirty work; and if you want to save them you've just got to get right down into the dirt with them."

A Home Missionary was asked to talk about the "Church of the Times—What Should It Be?" Let me give you a few of his points:

1. It should be a church of the Holy Spirit.
2. It should be a church of less emotion, and more intelligence.
3. It should be a church of greater activity. No church-member has any business to have an easy time in this world.
4. It should be a church of the Son of Man. We must exalt the human side of our

Lord's mission more than we do. 5. It should be a missionary church in the largest, broadest, most intense meaning of the word. The missionary spirit is not a *phase* of Christianity—it *is* Christianity.

The superintendent told the pathetic story of a godless town, ten years old, which had at last been reached by the Gospel, and a little church started. Within a few days he had taken to it a beautiful communion service, a gift from a Boston society to the little church. Grown people and children opened their eyes in amazement, and asked with bated breath, "What is that? What is it for?" Then, for the first time in their lives, those people heard the story of the Sacrament.

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### ON THE FRONTIER.

We are not very young people, but this is our first pastorate, because my husband has been engaged in evangelistic work for nine years. He preached the home missionary sermon on the appointed day, and took up the annual collection for the Congregational Home Missionary Society. We had neglected to talk over the matter at home, and decide what we could give; and as the Preacher came and slid our little purse—we have but one—into my lap, I was at a loss what to do; for I peeped in and found only dimes and nickels, amounting to about one dollar. We sang a hymn containing the line, "My all to Christ I give," and the thought came to me, "*Put in the purse.*" Just then the good deacon reached from behind and presented the hat before me so unexpectedly that without time to consider the consequences, I just dropped the little purse in and wondered what the Preacher would say.

We sang the doxology and were dismissed. I then

whispered in his ear what I had done. He laughed and said, "Praise the Lord!" But when, on the way home, I asked, "Who is the treasurer?" the good deacon—under whose roof we have our temporary home—said, "Are you afraid you won't get your purse back?" Later, as we all counted the contribution, we were disappointed to find our little purse had furnished about one-fourth the whole amount, and scarcely one-half of our apportionment had been secured.

The next Saturday morning, when the Preacher started on his twenty-five mile horseback ride to his other appointments without a cent, I was tempted to think I had been too impulsive. At the first place he always had to pay his own expenses, as the only member was an invalid. So I was in prayer much of the day that entertainment for him and the borrowed farm-horse might be given as a token of divine approval. Our Father heard us, as he always hears the cry of his children; and we knew by many past experiences that, although in this new field the trials of our faith seemed to be multiplying, yet his will would be made clear to us if we only "waited patiently on him." The time of our trial call was growing shorter, and every week the means by which the Preacher should travel his circuit was talked over and laid before the Lord in prayer. We both felt that, unless a horse and conveyance became positive possessions, we could not stay another year. The days went by and no mail came from any source, and all inquiries about a horse and cart among our people or their friends failed to bring any light.

When the Preacher returned this week, he said he lost his way, and stopping at the nearest house, found a brother pastor, who put him on the right road, with no thought of other needs at noontime; but before he had passed beyond hearing he was called back to stop

for dinner and feed for his horse. At the preaching place friends were made, who said, "Our house is your home whenever you come here." The formal call to the other church was handed him by the good deacon in this northern town, where a small parsonage and a cordial welcome from the people awaited us. Four dollars was also handed him, and thus our prayers were answered even as our faith had claimed.

There seemed to be many ways by which we might be supplied with a horse and cart for this work, but, as we have often proved, "the Lord's ways are not our ways." Last Friday we received a letter from a brother pastor, who is laid aside by failing health, and who writes:

"If you conclude to spend another year in this work, I can let you have my horse, buggy and harness, if you will send or come for the team yourself and drive it over. I have had new wheels put on the buggy and had it painted and fixed up generally. The outfit is yours while in the home missionary work."

We looked at each other without speaking for a moment, and then both praised God for answered prayer. As we talked over the severe trials from which we were about to be delivered, we were more than encouraged at the unmistakable tokens of our Father's approval of our work and His will concerning our stay in this field.

In these days, when so many seem to limit the channels by which our Father supplies the necessities of those whose faith takes his word literally in their everyday walk, we gladly give our testimony that his word is sure: "No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?"

## “THE MUCH-KNOW-ABOUT-BOOKS WOMAN.”

We have now secured a log house forty feet by twenty, and Auntie G., the “Much-Know-About-Books Woman,” has charge of the place. The front half does nicely for a reading-room, and the back makes a bedroom and kitchen for Auntie G. The house adjoins the one we used last winter, and is it not singular that she should now have for a protection on one side the very building which was so often struck by bullets when she occupied it? Our streets, however, are much quieter now that the town is incorporated and we have a resolute marshal. I hope there will never again be so many men shot here as there have been in the past. No one has ever been punished for the murders; but a young man who shot at and killed a dog was “mulcted” in seventy-five dollars’ damage, which treatment so disgusted him that he pulled up his stakes and cleared out; and a cowboy last fall, who fired several shots in drunken bravado, but hit nothing in particular, was fined fifty dollars and sent to the county jail for three months.

It was while she was living in the old reading-room that Auntie G. took a little girl to church for the first time from the house we have just rented. In the evening of the same Sabbath the parents of the child came to church too, the mother not having been in a church for eighteen years. The whole family attended regularly after that, and the mother soon became a teacher in the Sunday-school; but three months ago they moved about twenty miles away to take up land on the ceded portion of the Crow Indian Reservation. This is an illustration of the constant change in this new country; people are coming and going all the time. A missionary is fortunate if he has in his church a nu-

cleus of earnest Christians who have come to stay. Yet it is a privilege to preach even to transients; they may carry good seed away to drop somewhere else.

Our "Much-Know-About-Books Woman" has been a faithful, consistent worker for Christ; many in this country will have occasion to rise up and call her blessed. One day she was teaching a class of Indian boys the twenty-third Psalm. She explained to them that Jesus is our Good Shepherd. When she got to the second verse one little fellow exclaimed, "Ugh! me no want Jesus to show me the way to Stillwater; me find it myself." He thought the Psalm referred to the Stillwater Creek with which he was familiar.

The following incident will illustrate her happy way with young people. One evening, not long after we opened the reading-room, she had occasion to go out on some errand, and asked a youth who was present to see that order was maintained, giving him her gold watch to take care of while she was gone. This lad is the son of a saloon-keeper, and has been regarded as a tough character. On her return she found that all had gone on satisfactorily. A few days after, the mother of the lad visited Auntie G. and told her that nothing had ever done her boy so much good; that he came home that night with a new sensation—that of self-respect—and exclaimed as he entered the house: "Mother, that lady trusted me with her gold watch!"

One day a lad began to smoke in the room; Auntie G. told him he must not do so. Calling his attention to the rules we have posted up, she said: "We must be law-abiding citizens." The lad obeyed orders. One evening shortly after, Auntie G. saw that her word had borne fruit in an unexpected way. She was sitting in her room, the door leading to the reading-room being open. Among the young people in the reading-room were two little boys. This was against our rule,

which excludes children under twelve, in the evening. The lad referred to went up to them and said roughly: "If you had sense enough to read the rules you would see you have no business here; the madam who runs this institution says we've got to be law-abiding citizens, so skip!" The frightened boys scampered off as fast as they could go.

One morning, when Auntie G. was getting her breakfast, a middle-aged man knocked at the door and asked if that was the reading-room. She replied that the other door was the entrance, but that it was not the hour yet for opening. The man then begged her to let him in, saying that the "hairpees" were after him. She thought he said "hairpins" at first; he meant harpies. She let him into the room, when he explained that he was with his mate who was in town on business; that he had a good bit of money about him; that if he took a glass of liquor he could not control himself; that it was known he was in town; and that if the "hairpees" got hold of him they would not let him go until they had filled him with liquor and taken all his money. Of course he found the refuge he sought. Before he left, Auntie G. had a talk with him; she told him the sweet old Gospel story. The man gave respectful attention to her words, and replied: "You are talking about something that I don't know much about."

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## HOW A MICHIGAN MISSIONARY WIFE LOOKS AT IT.

Home Missionaries' wives like to set a nice table before their husbands and their guests. They remember the injunction of Paul to "keep under the body," but they do not exactly see why that should apply only to



the pastor's family. They do not always think it just that the deacon's family and other members of the church should fare sumptuously every day on the choicest cuts of meat while the Home Missionary's table is graced only with a soup-bone. I know home missionary families where they hardly have an exception to that kind of meat from one year's end to the other, and where for months no butter is on the table except when they have company.

Do not let any one entertain the thought for a moment that these Home Missionaries are made of different material from others. Remember they were not born missionaries. They were reared as carefully and tenderly as you were; their taste is as sensitive and delicate. What right have we to keep enough of what the Lord has intrusted to us, to take good care of—yea, even pamper—our own bodies, while we pass on to our brave substitute in the home missionary army barely enough to keep soul and body together? Should there be one measure of consecration for them and another for ourselves?

You find some magnificent examples of true, generous, self-denying manhood and womanhood in very remote places. In our little church of only thirty members, all poor people, were raised over \$1,000 a year. How did they do it? By fifty-two weeks of self-denial in every year. One poor foreigner, working for one dollar and a half a day and walking three miles to church, gave five dollars to the annual home missionary offering.

A dear woman who gave sixty cents a week toward the pastor's salary was obliged to stay at home from church in the morning for about three months because her cloak was not fit to wear. This was not from pride because it was not in the latest style, but because it

was really so worn and faded it did not look respectable, and she did not feel able to get a new one and still give to every good cause as she wished. I never knew a more hospitable woman, but it was extended generally to the poor and friendless, or the stranger, not to those who would entertain in return. She was one of the best workers in the Sunday-school, and could move all hearts by the power of her eloquence. She had the real feminine love of pretty things, and usually contrived to dress well at a small outlay. At the time we first knew this woman, whom I esteem it an honor to call friend, her husband was not a Christian, but a good moral man in whom you could find no blemish. I wish I had time to tell you how he became a Christian; how he hesitated about uniting with the church because it would injure his business; how he decided to do what was right and trust God for the rest; how God has honored him and prospered him in his business so that he is now one of the foremost workers in the church, and it is prospering; how his face just shines with love for God and his fellow-men. Why, it is worth half one's life to know that one couple as intimately as we have done, and to have been instrumental in leading that one soul back to his Maker.

The people are eager and anxious for the Gospel. In our first small field of labor we never, even on the stormiest nights, had less than thirty at our prayer-meetings. The church was never opened without being comfortably filled with quiet, attentive, eager listeners.

As we go farther north we find the people, out from the centers, more and more hungry for the Gospel. Only eight miles from the "Soo" my husband preached in a little log church filled with these eager listeners.

It was in the summer time, and the door was open. After the service had begun there was a slight commotion outside, and on the steps lay an old man who had crawled there to hear his last sermon, for in a few days he was laid away in the grave. After service every family represented there invited the minister home with them. They all lived in small houses—most of them were of logs—but oh, blessed hospitality! I doubt if you are acquainted with the real quality if you have not visited some such place. My husband went home with a Scotch family consisting of husband and wife and five children, and that one-room cottage was made to accommodate eight people that night. The next day he went on his way, calling at every house, the people following him as he went, until more than twenty persons were walking along the path through the woods, climbing over logs and fallen trees, to another house, where they held a religious meeting. That evening they met again in still another house, many of them coming several miles.

Again he went out in another direction. A meeting had been appointed at a schoolhouse, but there was no house near, and he had passed none for quite a distance. He wondered where his congregation was coming from, but at the appointed hour that schoolhouse was filled. The room was lighted with lanterns, and the faces gleamed out white and ghastly from the dim surroundings, but every eye was fixed on him as he unfolded and preached the Word of God. At the close of the service an old lady brought her nine-year-old granddaughter to shake hands with and look into the face of the minister, as the child had never seen one before.

Only a few years ago, near the close of an evangelistic service our State Sunday-school Superintendent visited a region only forty miles from Sault

Ste. Marie, where there were a number of young people, eighteen and twenty years of age, who had never seen a Christian minister. He organized a Sunday-school there, and I am told their average per cent. of attendance for the first year was the largest in the State.

What we need in the home missionary field is more men and better equipped, better taken care of, and then we shall the sooner be able to take Michigan for Christ, that we may win the world for him.

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### **“MISSIONARY JOE.”**

One day a man took us four miles up the mountain to a service. He drove a good team hitched to a wagon, and we sat on chairs in the wagon. Going to the service we all backslid, but going down again to our home we gained what ground we lost in going. I walked in the wagon box, carrying my chair about half way up the mountain for the sake of (or rather, on the account of) sliding back the other half. But we enjoyed the trip, because the man was one whose home had been closed against the minister, and who, with his wife and four children, has been saved in the meeting.

We got into the home by teaching music to one of the girls. She is now our church organist.

At another time our conveyance was a “cayuse,” one of those creatures that kicks up, and stands up perpendicularly, and does a great many other things that I have not words to describe. I started off suddenly and stopped as suddenly, though I did not always stop when the horse did. I soon grew tired of a horse on which I could not depend, and so I bought “Missionary Joe.” I took a great deal of comfort with

Joe. He was all my own. I bought him when my husband was gone. I could depend on him every time; that is, I could depend that he would never lose an opportunity of throwing me over his head when I was not looking for it. I do not know how many times he threw me—I think a moderate estimate would be about twelve times—and I sometimes felt like the German in the stage crossing the mountains. After getting an uncommon hard jolt, he said, "Oh dear, my back is more as five inches higher up!" But Joe always waited so patiently for me while I dusted and rearranged myself that I soon forgave him.

Once, on coming home warm and dusty, I asked if I could have a bath. The lady got a basin of water, a cake of savon soap, and a crash towel, and, putting them on the porch on a splint-bottom chair, said: "There you are!"

Our work was not only that of preaching, but there was a large congregation of young people to inspire to something better intellectually. This we tried to do by giving public reading circles, at which we would read a chapter or two from some interesting book, and then tell them we would be glad to lend the book to any one who would like to read the rest of it. The books we read were quite juvenile at first, but they soon got to enjoying such works as Drummond's "Addresses," "Ben Hur," and others. The work begun must be carried on, and in the district school were none of the advantages which they needed; so we took eight of the young men and women in a wagon and trundled up hill and down dell thirty miles and put them in school. Not all of them could go through school, but some of them are still working away. One young lady is preparing for the ministry, and another for missionary work.

## THE MISSIONARY HOTEL.

Out here in the Northwest keeping a hotel, mostly free of charge, is no small part of a missionary's, or rather his wife's, business. Our house invariably seemed to be full, but the saying "always room for one more" applied to it, and its doors were continually opening to receive new guests. The village "hotel" was run for the amazement of the town and traveling public. Infested with gamblers, the important part of it a saloon, with no parlor, women and children having to sit in the dirty smoking office to keep warm, it was no wonder that conductors of the incoming trains warned passengers away from it. But here many must stop to change cars, and where else could the tired travelers go?

It was an evening in late October. The Busybody flock was seated about the family board; the door bell rang, and a call was made for the minister's wife. On going to the parlor Mrs. Busybody found a pretty, genteel lady who explained her errand as follows: "Can you let me stay here all night? I've been to the hotel, but they had no room. I've been to every other place I could find in town, but cannot get in anywhere." What could Mrs. Busybody say? There seemed to be no other possible chance for the stranger; she was bidden to take off her wraps and take supper. Soon after tea a neighbor sent in, asking, "Could you spare one of your girls to stay with me to-night?" That left a vacant place and the stranger was told to rest easy, for now she could stay. It was prayer-meeting night, and Guest Number One, as we will call her, was invited to attend. At first she said "No," then "Yes." After her return she said, "I am hard-hearted, but I believe if I could be under Pastor Busybody's influence I should grow tender-hearted once more." The next

day Mrs. B. found opportunity to talk with her guest, and both shed tears. Christ was pressed upon her as a helper in exchange for her belief in "stars" and the firm conviction that she was born for a certain destiny, and there was no help for her. Some good, it is hoped, must have come from the conversation and from the letter which Mrs. B. afterward wrote her at her distant home. "My Word shall not return unto me void, but shall accomplish that which I please."

Later Mrs. B. learned that "she was a sinner." As the happy wife of a good church-going young man her life looked full of sunshine. But sorrow came to her heart one day when her strong husband was laid away in his final sleep. No one can tell her agony as she prayed to be laid beside him. But her life was spared, that of her fatherless babe also. Now came her struggle with life and the world. Having some property she kept boarders, and finally a house for "roomers." The serpent in the guise of a gambler crept in, and gaining her confidence got control of her money. That gone, she fell under his baneful influence and became his companion in sin. Discarded by him at last, money, character, and reputation all gone, she had taken up such work as she could get, only to meet everywhere a sneer and reproach for her past life. "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." The Busybodies' home life and food seemed to touch a chord long dormant, and when she left it was with many tears.

Guest Number Two came the night before Thanksgiving, just as Mrs. B. had said to the eldest son, that day returned from teaching, "We are all alone, for a wonder." "Mother, you are wanted," was the message brought to the kitchen. Hastening to the parlor, she found a little woman with a most doleful expression. "I've been all over this town and can't get a



place to stay. Won't you please let me stay? I'd go out of town if I could, but there is no way to get out." Of course, there was nothing else to say but "Yes." The guest was an "agent" away from home and its surroundings continually. A "home" seemed so good to her, and the home cooking received its share of praise. She seemed especially grateful to be permitted to help prepare the Thanksgiving dinner. She was a Christian woman, and the Busybodies felt that they were giving "a cup of cold water" to one of His. She stayed four days, and the money she willingly paid proved a help in bridging over a gap in the parsonage finances. The Busybodies' hearts have been warmed many times by the kind, appreciative letters Number Two frequently sends.

Guest Number Three Mrs. B. found on her front steps just as she opened the door to go to town. "Can you let me stay? The conductor told me not to go to the hotel!" She looked like some one's pet canary just escaped. To be sure, Guest Number Two was still in the home, but readily gave her consent to allow Number Three to room with her till she could change roads, her train going only alternate days. The Sabbath was spent with us, and in the meantime she found it in her heart to tell Mrs. B. some of her perplexing cares. Her trials had not been without their refining influence, for a sweeter, prettier, more lovable young woman is rarely found. When she left, after four days of waiting, it was with a comforted heart, judging by letters sent back to us. Two guests at once should be enough, but on Saturday night the bell announced another caller. This was a "Salvation Army" laddie. As usual, there was no room at the inn. Why should there be room where sin so much abounds? "I can't get a place to stay. I can't get out of town." Pastor Busybody was away,

and his "assistant" was to take charge of the services on the morrow, so the coming of Guest Number Four was providential. He gave good testimony.

Guest Number Five was a poor mother who had only her ticket, fifty cents in money, and her baby. The train ran on alternate days, so she must wait with her baby for twenty-four hours. The hotel did "only a cash business." So after hearing her story they turned her over to the minister's family. Her story was sad. Married and living in comfortable circumstances, her dreams were cut short by the sudden death of her husband in the woods of Michigan, leaving her almost penniless, with the burden of motherhood upon her. Her own home was small and her people unable to care for her. She stayed, however, till the advent of the little one, and then started out to earn a living by doing housework. She had been doing the work of a family of eight for one dollar a week and a home for her child and herself. Hearing of larger wages "out West," she had started with her ticket, her baby, and fifty cents. She was made welcome in the minister's home, and when she left on an evening train with her baby and her fifty cents it seemed to Mrs. B. typical of the poor woman's life. The shadows were surely gathering and night was near at hand, because of ailments which most workers would regard as wholly incapacitating them for any manual labor.

Guest Number Six came when Mrs. B. was laid aside to nurse a sick headache. She came with the station agent, who asked as a personal favor that she might be cared for in the parsonage. The train "on the branch" was blockaded, would probably go out next day, etc. So she made herself comfortable, except when she was uncomfortable, and that was fully twenty-four hours of the day. "My husband would never hear to my staying in a hotel alone. I shall be

glad to pay you for your trouble." She stayed three days, and years have since flown, leaving the Busybodies still waiting for their guest to pay the cash she promised so faithfully to remit. "I don't like to start out without some money, and I'll send it right back to you," were her parting words.

Guest Number Seven came one stormy night. "I have only a dollar left. I offered it to the hotel-keeper, but he sent me here, as his charges are two dollars a day." So room was made for the dear Grandma and her orphan grandchild. When Mrs. Busybody went to call her the next morning she was greeted with: "I'm sure the dear Lord sent me here. I've been sick all night. Whatever should I have done in that cold hotel?" So Mrs. B. turned nurse. Remedies were given, faces were washed, hair combed, hot-water bottle and hot griddles came upstairs, a tempting breakfast was soon spread, and by noon the patient was able to come to the parlor and rest on the couch. When she went on her way she was told she was more than welcome to her care and keeping, but after she left, a dollar was found under her plate. Her story was too long to tell. Throughout it was full of care, privations and suffering. But she went on her way comforted.

"It seems good to be alone once more," we said one evening in the parsonage. But about ten o'clock the same evening the faithful bell rang again and a young girl stepped in, saying: "We have been to the lake to skate, and while there Mr. B. fell and put his arm out of joint. His room is so cold he does not dare to stay in it to-night. Can you keep him? He is at the doctor's office, and will be here as soon as he is able to come." Get thy spindle and distaff ready and God will send thee flax." It was past midnight before the Busybodies retired. But the young man who would otherwise have been miserable was made comfortable

and had experience of the practical side of Christianity. "Oh, the good we all máy do while the days are going by."

But it costs no little work, fatigue, and self-denial to put off so often and so far other things that we want to do and that so need to be done.

# FOREIGN MISSIONARY WORK AT HOME.



THE GERMANS.

THE SCANDINAVIANS.

THE SLAVIC RACES.

THE NEW SOUTHWEST.

NEW MEXICO.

MASSACHUSETTS.



COMPILED

BY THE

Congregational Home Missionary Society,  
Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street,  
NEW YORK CITY.

## **SUBJECT:**

### **The Congregational Home Missionary Society.**

#### **TOPICS SUGGESTED FOR PROGRAMS.**

1. The Country.
2. The City.
3. Foreign Missions at Home.
4. The Frontier.
5. The Ranch. The Mine. The Lumber Camp.
6. Missionary Heroism.
7. Historical Sketches.
8. Our Country. Its resources. Its problems. Its opportunities.
9. Woman's Work. The Union. What is it? Its object.  
Its aim. Its methods. Its success.
10. The Congregational Home Missionary Society. Its origin.  
Its field. Its aim. Its missionaries. Results.

**Material will be furnished by the Society on application.**

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**The following list of books published or obtained by the Sunday School and Publication Society furnish rich material for the study of Home Missions.**

The Minute Man on the Frontier.  
Service in the King's Guards.  
Nakoma.  
Faith on the Frontier.  
Autobiography of Fanny.  
Mary and I.  
Reuben Taylor.  
Asa Turner.  
The Pioneer Preacher.  
Our Life among the Iroquois.  
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Two Volunteer Missionaries among the Dakotas.  
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George H. Atkinson.  
Oregon. By Barrows.  
Cushing Eells.  
Alaska.  
Strange corners in our country. Loomis.

For intelligent study of our country every library should be supplied with Dr. Josiah Strong's books: Our Country. The New Era. The Twentieth Century City.

## OUR IMPORTED MISERY.

I spent some interesting hours tramping about New York slums, contrasting in my mind the terrible poverty with the little less terrible wealth found within the limits of the same city. The misery I saw was chiefly foreign; the streets and houses were filled with Germans, Polish and Russian Jews, Italians, Irish, hapless seekers for the riches that lie at the end of the rainbow where it touches the earth. The public schools of the district told the same story, scarcely an American child being found among the dark-eyed, dark-haired little ones, who have to be taught the language of their adopted country ere their ordinary education can commence. It is a complex problem which has to be worked out on American soil, this shooting down of foreign waifs and strays into a country which so quickly admits them to full rights of citizenship, the fragments broken by British and Continental oppression used for the building of a country that should be noble and free.

The most tiresome duty that the judges of the Superior and Common Pleas Courts have to perform is the naturalization of the thousands of foreigners that wish to become invested with the rights and privileges of American citizenship, especially just before election time. When naturalization is going on the court-room is turned into a school-room. The clerk calls off the name of the prospective citizen, who steps up to the bar with his friend who is to declare that he has known him for so many years, and that he knows him to be of good moral character. Then the friend steps aside, and a judge asks the embarrassed candidate a few questions to see if he knows enough to be given a



vote. This was part of a conversation between judge and candidate in the Court of Common Pleas the other day:

"What is the government of this country?" asked the judge.

"Republic," said the candidate.

"Who is the chief officer of this State?"

"The Governor."

"And who makes the laws?"

"The Sinnit."

"The Senate and what?" with an emphasis on the "what."

"Yes, sir; yes, sir; the Sinnit and w'at."

But he got his papers.

## THE GERMAN WORK.

Let us not forget the magnitude of our problem. There are nearly 7,000,000 Germans (including children of the first generation) in our country. In point of German population New York City and Chicago rank next to Berlin. Chicago's more than 1,500,000 people number among them over 420,000 Germans, to about 332,000 Americans. Nor will the needed work in German be done in the first generation. A German Lutheran synod, organized 150 years ago in Pennsylvania, is still increasing in membership. A distinctively German synod, in Iowa, reported 28,000 communicants in 1886. In 1895 it had increased to 69,000. Said an educator the other day: "My ancestors came from Germany five generations ago, but when I decided to become a teacher I had to begin by learning the English language." Considering the productiveness of the German race, and that the limits of the power of Germany to support a large population are now nearly reached, can there be any doubt that the stream of German emigration will soon again be in motion, and that our underpopulated country will receive a large share? Surely Germany is already modifying our ideals and institutions. We must lay hold of our German fellow-citizens, and with them conserve what is best in their and our civilization.

Occupation and environment have not failed to leave their impress on Germans. The sunnier clime has given the South-German a more sympathetic and emotional nature, and he responds more easily to American ideas of Christianity. The rural peoples are generally more conservative, "orthodox" and churchly. The artisan and manufacturing classes have "rubbed up against" the world more, and read the papers. The coddling of Protestantism during the cele-

brated "Kultur-Kampf," in which Catholicism was repressed, and later, when Protestants protested against increasing military budgets, the restoration of Catholic privileges, and the protection of her missionaries, have not escaped the observation of these artisans. Many profess to believe that the church is only the tool of the State to keep the common people in subjection. She is, therefore, misunderstood and viewed with distrust. Materialism and disbelief have sapped the faith of multitudes. Organizations providing insurance and ministering to the senses, cultivating also social, physical and intellectual pleasures, flourish.

In a small Eastern city four *large "halls"* are well sustained by German working people, while repeated attempts to establish a church failed. But in the face of slurs, opposition, and other discouragements our missionary persevered. One day a poor woman (one of his first fruits) called. Said she: "We have talked a good deal about a church, but have done nothing. I have earned ten dollars by washing, and have brought it as the nucleus of a building fund. I fear my husband would whip me if he knew it. Now let us pray for God's blessing upon it." After fervent prayers, she counted it out and found *eleven* dollars. Clapping her hands, she exclaimed, "Praise the Lord, he has already blessed it; I thought there were only ten!" Such a spirit is catching. It took possession of the church. Friends were raised up for it, and now a beautiful chapel has been erected and paid for, and is the joy and blessing of the people.

A young German girl there found her Saviour. Her frequent testimony to the blessedness and power of divine grace angered a relative, who induced her father in Germany to command her to come home. Appeals from friends were of no avail, and with great sorrow

she took leave of her companions and pastor to obey her father. Social and other pleasures were vainly tried to divert her from "her foolish notions." Severe measures, and the ridicule of parents and friends were hard to endure, but were borne in the spirit of meekness and without complaint. When she reached her majority, aided by friends in the East, she returned to her American church and friends, and bore joyous testimony of the blessedness of enduring shame and hardness with her Lord.

One live church of about eighty members, in Chicago, sent forth five young men to our school at Wilton, four of them consecrated to the work of the ministry. Surely if self-propagation is a distinctive characteristic of *life*, this little church must be surcharged with it. The going forth of these young men means self-sacrifice and hardships for parents who had hoped to lean upon them in their declining years.

An official member of another denomination established a Sunday-school in an Eastern suburb. The parents of the children came to feel that they must have a church. Casting about for a form of organization best suited to their wants, they found it not in the German State church, nor in that of their leader, but in our Zion. Yet brethren often ask: "Is Congregationalism adapted to the Germans?"

Nor ought we to underestimate the *indirect* influence of our work upon the cold, formal State churches. Many of them are constrained to cultivate the prayer-meeting and to take higher ground on the Sunday and saloon questions by some smaller and less pretentious but live Congregational church.

Another feature of special interest in our work is that among the German-Russians. At the beginning of this century, when Germany was inaugurating her great military system, there were many pietists in the

land, who, like Count Tolstoi of modern times, believed in the gospel of non-resistance. To think that every able-bodied man in a Christian nation must spend from three to eight years in learning to fight seemed to them a sad travesty on Christ's command, "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." Frowned upon and persecuted by their own church and State, and allured by the glittering promises of Russia, which included free land, immunity from military service, liberty in matters of religion, and German courts of justice, multitudes of these German pietists sorrowfully left their Fatherland to seek in the land of the Czars the freedom denied them in their own. But in 1870 Russia began systematically to withdraw one by one the privileges guaranteed. Russianization has been steadily pressed. Fearing that the compulsory use of the Russian language, which involves deterioration and absorption into the Russian Church, would come next, many of them have migrated to Dakota, Nebraska and other States of the West.

The State churches from which they originally came are now hardly more favorable to lay activity and the prayer-meeting than then. These pietists naturally find the freedom, fellowship, and spiritual life with us. Usually they organize into small churches of from six to twenty-five families, and as from three to eight villages were combined under one pastor in Russia, so from three to seven churches here combine to secure a pastor. Each church in turn claims him for a whole Sunday. On the Sundays when he is not with a church, regular services are conducted by the senior deacon, who reads a sermon from Hoffacker, or some other spiritual divine. Meetings for prayer are almost as well attended as those for preaching. If changes from prayer to testimony, or song, are not as free as

with us, they more generally take part in prayer. Not equal to the Germans in point of education, they are more familiar with their Bibles and more advanced in spiritual life. Long away from the Fatherland, they are less tenacious of German traditions and customs and more readily adopt American ideas. Discussions as to the right of a true Christian to smoke and drink are not uncommon. Frequently saloons are held to be inconsistent with Christian character. Membership in secret societies is not approved, and is sometimes the subject of discipline. Superintendent Wiard, of South Dakota, testifies that the banner county in the prohibitory amendment campaign was chiefly settled by German-Russians.

Home mission work among this people is inexpensive and profitable. I recall a field on which less than \$800 in all of home missionary money was expended during three or four years. It has long been self-supporting, and comprises six churches and several preaching stations. Three houses of worship have been erected in as many years, and they have contributed generously for benevolent objects. These gifts came largely from poor people. The brother who came ten miles to bring me from the station had no dainties to set before his guest. All the furniture, except a bedstead and three chairs, was "home made." But three solid weeks of work on the new church and a liberal subscription in money proved his devotion. A rousing missionary meeting, with collections of from seventy to ninety dollars, are a regular feature of our Dakota association. Half crops and low prices do not affect their gifts greatly. But what is, perhaps, still more significant is the awakening desire of the young people for a liberal education and a sense of responsibility to give the Gospel to others. They are coming in increasing numbers to our college at Wilton. Who

can rightly estimate what we may do for them if we rightly educate the future leaders of this sturdy people?

Let us turn to another phase of our work. In almost every district association in the Mississippi Valley there are churches gradually declining by the removal of their members, while often thrifty Germans are taking their places. Hopes for their early assimilation are cherished. Their children are enthusiastic attendants in the Sunday-school. Soon a minister asks for the church, to hold a German service, which is readily granted. Then the older children are missed from the Sunday-school, and it is found that they are to be "confirmed." Confirmed in what? It is said that they will probably rejoin the class after Easter. But when they are invited to the school and Bible study the answer is: "Oh, we learned all that from our minister." In what were they confirmed? Bible study? Prayer? Christian fellowship?

Now, if that church had had a minister able to preach equally well in both languages, its steady decline and the eventual sale of the property might have been avoided, and the community remained united as one people, while much home missionary money would have been saved. Years ago a church in Wisconsin closed its doors on account of this change in population. Yet the religious needs of the community were not met by the remaining church. Even business men came to feel the loss of the Congregational church, and the German people were also without the Gospel. At length a "brother-in-law of the church" offered to pay a considerable part of a minister's salary, provided one were secured who could preach in both languages. Happily we were able to supply the man. The result is that this church has had regular services for four years, has paid its own bills, and contributed liberally to our missionary societies.



Now this can be and ought to be repeated in an indefinite number of churches. When shall we become wise to see and seize our opportunities? If all this work is to be well done, we must have men properly trained for it—men who are themselves Congregationalists by conviction and experience. Our work has been retarded, and has suffered, not alone for the want of funds, but I fear *more* from the want of properly equipped men. Wilton College is the only institution in all the land authorized and aided by our churches for this special purpose. The last annual report of our Education Society names nine colleges and fifteen academies helped by it during the last year. These institutions report twenty colleges and thirty-eight academic students preparing for the ministry. But of these fifty-eight there are twenty in Wilton College alone. Since it was the declared purpose in organizing this society to aid young men to secure a college education in preparing for the ministry, it would seem that Wilton College is a most appropriate place for a liberal share of the gifts of this noble society.

Again we say, give us only a reasonable amount of help to educate these young Germans, and we will provide a goodly number of loyal young men for both the home and foreign mission fields. Our teachers are giving seven, eight and nine lessons daily. Two of them are in danger of breaking down under the load. Why do we not avoid the criticism of cruelty to *men*? Because our college has no endowment, and our receipts from the churches do not allow us to increase our teaching force.

## PERSONAL EXPERIENCES IN THE GERMAN WORK.

A Greek philosopher of the ancient times, Socrates, has said: "I know that I know nothing." We all know he was a wise man, and so we will call this modesty in him; but if I say this of myself, "I know that I know nothing," we will give it the right name, truth. I do not want to bring you philosophical ideas and thoughts of any kind, and if I would, I could not do it. I had the opportunity to observe the influence of the Congregational Church in the German families, and I simply like to give you some experiences of my work among the Germans in this country.

Born in Germany, I left my Fatherland in 1885 to make the city of Chicago my future home. As I was used to do, I went to a large German Lutheran church on the first Sundays, but I was not quite satisfied, because I found the service so different from what I expected to find; there was not a bit of spiritual life in it. The name "Congregational" was at that time entirely unknown to me, and so I paid no attention to a chapel with this sign in front. I was always looking out for a big church with a high steeple, until a member of the small chapel invited me to attend the service with her, and it was here that my soul was filled with the riches of God's infinite grace, and I became a Sunday-school teacher, which I remained for five years, when I married, and removed to another part of the same city.

My husband's congregation was at first a very small one, and his church situated in a place that is almost entirely settled by German Lutherans. Did any one of you ever work among them? You will agree with me when I say they have a prejudice against everything that is not connected with the name "Lutheran," except the beer. They drink that, whatever name it has.

I do not mean to blame the laymen as much; they are taught that way; nor do I want to say one word against the great German reformer, Luther. He was a noble tool in God's molding hand, but we must not forget the Creator among his creatures, and so we must teach the Germans practically the abundant love Christ has for them, that they may not cling to their name as much as to that one which we are proud of—Congregational Christians.

The German Lutherans suppose themselves to be Christians when they pay their contribution, visit the church to and fro, especially on festival days, have their children baptized and confirmed; but they are not born again, they work on Sundays, and they even prefer this holy day to have their picnics.

This reminds me of our first church and Sunday-school picnic. They thought it an easy way to make money, for the church by selling beer on the grounds, as the Lutheran churches in the West do. Several of the men insisted upon having it sold; the pastor opposed, and, though he did not like to leave his field of labor, he was going to hand in his resignation on this account; then they decided not to sell beer, and in the four following years it seemed self-understood that on no occasion or picnic combined with the church there was sold any liquor, and now they detest it themselves. We see that dead souls can be filled with life again, can be ennobled, if those that have more judgment lead them on the right way.

We had a very hard time to conquer the prejudices of our Lutheran surrounding and to get the children in our Sunday-school, especially because they had their own mission, two houses apart from our house of worship. I do not want to relate how the Lutheran teacher worked against us, but, glory to God! He crowned our work. We experienced a slow though

steady growth of our Sunday-school until the average attendance was ninety scholars: and if you win the heart and the love of a child, be sure you have its mother on your side.

The German mother, as a rule, is known as a good housekeeper and rather a hard-working woman. She devotes all her time to her home and children, teaching them to sing and pray, to knit and sew, and to obey strictly, telling them stories while she is sewing and mending, and our church is greatly obliged to the mothers in our Woman's Society. They helped us in every possible way, though our congregation consisted of the poorer class of people. We know a great many cases in which the head of a family of six and seven earns one dollar a day, and now he is willing to contribute a small share to the monthly collection, and their children would not come to Sunday-school without a penny, and that means much with many children and but small wages.

I remember a little girl's absence from Sabbath-school. She had no other reason but the want of a penny. I visited her and told her that the Saviour wanted something of more value from her—Christ wants a little girl's heart—and so she came back without a cent, but with a face beaming with joy and with a heart ready to give it to the best friend of children. Shortly after this happened there were two boys who thought it an easy plan to bring their heart as a tribute instead of a penny, and one Sunday morning it seemed impossible to them to find their cent. I asked them, "Now, boys, what are you going to give?" "My heart," was the prompt answer. "That is well done; but haven't you a penny, too?" They searched and searched in all their pockets, very slowly, of course; I waited patiently, because I knew my boys. At last they found their looked-for penny, and, with blushed

cheeks, they dropped it into the collection-box. You, friends, and I, we wonder if their heart was as near to Jesus as to their penny on that fine spring morning.

This incident encouraged me to organize a "Junior Christian Endeavor Society," the first German one, as I heard afterwards, in Chicago, and I had the enjoyment to enroll thirty-two little workers in the vineyard of our Lord, and God has perfected praise out of the mouth of his young children. The offerings that some of the little Endeavorers brought to their weekly prayer-meetings I encouraged them to give at certain times to sick and still poorer children and widows, for God loveth a cheerful giver; and these small gifts, accompanied with our prayers and the Almighty's blessing, worked wonders.

We do not see any difference now between our little English and German Endeavorers; the latter like very much to sing their Gospel Hymns, are ready to lead a prayer, and I always noticed the blessing of my Junior Society in their individual homes; father and mother are fond of hearing their children sing these songs, and so they did not object any more, as they did first, when we made use of these beautiful Gospel Hymns for church service, and I am glad to state this year was the first one we could have revival meetings. The term was fixed for eight days; the church was crowded every night; and our congregation showed such an interest that we agreed with all our heart to prolong these meetings for one week. All were under the impression that a great unity of feeling prevailed, and let us ask the Lord to-day that he may pour out his blessings in a rich measure also upon the German Congregational work, extending it from frosty Canada to the sunny Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast.

Perhaps it is of some interest to you if I give you

some items of the work of a German missionary's wife. As her husband's salary is a very small one, she, of course, has to do all the housework herself in every detail, and must never get too tired to visit the sick, and must not forget the healthy. She has to help in Sunday-school, to be present in every meeting, to preside over the Ladies' Society, to teach Bible classes during the week, and, as it was the case with me, to play the organ in church, Sunday-school and meetings, and to lead the choir; and yet she must not show a worn-out face, but everything must be done cheerfully.

I do not want you to understand this as a complaint. On the contrary, I always thought it a great privilege that our beloved Master favored me to do a little for his sake, and would it not have been for my lacking health, I had never given up an iota of this blessed work; and suppose there should be any one who is to become a missionary's wife, do not shrink back on account of the duties that are awaiting you and seem to be hard. Your task will become, the longer, the dearer to you; and, bear in mind, if all was right, the missionary and his wife would not be needed.

Compared with the large German population, there is only a small number of German Congregational churches in the United States, and so we feel sorry in saying the Germans cannot all be reached, on account of the limited means with which the church has to deal. I urgently request you to help us to carry the message of life also to the Germans in this country, that they may feel the spiritual life of the Pilgrim Fathers. Let us work healthfully and efficiently together, creating a true and real heart-union in the English and German Congregational church work, for we are all brothers and sisters in Christ, and so we fulfill partly our Lord's commandment, when He says, "Go ye therefore and teach all the nations;" and we know a good Christian is a loyal citizen.

## NEEDS AND PROSPECTS OF OUR AMERICAN GERMANS.

I am especially impressed with the peculiar history of our German people in America within the last fifty years. Religiously, they have too often been like sheep without a shepherd, and where they have had them these have too frequently proved hirelings or worse. Even to-day I ask myself, Where are the great religious leaders for the German millions in the United States? And I find but very few. There are also no widely influential Christian German schools. Instead of these, evidences may be gathered on every hand that the minds of the large majority of American Germans are swayed by the leaders and organs of the Free-thinker and Turner Associations, and the great materialistic dailies of our larger cities. Is there any wonder, then, that the trend of German inclination is so tremendously against Christian ideas and a truly Christian life? Or should it be strange that the German masses are so hopelessly estranged from the best sentiment of Christian America? In the light of these considerations, and, I may add, in the light of frequent personal experiences in daily life, I cannot help feeling that there is to-day no people more in need of a strong saving effort than the American Germans. Has such an effort been strongly made at any time, or is it being made now? I know of nothing really rousing on a large scale undertaken by our own churches, and the work of the Presbyterians does not make a much stronger impression. So the question comes to me again and again, When will something adequate be done? When will the men come, with truly uplifting power, who will not lower their own moral standards, and yet shall have great influence with the German masses and also with the unbelieving, educated



Germans? One thing seems very certain: the first and most important step in order to bring back the Germans to the God of their fathers must be taken on educational lines. We need a ministry able in learning, full of evangelistic zeal, and with a practical turn of mind. Thus far, German churches have had altogether too few such men. Would that we might have the means, the heart, the wisdom, and the young men—material to build it all into a strong Congregational German school for the uplifting of the German masses! As it is, we are still in the day of small things. While some real progress has been made, advancement has been hindered particularly by the bad financial condition of the country. The number of students has not come up to our expectations, some applicants being compelled to give up the idea of studying at present, for lack of means. Nor have financial efforts been as successful as they otherwise would have been, though we have felt the strain less than have some other institutions. We are truly grateful for such blessings as we have received. We have a larger number of promising boys preparing for the ministry than we have ever before had in the school. As for the life and work in the Seminary, it has been free from all disturbing influences. Our good relations with our German churches have been very materially strengthened; this, also, mainly through the work of the financial agent. It is my sincere desire that the Lord may, in our own case, use the weak things of the world for the salvation of many.

## THE GERMAN-RUSSIANS.

I never found a people more hungry for the simple Gospel of Jesus Christ than are our German-Russians. We drove sixty miles on Saturday to a preaching station, where the people were anxious to be organized as a Congregational church. The neighbors had gathered by ten o'clock a. m. We preached to them, and then put the question on organizing, which was enthusiastically carried. We organized the "Bethlehem German Congregational Church of Gregory County, South Dakota," with thirty-eight members. After taking a hasty dinner we drove twenty-eight miles farther, to the next preaching station. Had sent a messenger out in the morning to notify them that we would be with them by half-past six p. m. The people were all on hand, and another church was organized, with twenty members. It took the name of "Christ's Church, of Boyd County, Nebraska."

Monday forenoon we drove back to the Bethlehem church and held a service with them. After dinner we drove thirty-three miles more to another point, where the people almost insisted on an organization. A church of twelve members was formed, which took the name of the "Freudenthal Church, of Boyd County, Nebraska." The "Valley of Joy" is what the name signifies. Surely they were joyous faces.

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## PATHETIC.

A knock at the parsonage door and we are introduced to the pastor of a German-Russian church, not far away. He is here to lay the sad case of his people before the Superintendent.

"Fifty families among my people," he says, "suffer to-day for want of food and clothing. They are not to blame. You know they do not beg. You know they are not idle. They work, they save, they have no crops, and now they suffer, they starve. They would gladly work, but alas! everything is against us—we are helpless."

The tearful eyes and broken voice are pathetic, and there are tears in other eyes. Turning suddenly to the traveler, he exclaims, "If the people at the East could know that it is the Home Missionary Church that suffers, surely their hearts would melt, surely they would help. Madam, will the ladies at the East, do you think, take these German-Russian daughters as servants?"

"What can they do?"

"Alas!" says he, despondently, "they know but one thing—they work in the field. They know not the work of the house. They could crush the nice dishes in their strong hands. But," again brightening, "if only the ladies of the East were patient with them, they might learn."

Here Mrs. Superintendent, with ready tact, drew from the perplexed pastor further particulars about these girls, and gave him permission to send a small party to her, and she would do her utmost to secure situations for them in the more prosperous towns of Dakota. The grateful man had no words in English to express his appreciation of her kindness, and resorted to the tongue of the Fatherland. Great was his pleasure when this gentle and gifted lady responded in the same. She comforted him as she has comforted and cheered many another disheartened missionary on her husband's wide field.

"Do your people pay anything for your support?" he was asked,

"My people have *nothing* now," said he; "and I depend wholly upon the small sum which the Society can give me. Only for the Society my people would have no shepherd."

"But how do you live?"

"I need very little. I am alone. When these hard times are over, if God be willing, a day will come when I shall not be alone."

## HOW IT LOOKS TO A GERMAN PROFESSOR.

I believe that your present task of sowing the seeds of Christianity in the remotest valleys of this broad land is truly meritorious. But I think you are somewhat puzzled about the ways and means of reaching the hearts and souls of the civilized German immigrants; and therefore, as I have had peculiar facilities for studying religious thought and life abroad, and have been a close observer of American religions also, I will venture a few remarks on this subject of Christianizing the Germans.

It would seem that to win souls, of whatever nationality, we must have strong personal convictions and something which Americans call "tact."

Germans, having been brought up in State churches, feel an instinctive dislike to "sects." They look upon an enthusiastic sectarian as a hopeless crank. They need to be told that in America sects are the expression and outgrowth of religious liberty, which, while allowing dissent in secondary matters, do not preclude love and charity on matters of importance. Especially is it unwise, in the hearing of the German, to make the Roman Catholic Church a target of attack. In Ger-

many, Catholics and Protestants live happily together. They seldom refer to their religious differences.

The American missionary among the Germans will gain nothing by extreme measures in the matter of German moral and social laws. I well remember my own astonishment when I first came to this country, at the remark of a misisonary in the West: "What is Christianity? It is, no beer, no tobacco!" To a German brought up from childhood to take his mug of beer with his frugal meal and to see his father smoke the pipe as a daily custom, such a remark seems unjust and uncalled for, and disgusts him with the American religion. The true American Christian will agree with me, I think, that while it is cowardly to shirk one's duty in this and every other matter, the habits of a lifetime must be attacked very carefully and with true Christian delicacy. Kindly instruct your German friend that there is a law of the majority in this country which requires good order, pure morals and temperance.

Please consider that the German mind has for many generations been more impressed with the magical spell of its own national poetry than with the truths of the Bible. This is largely the fault of the German clergy, who have remained stationary, formal and theoretical; who could not understand the pulse of the national life. These ideas of liberty and progress, which are the truths uppermost in the German mind to-day, may be traced to the influence of Schiller, Goethe and Lessing. Lessing, the scholar, was more keenly alive to the religious needs of his beloved German people than were his adversaries; and his warning voice has more than local or transient significance when he lectures the clergy: "Unless Protestant churches keep true to their own vital principles—and what can be more vital for Protestants than the earnest

and fearless search after, and assertion of, Religious Truth?—Romanism will speedily be as much ahead of Protestantism as Protestantism has distanced the old Church." It is interesting, at this point, to recall the fact that, of the seven best modern poets of Germany, all have been Protestants.

I do not need to remind Americans of Mr. Emerson's beautiful expression, "The German's Inward Light." The German word, literally interpreted, means, "The inner man swayed by conscience." This is what braced Luther to struggle victoriously against popes, princes and peoples. It is this quality of the German mind which makes it disdain new formulas and creeds, however plausible, pleasing or pleading. There is a cry of the soul for *spiritual food*; none is more hungry than the German for this, but none more lynx-eyed to discriminate between the counterfeit and the real Bread of Life.

Finally, the German immigrant should gradually be trained into his new birthright of citizenship in this grand republic, and he will come at last to share in the joy of the children of God; for we find in all true Christianity, of whatever form, one spiritual truth, like a thread of gold: The Love of God and the Brotherhood of the Races.

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### ABOUT A GERMAN PASTOR.

He has had a romantic history. He told me that he carried the marks upon his shoulders where his own father struck him with a board because he would run away and go to school when he was a little boy. He stood at the head of his spelling class, and neither father nor mother by their united cruelty could keep him from getting a schooling. There is a scar on his chin

where he was cut with a butcher knife. He was spreading bread and butter one morning to pack his little dinner pail for school, when his mother caught him with such suddenness that in running away from her he forgot to drop his butcher knife and so cut himself.

When he finished the district school he wondered where he would go next. His father lived only a few miles from a city. He heard of two maiden ladies in this city who had a great many books. He thought if he could get a chance to work for them he might get a chance at those books. So he walked seven miles to see them, and found by the good providence of God that these ladies were just about discharging a man they did not like, and they gladly engaged him. He stayed with them, and worked for them faithfully and gladly to be near those beloved and longed-for books. One day he was out driving the ladies in their carriage, when one of them said: "How would you like to go to school and be a preacher?" He was quite overcome by this question, which at last opened to him the great wide field of opportunity. Arrangements were made for his going at once to the university in that State. The next day one of the dear old ladies met with an accident which disabled her for a long time, and the faithful, devoted man, seeing how much they both needed his services, gave up going to the university that year. But he went the following year. Every Sabbath he came home to the two ladies, returning to school again on Monday.

He attended school at the university six years, doing all he could to perfect his English. The library that drew him to serve in the family of these two ladies consisted of two hundred and fifty volumes, perhaps, and he said he devoured—not read, that word would not express it—he devoured nearly every book in that



library, and he remarked to me that it amused him to think to-day of the kind of books he read then, like "Edwards on the Will," "Boston's Four-fold State," and such. I imagine this library might have been bequeathed by some ministerial relative, deceased, probably a revered father.

All this time his parents had been bitter against him. He went home at the close of the university course. He had decided to go to Oberlin for his seminary course, and when he left home for Oberlin not a word of approval did he receive, much less his father's benediction, although he thought his parents were somewhat mollified in their feelings toward him. They must have seen how their son had improved in appearance alone, under all this training. When Christmas came he received a present of two dollars and fifty cents—the very first money he had ever received from his father, and the first sign to the son of any relenting on his father's part.

When next he came home, at the close of his first year in the seminary, he found his father in the field planting corn. Greetings were exchanged, and the son said: "Shall I help you, father?" and immediately borrowed a corn-planter from a neighbor, and went to work in the field helping his father plant corn. Just as they both had finished there came a good rain, just what was needed, and his father felt so good at getting his crop all in before the rain came that he actually melted in heart quite a little toward his son. He had found out that the despised "education" had not spoiled his boy for good, straight, downright labor with his hands.

One day a temperance lecturer came to the town, and at the close of his oration he appealed to members of the audience to get up and sign an agreement that the citizens would go for prohibition. Only two came

forward, our young friend and the head of the State Asylum for the Insane, and these came forward amid jeers and hisses. The lecturer said: "Hiss away; you will yet see your town rid of the saloon through the efforts of these two men." And they did! The head of the insane asylum was thus pretty thoroughly introduced to our young friend, and, finding how he was working and studying to secure an education, promised him material aid, and told him whenever he was in need to call upon him.

While at home from the seminary he was asked to speak at some meeting in town. He did not let his father and mother know, for fear they would be angry; he said when he got up to speak, lo and behold, there sat his father and mother back in the audience! I presume they were not a little proud of their son that night. Well, when he returned to the seminary for the second year, his mother put ten dollars into his hand. Astonished enough he was! And now he thinks they are glad he has gone on in the way he has. He thinks now it will not be so hard for the younger members of his family to get an education. His hard fight and well-earned success have brought their great reward in the fact that he has thus won the battle for his young brothers. And this is the story of our beloved pastor.

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## A LETTER FROM SUPERINTENDENT EVERSZ.

I rejoice that you will study the Germans in our homeland. Let us take a look at them first in the Fatherland. See their great, clean cities! How compactly they are built! What a network of railways covers the country, and how often our train stops!

Why, it seems as if there were a village or city every few miles.

Then see how the sides of the hills and valleys are laid out in tiny fields and farms, which with their variously colored vegetation make the landscape look like a boundless plaid carpet garden, with here and there a round vine-clad hill, crowned with an old castle for a vase of house plants. Orchards and fruits of all kinds abound. Public libraries, parks, museums, zoölogical gardens, art galleries and resorts are found in nearly every city, and on special days in the week the less wealthy can enjoy them free of charge. The people seem so happy and to enjoy themselves so much, you almost wonder why they leave their beautiful Germany.

Ah, those clean, well-kept fields and valleys were once the battle-grounds of the ages. Here Cæsar found the most passionate love of liberty and stubborn resistance to his conquests. In the Teuteburger Forest the Romans found their Waterloo. But alas, the very love of freedom prevented these German tribes from combining to defeat their enemies. They were overcome one by one, and often fought against each other. What a lesson to us! Let us remember, "United, we stand; divided, we fall."

What are those men? They are recruits on their way to join the army. See their barracks and drill grounds. Here is a group learning to scale walls and leap over ditches. Those are learning to march with the least fatigue. These are taking "turning lessons." Those out yonder are learning to handle their new muskets. All able-bodied young men must enter the army for one or more years. There are barracks in nearly every city, and we feel almost as if in a military camp.

Of course it costs very much to sustain so many men. That makes the taxes high and a burdened people. It

is hard for poor young men to rise, and many of them long for America and an equal chance in life.

Ministers are examined and appointed by the State. The children must go to them to learn religion very much as they go to school and learn to read. A few years ago if a child died without being baptized it could only be buried in the "potter's field."

Germans love their Fatherland, and are proud that they have had compulsory education for over fifty years. Their schools and universities are renowned the world over, while their scholars are second to none in what they have done to throw light on the Bible and its teachings. They revere Luther and his Bible, which did for the Germans and their language what King James's Bible did for the English. But much as they love and honor these, they love freedom and an equal chance in life more, especially when a right to manage their own religious affairs is included therein.

How long is it since they began to come to America? Many Germans settled in New York soon after the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. Large sections of Pennsylvania were settled by them over a century ago. But from 1849 on, immigration increased and reached its climax in 1882. It is estimated that 6,500,000 Germans are in our country. They are found in every State and Territory, but are most numerous by far in the Mississippi Valley.

Believing that the Bible forbade war, and compelled to join the army if they remained in Germany, very many converted Germans migrated to Russia about a century and a half ago. Now that Russia is requiring military service and trying to Russianize them, they are coming in great numbers and settling in the Dakotas and Nebraska.

In the war of the Revolution many German names appear on the roll of the Federal army. How they

fought for the Union twenty-seven years ago your fathers can tell you—of whom many joined their German fellow-soldiers in singing, "I fights mit Sigel." Most of them came over empty-handed, but by hard work and self-denial they have in many cases become the owners of the farms on which they began to work by the month.

Why should we preach the Gospel to the Germans in their own language?

1. For the same reasons that we preach to any people. Many of them will be lost unless we reach them. The arbitrariness and formality of the state church have driven many of them into skepticism. We must give them a warm-hearted, living gospel, and a church in which all are brethren and only Christ is master.

2. If we help them to a living Christianity they will soon help us to carry on missions and to maintain our free institutions. The churches already formed do their full share in these directions now. We must be *one* people if our country and institutions shall be safe. But nothing so unifies and binds hearts together as unforced union in religion.

3. Our government and free institutions have grown out of the free churches of the Pilgrim Fathers. The people, foreign-born or American, must be leavened by the same free Christian spirit to become the best citizens. Upon our Congregational churches, the descendants of the Pilgrims, more than upon any others, rests the duty of carrying on this process.

4. They are worthy of our best efforts. Honest and frugal, simple and faithful, our business men give them excellent reputations for paying their honest debts. If they do not adopt American customs as quickly as some, they are more steadfast when converted. Mormon missionaries have little success among Germans.

## OUR SCANDINAVIAN WORK.

The opportunity for our Scandinavian work was never so good as now. Doors are opening; fields are inviting our occupancy; people are asking for the hearing of the Word and for spiritual oversight, and men are offering themselves to speak that Word, visit the uncared for, and seek out the neglected. There is no end of promising work to be done, which no body of Christian workers seems on the alert to do. There are large areas of untilled territory. The lacking thing is not new, but something a long time lacking—the means for bringing the willing workers and the waiting fields together.

Strong appeals come from little groups of people who infrequently enjoy the religious privileges and services with which the more favored, living in the centers, often feel themselves surfeited, and which these groups are desirous of having with some degree of regularity and certainty. But about all that the Scandinavian Department has been able to do in these latter days is to keep the work which is already begun, and in hand, up to the level of its absolute demands. And even this has not been feasible in every instance.

These appeals are not limited to any one region; but come from various and distant quarters. There are Scandinavians in Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Montana, Idaho and North Dakota, who would be very glad to welcome the messenger with "the beautiful feet," and listen to the "good tidings of good" which he publisheth. The need is so pressing in some of these fields, and the calls so loud and often repeated, that some of our American brethren cannot understand,

they say, much as they know of our Society's stress, how this department can hear these calls and not respond to them without being derelict to duty. Two things, however, are essential in a response to any call, no matter how urgent: a willing mind, and *the ways and means*. The officers of the Society all have the willing mind; but how to do that which they would, they find not. A larger committee on ways and means is needed, even "the committee of the whole" church.

Some of the specific things which are especially needed just at this present writing are a general missionary among the Scandianavians, Norwegians and Swedes in North Dakota, and on the east side of the Red River, in the border counties of Minnesota; a general missionary in the Northwest among the Finns; a weekly or monthly publication, which will stand for the interests of our Swedish Congregational churches, and inform the people of their work and its progress; and assistance in sustaining our Dano-Norwegian paper, "Evangelisten."

There is as imperative a call for a general worker among "another race from the far north"—the Finns. In the region bordering on the Great Lakes—Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota—dwell many of these folk. Rev. Franz Lehtinen, pastor of a Finnish Congregational church at Ashtabula, Ohio, for the past nine years, has last summer been visiting his countrymen in this territory, making over forty addresses in twelve different towns and districts. Again and again he was importuned to return and preach the Word to them. His heart goes out to these his brethren, "scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd;" and he would gladly leave the easier work in order to give these neglected ones an occasional opportunity to listen to the preaching of the Gospel.

One of the greatest helps in church and denomina-



tional work is the religious paper, which is deemed so important as, in some quarters, to be multiplied needlessly. Our Swedish Congregational work has no help of this kind, and is feeling the need of it very much indeed. The eastern Swedish Congregational churches did have a publication, with headquarters in Boston; but it is numbered among the things of the past. And this is held by some to be a good and sufficient reason why another attempt should never be made. Where would our denominational papers be, if this argument had always prevailed? The Swedish ministers in the Northwest are very desirous of having some publication through which they may give expression to their views and opinions regarding their work, and may tell to each other what they are doing. It would aid the Swedish work amazingly if it only had an organ of this kind, to inform and inspirit all the workers.

And this prepares the way to say that the Dano-Norwegian part of our work has an excellent publication, "Evangelisten," which has been rendering efficient aid to all the Norwegian churches and their ministers. But the hard fact is that this paper is not yet self-supporting. It has been a burden upon its friends through all the years of its existence; especially has Prof. R. A. Jernberg, of the Chicago Theological Seminary, stood under the load. He has worked incessantly, doing the work of managing and literary editor without remuneration, and carrying the financial burden in addition. This efficient and almost indispensable helper is in desperate need of friendly assistance. The paper has done good work; it is doing good work; but it is to be feared that it will not be able to continue "to do good and to communicate," unless some financial friends come to its rescue. One or two hundred dollars would preach the Gospel widely through the pages of this paper, if any one is moved in his spirit so to do;

and a worthy agent would be supported in a beneficent mission.

These are some of the pressing needs of the Scandinavian work, and also some of its open doors of opportunity.

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### FROM A NATIVE SWEDE.

I am a missionary among my people. My work has been to visit the poor and discouraged people, to bring to them the Gospel, and to help in any way that might be possible. There are families that the churches cannot reach. We have a number of large Scandinavian churches. The American churches cannot reach these people. It needs some one to go to their homes, find out how they live, and what can be done to help them.

In connection with the Congregational churches I have had the privilege to work in the city for seven years. In this time I have seen much to tell, about many who cannot for family cares go to church. They have been used to attend church at home, now they feel lonely and forsaken in this country. I can tell about many who through drink and sin do not care to go to church. I will relate some incidents of these cases.

One of these mothers with four little children said to me, "Teacher, you have done me much good by telling me of Jesus, and reading his word to us. I cannot go to church but once in a great while. I have been so happy when you have come."

Another family where the husband drank. Had been a drunkard for many years; is a good workman, can earn from \$18 to \$25 a week, but would not work; would sell his wife's things for drink. She has had to earn the living by going out to do some washing. Sometimes she could not go, and they were ready to starve.

This winter I have been working with him for hours at a time to try to make him ashamed and sorry for his sins. Finally, after talking and praying with him and his wife one day for two hours, he promised me he would not drink. I have heard since coming East that he was doing better than ever for his family and does not drink.

More than a year ago I found a mother whose husband had left her with a baby twenty days old, and three children besides, to take care of. Her husband did not write to her for months at a time, and did not send her any money.

After some months the baby was taken sick, and the mother, too. We took them both to the hospital, and the three boys to the Orphan Home. One day at the hospital she said to me, "Will you please write to my husband, tell him I am sick, and need some money?" I did write, begged him in the letter to be a man, a father to his children and a kind husband to his wife, assuring him that he could be all this by trusting in Jesus. I very soon received a letter with money, saying he would try to do better. His wife got well, and one day, in a neat little home with all the children around her, I found a number of men; one of them was introduced as her husband. After a little, some of the men invited him to come out and have some beer. The answer was, "No, I thank you, I have not drank a drop for four months; I am much better without it."

I have for the last year been working in five districts and have been able to reach about two hundred families. In each of these fields the same number might be reached and much better taken care of and the worker last longer and do better work. In the work among the children I have seen much to rejoice over in what they can be and do. A little girl, seven years of age,

thoughtfully said to her mother one day, "Why won't you be a real Christian, mamma?" The mother's answer was, "Anna, do you believe there are any Christians?" "Oh yes, Miss Johnson is one, and she tells us how easy it is to be a Christian and God loves us." A few weeks after that conversation, that little girl and three younger sisters were taken home to heaven in two weeks' time. Do you think that mother will become a real Christian some day? I do.

Down on the River Ground, people build themselves little shanties to live in, and pay one dollar a month for rent of the ground. We organized a little mission band for the children and a few mothers. We have raised \$61 for Home and Foreign Missions, and sent the money through the State Treasurer. With happy little hearts the children have brought the pennies and learned about the need of mission work.

I would like to tell you how families who years ago were drunkards—some kept saloons—are now Bible Christians and members of churches; how girls who have been redeemed from a life of sin have homes of their own, and are saved, and helping to save others. Will you pray for the Scandinavian people in your own America?

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## OUR WORK AMONG SCANDINAVIANS.

It is probable that the Society's work among the Scandinavians does not impress the average mind equally with some other forms of home missionary enterprise. Perhaps there are not in it the touching elements for pathetic appeal which are revealed in some of them.

By some of our Scandinavian friends, especially among those who belong to the Lutheran Church, our

work for their countrymen is deemed an impertinence. There are American Christians who see no urgency, nor much necessity, in it. Some of the constituency of this Society are of the opinion that it ought always to give, and never to take, precedence; that it should willingly take a back seat whenever any other part of our vast work wishes to come to the front. Even so it may come and ask your favor and your aid. Twelve years ago it was thought wise and best to begin work among the thousands who, from Norway, Denmark, and especially Sweden, were spreading themselves over our country. Surely it would not be the part of wisdom to allow the fruit of these years of diligent planning and constant effort to go ungathered. There is certainly no less call for this form of work now than there was then.

But it must be said that those who hold the opinions referred to are not as thoroughly informed with respect to the facts of the Society's work among the Scandinavians as it would be well to be.

Our Lutheran friends are quite likely to look at our work through their prejudices rather than to take account of all the facts. We are by no means engaged in making proselytes from their ranks. All the indications, as we read them, are that the Lord has opened a door to the Congregational Church for work among the Scandinavian people who are coming to this land, and especially to the great Northwest, in such numbers, and making their home with us. But we do not judge that to coax sheep from other religious folds is a part of the work which the "Good Shepherd" has laid upon us. And we are doing nothing of the kind. There is no need. There is room enough for all. There are tens of thousands of this people for whom no denomination, no society, has as yet made any provision whatever. No one that I know of is engaged in trying to secure and

secrete any who bear a denominational brand. If a sheep from any other fold thinks our pastures pleasanter and comes into them, it does not seem a duty to drive it back to its old fold again, were this possible. All our home missionary work, like the New Jerusalem, has gates on every side, and always open. Ingress and egress are easy.

One sure sign that our work was providentially undertaken and is divinely directed, is the fact that after so short a term of years the work does not have to be sought, but is pressing upon our Society from every side. And there are aspects of this urgent work which are not sufficiently considered. Our New England Fathers feared, as we well know, that the church polity which they loved devotedly, was not well adapted to the regions beyond the confines of this northeast corner of our country. Their judgment was that Congregationalism needed a homogeneous population and a well-ordered people for its permanence and its prosperity. We venerate their memory, while we do not adopt their opinion. We have more confidence in the ability and adaptability of our very simple church machinery. It is good anywhere and everywhere and for everybody, if properly worked. But the fact to which I call your attention is this, that the very conditions which our fathers thought were needful to the success of Congregationalism are afforded in our Scandinavian population. They are homogeneous; they are well-ordered; they are religiously inclined. The Swedish people, especially, present to us a natural Congregational constituency.

This is what that man of quick discernment, open-mindedness, and broad sympathies, Rev. M. W. Montgomery, discovered when as a home missionary superintendent of Minnesota he came into close contact with this people. His visits to Sweden confirmed his pre-

vious judgment and impressed the fact more clearly and strongly upon him. He held it with strong grasp and worked with it ever in mind.

How is it that among those who come from another land and converse in a very different tongue, there is such similarity of views ecclesiastical as to make them a material very suitable for our forms, molds and methods? The answer to this question gives another important reason why we should address ourselves to this work with greater determination than ever.

The history of this people is not unlike our own. They found their old ecclesiastical relation too strait for them. They could not be content with the corrupt practices, with the worldliness, with the excessive formalism of the prescribed religion. They sought for freedom in the things of the Spirit, and a purer worship. There was no place for them in the old church-home, unless they would surrender the new views learned from the Word of God under the instruction of the Spirit of Truth.

When the work of forming a church for themselves was laid upon these people they took not counsel of men, but of the Word and Spirit of God. In so far as they are Congregationalists, it is not because they were instructed by the Congregationalists of England or of this country. When Mr. Montgomery came upon these Christians in his Minneosta field, and found them essentially of his own denomination, it was no easy thing to get a clear account of their history. There had been no Congregational missions in Sweden, such as the Baptist and the Methodist churches had had. English Congregationalists knew nothing, or had heard only the mention, of a free church movement in Sweden, which to all intents and purposes was Congregational. It was not from men, but from the life-giving Spirit that this remarkable likeness in church life sprang up.



This fact of a great religious movement, spontaneous in its beginnings, issuing out of a devout study of the New Testament Scriptures and a waiting upon the Holy Spirit, and closely related to our own, is certainly a reason of great force for concerning ourselves about it. Can we do less than to give it a hearty welcome and generous aid as it works itself, so far as God will, upon lines which run parallel with our own?

But after all, the chief reason why our Society should, if possible, do more of this work than it ever has done, is the practical situation which confronts us.

There are in our country probably 1,250,000 of foreign-born Scandinavians. Their children are twice as many—2,500,000. We have, then, of Scandinavian-born and born of Scandinavian parentage, 3,750,000. Now, if the Lutheran Church provides for twenty-five per cent. of the Scandinavian people—that is a fair and liberal estimate—and if the Swedish Mission Covenant body, which is Presbyterian in its tendency, certainly, if not in its constitution, and the Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian churches and others, provide for ten per cent., and the estimate is ample, then thirty-five per cent. are afforded religious advantages. Must there not be opportunity, and occasion for other workers? And so we are in this field. We gratefully recognize that a very considerable number of our Scandinavian friends have been providentially led to walk in the Congregational way, even though they may never have called it by this name; that in views upon church government, and largely in doctrine, they are our spiritual kindred. They are needing our assistance, and more than heretofore are looking to us for it.

It was natural that, when in this land of their adoption so strong a denomination as we made overtures to these Scandinavians, suspicions should at first arise in their minds as to our real purposes and motives. It is

natural that their leaders, who would much rather be generals in a smaller camp than lieutenants in a larger one, should make the most of such suspicions. But such barriers cannot permanently stop a tide. What good and sufficient reason can be given why our Saviour's prayer, "That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me," should not be answered, in so far as the cordial fellowship and the earnest co-operation of the self-governed Scandinavian churches and the self-governed American churches go? There are careful observers who think that they can see the tide setting more strongly in this direction. It was for this that the sainted Montgomery prayed most fervently, for this he worked most assiduously, for this he waited very patiently. It was he who discerned this movement more closely than most, in its small beginnings. If they who have passed into the future life can note what is doing here, he, better than we, can mark the drift and strength of this current, and it must increase his joy. For there are a goodly number of these independent churches which, seeing as they have not in the past how much alike they and we are, and feeling the need of Christian fellowship, are turning toward us.

This is our opportunity. Shall we seize it, or let it go by?

## OUR SLAVIC HOME MISSIONARY WORK.

A view on Broadway, Cleveland, as seen from the gate of Dr. Schauffler's yard, is full of significance. In the center is Bethlehem Bohemian Church, the first church building erected (in 1884) for our Congregational Bohemian home missionary work, and where (in 1888) our first Slavic church was organized. It is named after the famous Bethlehem church built in Prague, Bohemia, for the great Bohemian reformer, John Huss, to preach a free Gospel in. It may be properly called the cradle of our whole great home missionary work for the foreign population. It stands for a free Gospel and a pure Christianity.

Look now at its surroundings. In the foreground is a large Roman Catholic hospital, where zealous nuns worship the Virgin Mary and the saints, and (this on the best authority) make proselytes of Protestant patients. This institution represents superstition and Mariolatry, recommended by works of mercy. Beyond Bethlehem Church stands a great Bohemian National Society hall, the meeting place for Bohemian Free-thinking societies, where drinking, dancing, the theatre, infidel addresses, and a Free-thinking Sunday-school (!) attract old and young. That stands for infidelity, hatred of Christianity and gross worldliness. Still further on stands a large Bohemian Roman Catholic Church, whose priest does his utmost to hold the people in the old-country bondage of superstition and fear. To build that fine church he compelled people to put large mortgages on their homes. That stands for priestcraft and Rome's tyranny. The three great buildings have been erected since Bethlehem was built. Thus we see the strong enemies of true liberty and pure Christianity closing in upon our Slavic mission work.

and exerting themselves to the utmost to crush it. May the Lord open the eyes of his people to see, what Elisha's servant realized, that "they that be with us are more than they that be with them."

Prior to the year 1882 there were in the whole United States and Canada three Bohemian Protestant ministers: one in the East, one in the West, and one in the South. The Bohemians had been coming to this country in large numbers. The streets where they settled were filling up. They appeared in the shop, in the store, in the professions. Their children knocked at the door of our public schools and of our colleges. The Catholic Church grew in strength and numbers. The political demagogue soon learned of their presence, and taught them the first lessons in corrupt politics. The devil had out his missionaries in large numbers. Infidelity and atheism were rapidly striking their roots into the minds of the people.

But what had been done prior to the year 1882 to meet the spiritual needs of the Bohemians? With one exception, none of the Protestant churches in this country took any practical interest in their spiritual welfare. It was left to Rev. Charles Terry Collins, a former pastor of this church, to be the founder of the Bohemian Mission of the Congregational churches directly, and of the other denominations indirectly. He saw the Bohemian people, knew of their heroism for Christ in the past, and the voice of God whispered to his soul: "Help them." But how? He could not speak their language, and they could not understand his. Where to find some one to take up the work? That was the difficult question. God was preparing his workers in the persons of Dr. Schauffler and Dr. Adams, of Chicago, who did not know of their future work, but in the proper time they were called to the front. When in 1882 Dr. Schauffler preached the first

time in Bohemian in this city but a handful of Bohemians attended, perhaps a dozen, the speaker among them. That was the mustard seed of this work sown in the Olivet Chapel, then a mission of this church. Then we sojourned a time with the Methodists, enjoyed the hospitality of a Republican wigwam, and finally entered our promised land, our Bethlehem Church.

Now, let us compare the beginning with this year's results: In 1884 Dr. Schauffler and Dr. Adams were alone; in 1899 the number of workers, including the wives of the pastors and the students, is sixty-two; more than half of these were converted in our work. Then only two States were touched; to-day the work has extended into twelve States. In 1884, only the Bohemians were thought of, but now the work has branched out to the Poles, Slovaks and Magyars. We had no church building then; now we have fourteen. There was no church organization; now we have twelve churches, twenty-four preaching stations, with a church membership of 643, not including those of the large Chicago Bohemian work, aided for many years by this Society but now wholly supported by the Chicago Congregational City Missionary Society. The first preaching service in Cleveland was attended by about twelve persons; last missionary year the average attendance in the whole Slavic field (except Chicago) in all preaching services was 1,084. The average attendance at all other meetings, including Sunday-schools, was 3,383. Our Sunday-school enrollment is 2,031. Our churches contributed for missions \$804.15 the past year, and received 101 new members, of whom seventy-three were on confession of faith.

That is the contrast between the beginning and in 1899, after sixteen years of work. But we can never measure the extension of Christ's kingdom by figures.

All estimates of the real effects of the Gospel escape our mathematics. The presence of a Christian man in a society is a power. When we think of the faithful work that is done in our Sunday-schools, among the young people in the Christian Endeavor societies, the hand-to-hand struggle with souls in our visiting, all figures would be inadequate to express the real result.

Rev. John Lewis, missionary to Poles in Detroit, says: "When I first went to Detroit I found two Polish factions; one followed the priest Kolaszinski, and the other the priest Dombrowski. The first party forsook bishop and pope and formed an independent church. For religion's sake, both parties hated, beat and killed one another. When I went among them and tried to win them for the peaceful religion of Jesus Christ, each party thought I was sent by the other to gain them. My position was very dangerous. Once I was attacked very strongly by four women, who wanted to give me a good thrashing; but God heard my prayer, sent a fifth woman, who pleaded with them, and I was left without a scratch. Several times I was attacked by bad men. But through all this trouble I have been preaching Christ, selling and giving Scriptures and tracts—200 Bibles, 1,100 New Testaments, and 25,000 tracts and many good books. The Heavenly Father has blessed us wonderfully in our work. It is impossible to tell just how many souls have been won for Christ during these eleven years, for a number have gone away to other lands, even as far as Brazil and Australia, and some are preaching the Gospel. It is very hard to win Poles for the pure Gospel, because they are so full of ignorance, superstition and fear of the priest; but by God's blessing we have now in Detroit a Polish Congregational church of forty-two members, and we have recently entered our own little church building, which kind friends have provided.

This makes us very happy and thankful—thankful to God, thankful to our friends. We are only at the beginning of the great work of saving the Poles of the United States, and making them true Christians and true American citizens.”

As an apt illustration of his theme, Mr. Lewis tells the story of the conversion in Detroit of a very wicked Pole.

“Before he had the Bible he was such a great drunkard and fighter that several times he was nearly killed. His step-father used to say that he was so bad that if he were hanged on a tree, it would dry up from the roots. His good wife was in great fear of him. He beat her and the children. Once he nearly killed his own child and came near to shooting his wife. When he was sober she told him, ‘You had better kill us all at once, because I cannot live any longer such a miserable life.’ He was so bad that he now thinks that he must have had many devils in him. He often thought there is no God, no heaven, no hell, except for poor people in this world. Once he was going to commit suicide, and once on Euclid avenue in Cleveland, smelling such fine fragrance from the cigar of a rich man sitting in a rocking chair, he said to himself, ‘You rich devil, I would like to shoot you and get some of your money to buy drinks and fine cigars.’ Now see what God’s Bible did for him. When he got it he began to read it every evening, and though he worked very hard all day he was never too tired to read the Bible. His wife went to bed at nine o’clock and began to call him to come, because if he read so long he might get crazy. She heard that from the priest. But he said: ‘Sleep, wife, sleep; good night, God bless you.’ Sometimes he read till one o’clock in the morning, but he was always up early and could do more work than men that go to bed at nine p. m. without



reading the Holy Bible. He began to change his hellish life right at once. He did not look into a place from which temptation comes. He no more hates rich men, because he found in the Bible that he should love all people, and that God has the rich for his stewards that they may help the poor and give money to the missionary society to convert wicked sinners to God. Now he loves his wife and his children, and has begun to save money to clothe them. He tells others how much good the Bible has done for him. He soon joined a Christian Church, became a good teacher in the Sunday-school, where he teaches, without much trouble, a large class of unruly boys. In short, the Bible changed him from a drunkard to a sober, industrious man, from the lion to a lamb, from the wicked one to a saint, walking with God and trying with all his heart and strength to do God's will, and to make wicked people into good Christians. I know many more men and women like that man."

Rev. John Jelinek, of Braddock, Pa., tells of the remarkable work among Slovaks, or Hungarian Slavs. He says:

"The beginning of my mission work among Slovaks was in November, 1890. Our first services were held with a congregation of six, who were: My wife, our daughter, Miss Houdous, our Bible reader, two men and myself. The first of these men was Mr. Kovac, who is preparing for missionary work at Oberlin, Ohio. The second man was a great drunkard. When visiting and speaking with him about salvation he said to me: 'If you will not let me alone I will kill you.' Then I said: 'Very gladly I would give my life if that would be the means of saving your soul, but that will not help, I am sure; only if you will repent.' That moment was a change in his life. He stopped drinking, saved money and sent for his family, to which he had not written

nor sent any money for eight years. When his wife came to this country she lamented that I had led her husband astray, and just because he did not drink liquor, for she liked liquor herself. This is now a loving Christian family, and grateful to God for all he has done.

"The Slovaks have four religions: Roman and Greek Catholic, Lutheran and Calvinistic; but about true religion they have no idea. The words, 'Who believes on me shall have eternal life,' are dark to them, and they do not believe them. The Protestant ministers, as well as Catholic priests, live the same as any one else; drunkenness is to them something usual. For Slovaks Christianity means going to church Sunday morning, paying the priest, and going at least once a year to confession or communion. And if a Slovak has not at least a keg of beer or a bottle of whisky for Sunday or a holiday, he would think he had no Sunday or holiday. Weddings and christenings are very noisy with dancing and a plentiful supply of liquor, so that even a poor Slovak pays about \$40 or \$50 for liquor, and usually they have a fight and go before the 'squire and pay a fine. All this changes when they become Christians. I have to say that not one of our members uses liquor or tobacco in any form.

"After about a year of work in Braddock the people gathered, but also Satan began his work. I preached against sin, and then all forsook us except a former bartender. He broke into tears, and to my question why he cried, he answered, 'that we are left alone.' But I said, 'God is with us.' Soon after, many people began to come.

"One man with whom I spoke about the needs of his soul and salvation said: 'I am a Protestant,' and asked me to tell him where Cain got his wife. He would not speak with me any more. I visited his family. Their

home was orderly. His wife and two children were at home, but something seemed to be wrong in that home. I began to speak the Word of God, but it went very hard, for the wife was self-righteous; only their eldest daughter listened very attentively to my conversation. One father spent all for liquor and abused his wife and daughter. It happened more than once that he chased all from the house, and they had to be out barefooted and very poorly dressed through the night hours. And would you wish to see those families now? Yes, I wish you could see what the Word of Jesus Christ has done for them."

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### WORK AMONG THE SLOVAKS.

I make my visits with books, going from house to house, where I offer them and get opportunity to talk of the Word of God. It seldom happens that I speak with a single man, for the Slovaks, Poles, Magyars and Croats live very much together, from five to twenty men in one house, which tends to work the greatest bodily and spiritual injury. It often happens that I come among them when they have a keg of beer, are playing cards, or whiling away the time with vain, often filthy, talk. When I first come I open my satchel of books and begin to speak to them of what is necessary for the salvation both of the body and the soul. They are often angry at this, and say that they do not need any priest, that they have their own, and that they confess to him. But when I ask them what their manner of life does for them, then some agree with me and buy books or tracts. Very often it happens that men stand in a crowd on the street, and I go up to them, open my satchel, and begin a conversation with them on the needs of men, and then I often sell books or

tracts. It sometimes happens that I can speak of the Word of God to as many as twenty men on the street. Sometimes this does not please one and he leaves, grumbling, or else begins to abuse; but again he will return and listen further. When I talk to them of the love of Christ some gladly listen. I cannot say that this people does not want Christ, and are not desirous to receive the truth of God; but they are greatly blinded by their priests, who warn them against going over to another faith than that in which they were born.

I found a youth when he was considerably drunk, and spoke with him against that vice; but it did not please him, because he was so much given up to drink. Finally he bought a Bible, showed it to his comrade, and they together read it; later the second one also bought a Bible; they came to our meetings, and now they are both children of God. But it was not easy, because enemies of the Word of God immediately began to shout at them and to consider them as heathen. The priests themselves stirred their people up to this. When any one comes to our meeting and people see him, immediately they go to him and lead him away that he may not come to us, whom they call "heathen and accursed."

In a visit I spoke of how necessary it is to read the Word of God. A man grew very angry, and said he knew it all before I did, and that he is sufficiently righteous. When I invited him to the meeting he would not listen. Finally he came, but remained indifferent. Once I went to him; it was on Saturday, and he had come from work. I saw in him the marks of a conflict. He came straight to me, gave me his right hand, and I saw there another feeling. He stepped to the table and asked that we might pray. I opened the Bible and read, and we prayed. He was not ashamed to kneel; when we had risen from prayer he wept like

a little child, and went out of the room to hide his weeping. When he returned he said: "How good is God that he did not let me perish, but gave me to know his grace!" He is converted. This man boards in a family, and with the man of the family often reads the Bible. When the priest found it out, and the members of his Mutual Aid Society, in their meeting they asked him whether he had been with us, wanted him to swear that he had not, and told him that if he should go but once they would cut him off from the society. In this way the priests are working for their people only to keep them in slavery. The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few.

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### BY THE WAYSIDE.

So far has the Lord helped us. These words come to my mind when reviewing the work of the past months. Notwithstanding the opposition of some, the right knowledge of the Lord Jesus is spreading among the Hungarians. Before, they did not dare to come to Jesus, only through an intercessor. Often there is a surprised face when I say we cannot be saved by our own merits. A few days ago a woman told me she had not been to confession for over two years. "My dear woman," I said, "how dare you to wait so long?" "What can I do?" she said. "There is no priest here of my faith to whom I could go." After telling her that the Lord Jesus is the only one who can forgive sins, she brought me her own Bible and had me mark all the passages that I read to her.

Two women asked me to teach them how to read: besides that there is a reading class for children twice a week. They are independent little people. A little girl, being punished by the school teacher for coming

to Sunday-school,, "Never mind," she said, "even if I have to kneel a whole morning in school, I will go to Sunday-school, because I like to hear about Jesus."

There is nothing so blessed as to see a self-righteous soul acknowledge its sins. Not long ago I went to see a woman whom God had visited by taking away from her her husband and leaving her with a little child. She was glad to see me. During the conversation she said she wondered why God did not take her instead of her husband. I asked her whether she thought she was ready to die. She answered she supposed she would be if she had to die. Seeing that she did not understand me, I asked her if she thought she had any sins. "Yes, everybody sins," she answered. "That is true," I said; "but we each have our own, and it was necessary for the Son of God to die purposely for my and your sins." At that she burst into tears and told me how since her childhood she had displeased God.

Another thing that causes us to rejoice is that those who have believed on the Lord Jesus are trying to live a Christian life. One of our converts, after becoming a Christian, had some opposition from people for whom she was working. We were forbidden to visit her, and finally she was told to either stop coming to our meeting or leave the place. She left. Since then we meet one evening in the week and read the Bible together. Once she was telling me of her love to the Lord Jesus. In order to try her I asked her whether she would be willing to do certain things if the Lord should require it from her. She answered that she can do nothing of herself, but with the help of the Lord Jesus she is willing to do all she can.

## A LEAF FROM MY EXPERIENCE.

I want to tell you of my work among the Bohemian people in America. When you think of the Bohemians, please do not think of them as a people without religion or intelligence. Bohemia has had a glorious past, and lovingly did her leaders reverence God's Word. They loved it so much that they called themselves "pismari, readers of God's Word," and nobly they suffered to found a pure church, that of the United Brethren. The martyrs, who died like heroes, were many, and their bravery was often as clearly shown as it was in the case of Count Wenzel of Budowa, who was seventy-four years old. In prison, pointing to his Bible, he said: "Behold my paradise! Never has it offered me sweeter food than that I am at present enjoying. No one will, I hope, see the day in which it can be said, Budowa died of grief." When called to the scaffold he walked across it, stroking his silvered locks, and said: "Thou old gray head of mine, thou art highly honored; thou wilt be decorated with the martyr crown."

After the death of so many heroes of the faith, at the close of the Thirty Years' War, 1621, for one hundred and sixty years no one was allowed to be a Protestant in Bohemia or Austria. The nobles of Bohemia were fallen, her pastors killed or banished, her people fugitives or persecuted, their privileges taken away, God's Word was burned. Yet, He is faithful to protect, direct, and care for the children's children of such as keep his covenant. After the lapse of two centuries, God's providence brings to this free land more than a quarter of a million of the people to whose forefathers the Word of God was so precious. Here they learn to fear no more the Romish priest. Here they are free



to receive again, to read and love the Bible of their fathers.

Let me give you a leaf from my experience as a Bible reader among this people, to show you how thankful and eager they often are to hear the Word of God.

One day I met a woman on the street, who said: "Where have you been so long?" I remembered her face, though I did not remember where she lived or where I had met her. She said: "Come to me with your Book just as soon as you can." So I went the next day. She was very busy washing and cooking supper all at once, but she had time for me. She laid aside everything, brought a chair into the yard, where it was more quiet, and was ready to listen. The neighboring women came, when they saw us sitting together, until there were seven in all. They seemed delighted with what they heard from the Psalms and the Gospel of John, the story of the Samaritan woman, and Lazarus. They felt it was the Word of Life. On my next visit at that woman's house, her husband was at home. He came and sat quietly down by us, though tired from work; and when I spoke about Christ's love to lost sinners his eyes were full of tears. This family has God's Word in their house already, and Christian papers. I am sure that the Lord sent me to that family, to be a help to them in leading them to Christ.

Often in victims of the grossest Romish superstition we find an earnest desire for the truth that is most encouraging.

I visited one family two or three times, and read the Bible to the woman, who began coming to our meetings. Her husband is a strong Catholic, and he said he wanted to see that girl who came and took away his wife to the Protestant church. The third time that I went he learned that I was there, and came rushing in from his work, the oil dripping down from his hands,

and took a seat just in front of me, so that not a single word could escape him. He listened to the words of comfort I was telling his wife, who was crying. Then he said: "Have you the Bible in your hand? But it is a false Bible; I have the true Catholic Bible." I said if he would bring his Bible we might compare them. So he wiped his hands and went for it. He said he wanted to choose the passages; so he turned to the Old and New Testament just where he pleased, showing a great deal of familiarity with the Bible, and reading various verses. He was much astonished that I had the same. Finally I said: "Won't you be fair with me, and let me choose, also?" I turned to 1 Timothy, Chapter 3, and read: "A bishop must be blameless, the husband of one wife." He jumped up, saying: "That is not in my Bible"; and then I showed him the words in his own Bible. He said: "What shall I do now? Shall I go right straight with my Bible to the priest and show it to him? Remember that I am a true Catholic, and don't you dare to speak against our most holy faith." He asked many questions about the reasons for our Protestant belief, and I told him if I had to answer his questions he must not be offended at what I said, for I should be obliged to speak against much that he held holy. With Bible verses I proved the foolishness of worshiping pictures, saying mass, and of the confessional. He had never seen any of these verses, and was so surprised. He asked and begged me to come again. I believe the Lord is going to save that man.

For the last three months I have been visiting a young couple, where I am always received with the greatest kindness. These people, though honest and very respectable, had not entered a church for several years; there was no Bible to be found in their house, but the pictures of the Virgin and the rosary convinced me that they belonged to the Roman Catholic Church.

How much they understood from the reading of God's Word during my first visit I do not know, but they listened very attentively. I lent them a Bible, and soon they found such delight in reading it that they felt they must possess one. One day while I was sitting with them, reading God's Word, the husband arose, and, walking around the room very hurriedly, said: "Now I know we have to commence new lives; we must serve the Lord, we must go to church, but in which one?" The first Sunday after this call both were in our chapel, but the following Sunday the husband appeared in the Catholic Church to decide which is the right place for worship. I kept on visiting them and begging them to surrender their hearts to Christ, to be cleansed in His blood only. I had to promise them never to make Protestants of them, yet with great delight I saw that God's Spirit was leading them to repentance, and soon the woman could say: "I have found mercy at Jesus' feet; I am a child of God." Now she attends our Protestant services, praying earnestly for her husband, who is greatly troubled, but has not yet escaped the bondage of the Romish Church.

I visited an elderly woman who used to be the strictest Catholic two years ago. When I first visited her I used to have a hard time with her. Though she never was unkind to me, I felt that she was afraid of me and listened to me only so as not to be impolite. But gradually there came a change. When she once found out that I was her friend, then the Word of God which I brought to her seemed to her more sweet and beautiful. After a while we succeeded in getting her to our church services; and what did she tell me on my last call on her? She said: "In my age God's word has been brought to me; the darkness, like scales, falls from my eyes; I see the light, thank God, thank God!"

Everywhere there are souls that need the light, and

most of them do not see their need. We pray: "Lord, that their eyes may be opened," and try to lead them to the Father's house, where there is bread enough and to spare.

## THE NEW SOUTHWEST.

New Mexico and Arizona together form one of the twenty-five divisions of the whole missionary field of the National Society. In territorial extent this division is, with one exception, the largest of all. Texas and Louisiana alone exceed it in square mileage. Together the two great Territories contain 235,600 square miles. From Albuquerque to the southwesternmost town of Arizona is more than 800 miles. These two vast southwest superintendencies are the only remaining ones of such immense extent. They remind us of the time, not many years since, before the West had received the millions of population which the decade of 1880 to 1890 sent in there, when some of the home missionary superintendents had empires indeed to oversee; as, for instance, Dr. J. H. Warren, whose field included all of California, with Nevada and Arizona, or Superintendent Blanchard, whose parish was Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico. As the States have become more populous, such dioceses have been found impracticable for our Congregational bishops. So they have once and again been reduced, until now in most cases a missionary field corresponds with State boundaries. Of the field—New Mexico and Arizona—Rev. Edward H. Ashmun, of Denver, has recently been appointed superintendent, succeeding Rev. E. Lyman Hood, whose health necessitated a change from the high altitudes of that district.

The two Territories are by no means equally populated, though not differing greatly in extent.

Arizona, with its 113,000 square miles, has a population of less than 60,000. New Mexico, with its 123,000 square miles, has 153,000 inhabitants.

“Foreign-Home Missions” has come to be a familiar expression in missionary addresses and articles. Its

use has chiefly been descriptive of a class of missionary work undertaken among the millions who have come to us from across the ocean, and the need for which has arisen in well-nigh every State from Maine to Washington. In New Mexico the term is applicable to the entire field, and is descriptive of the chief work which the churches are called upon to do there. If the broad definition of "foreigner" given by Dr. Titsworth be taken as a standard of classification—"the man who is foreign in his thought and in his spirit and in his purpose, no matter how long he has been in this country"—then among the 150,000 people of New Mexico we have a round 100,000 of "foreigners"; and this, exclusive of the 20,000 Indians who help to make up the singular combination of peoples that constitute New Mexico's population. Nowhere in the land are there more heterogeneous elements than in this Territory. Here the Eastern-born American is the immigrant; the Indian and the Mexican are the original occupants—the natives. New Mexico's population represents three distinct civilizations and three distinct periods of history. Here are found the only real aborigines of the country, the Pueblos—a name given alike to the people and their dwellings. They are a sedentary race, in contrast with the tribal or wandering Indians, as the Apaches and the Navajos. This people—the Pueblos—are slowly disappearing, numbering now about 8,000, while fifteen years ago there were some 9,000. Nominally Roman converts, they are rather worshipers of the forces of nature—the sun, the clouds, the wind, and rain—keeping up their heathen dances in most of the pueblos. An industrious, orderly, peaceable people, they become good citizens, in many instances leading the Mexicans in the introduction and use of the arts of civilized life.

Among this people are 2,000 children of school age.

Here surely is a fruitful field for Christian work. While Romanism claims them as hers, her long opportunity of 350 years has shown but little result in elevating and civilizing them.

The second element of New Mexican population, and numerically by far the largest, is the Spanish-Mexican. With a few families of pure Spanish blood, the great proportion of the more than 100,000 who compose this class are of mixed Spanish and Indian blood, speaking the Spanish language, inheriting the traits of character and physique that belong to both the Spanish and Indian types—"dark complexion, black hair and eyes, short and slight of stature, slow, quaint, picturesque and dreamy." A contented and unambitious people, with that easy-going contentment and that lack of aspiration which three centuries of the absolute rule of a priesthood must produce. And such a priesthood! Once in the history of New Mexico the whole company of her priests were expelled from the land because of their corruption and the immoralities of their lives, and the French Jesuit was invited in to take the vacant places. "Like priest like people." That corruption of the clergy which necessitated their expulsion was not purged out by even such heroic treatment. It is said that the time is come for the measure to be repeated, or a pure, vital, ethical religion must be infused into that life which ignorance, superstition, frivolity and infidelity are sinking into a mental and spiritual degradation that is a reproach to American Christianity. This class, which constitutes the great volume of life there, is accessible by our missionaries through the Spanish language. The Mexicans are restless under the exactions and the neglect and the wickedness of their priesthood. In many communities they seem ready to utterly cast off their allegiance to the power which they have come to hate. Much of



the apathy and impassiveness of the race is undoubtedly due to the ecclesiastical despotism which seems to have impaired their very capacity for progress.

The great obstacle in reaching this Mexican people is the lack of educated, trained, Spanish-speaking Christian workers. Our brethren of the American Board have found the like difficulty in their work over the border, and to meet this need that Board and the New West Education Commission have united in establishing the Rio Grande Training School for such workers at El Paso, Texas. This school has for the past two years supplied our superintendent with student workers during the summer months, and to it we must look for pastors to shepherd the little flocks that may be gathered of Spanish-Mexicans, who rejoice in the spiritual freedom and intellectual and moral quickening which they there find.

Some seventy-five miles west of Albuquerque, on the high mesas occupied by the sheep-herders of Valencia County, is the little Mexican town of San Rafael. Here the first Spanish-Mexican church of our name in the Territory was organized—a church of twelve members.

El Paso, at the meeting point of the three divisions, Old Mexico, New Mexico and Texas, in which last State are 200,000 more Spanish-Mexicans, is another point where the Spanish work of this Society has grown to a church organization.

This great class of our Southwestern people, numbering altogether more than 300,000, speaking another language, inheriting another civilization, under the domination of a foreign power which, unopposed through three centuries and a half, came to hold absolute control over social and civil matters as well as matters of faith—this foreign-home field is pleading for light and freedom, intellectual and spiritual. Rome

has held her power there by keeping the people in ignorance, enchaining mind and soul.

In 1890 seventy per cent. of the native Mexicans could neither read nor write. With a school population of 44,000, the total enrollment of the public schools reached only 22,500, with an average attendance of but 14,500 on the ninety days of the school year. The facts which the last census gives us concerning the schools and school attendants are hopeful and of large encouragement. While the gain in population in the Territory in the last decade was about twenty-eight per cent., the gain of enrollment in the public schools was 283 per cent. In 1891 the legislative assembly established a public school system and created the office of superintendent of public instruction. This gave an impetus to the educational interests of the Territory, with the result that in several counties bonds were issued for the construction of school-houses.

The progress that is being made is such that it is apparent that in the not distant future there will be no necessity for interpreters in the courts and legislature. The interpreter here pictured for us is the governor of San Ildefonso pueblo, a distinguished character among the Pueblo Indians. He has been very friendly to the work of the Protestant mission schools and churches.

A remarkable disproportion of boys to girls enrolled in the Valencia County schools is doubtless due to the great distances which pupils are obliged to go to school in the sparsely settled regions. Ten families have been necessary to the legal establishment of a public school; and even a boy on a galloping pony cannot always go to school and return in a day. In this county there are about 3,000 children, scattered over an area larger than the State of Massachusetts.

Into the midst of this volume of Spanish-Mexican life have come in the past decade or two some 20,000 or more from the East and North; and these constitute the third element of New Mexico's population—the American immigrant. In this migration the oldest and the newest life of the land have come into contact. What is acknowledged to be the oldest dwelling-house in America stands in Santa Fé—City of the Holy Faith—still inhabited; so, also, the oldest church building, said to have been built seventy years before the Pilgrims set foot on Plymouth.

The new life has brought in modern institutions—the railroad, which in 1880 entered Santa Fé, with now 1,500 miles of its iron track in the Territory; the Christian school, which has come through the labors of several denominations, and among them the Congregationalists by the New West Education Commission and the American Missionary Association, with academies at Albuquerque (at least until recently) and Las Vegas, and schools at Deming, Santa Fé, San Rafael and White Oaks, reaching near 2,000 children of Mexican, Indian and American parentage; the Christian Church, represented there by all the larger ecclesiastical bodies, the Pilgrim faith having churches at Albuquerque, White Oaks, Deming, and Silver City, among the English-speaking American population; at San Rafael among the Spanish; and the promising outlook at Atrisco.

The strength of Congregationalism in the Territory is at Albuquerque, where, in 1880, the first Congregational church in the Territory was planted. In November, 1892, the fine edifice of this congregation was swept away by flames. Under the leadership of their pastor, Rev. Albert Barnes Cristy, the discouragement which at first fell upon this people gave way to the purpose to at once rebuild.

A glimpse of the pioneer character of much of the missionary work in this far-off country is seen in the adobe study of the pastor of the church at Deming, a building constructed by himself; while the church and parsonage of the same, as they are to-day, indicate the helpfulness of our sister society, the Congregational Church Building Society, in such fields where a Christian organization must struggle to gain a footing.

But we have only made a beginning in this imperial Territory of the Southwest. Indeed, New Mexico itself is but in the initial stage of its growth. There is an unquestionable future of development there that can be only traced in meager outline to-day. Topographically, it is composed of lofty plateaus crossed by mountain ranges; but these mountains inclose broad and fertile valleys. In the western part are high tablelands, isolated mountain peaks and deep cañons.

There are great arid regions in the land. But with 20,000,000 acres of arable lands, which produce large crops still, after 200 years of cultivation, unfertilized, and under the rudest and most primitive culture; with systems of irrigation in operation that in 1890 brought a million acres of fruitful soil into productiveness, and a water supply in rivers and mountain snows for projected systems of irrigation to draw upon; with mountains rich in lead and silver and gold mines that have been famous for centuries; with a climate that invigorates—dry, mild, equable, and remarkably healthful—this land of perpetual sunshine, oft thought of as but a desert, is certain to draw to itself thousands who will till its acres, uncover its mineral wealth, gather its riches, mold its life, and rear its institutions.

We have sketched the new Southwest chiefly as shown in New Mexico. Arizona does not differ essentially. With a like mixed population, though with a relatively larger factor of Eastern and Northern life,

with like climatic conditions, Arizona, by its irrigating works, has brought under cultivation a larger amount of rich, productive land than has New Mexico. Arizona is rich in mines, with large timber and coal interests. The material riches of this great Southwest have been as yet only touched on the surface.

The new life that shall come into this land; the old life that is there, that has felt the touch of the modern spirit, and is casting off the shackles of a mediæval Romanism; the young life there, that is receiving intellectual emancipation through the public school—*all must have* the moral shaping and the spiritual quickening and strengthening that come through the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

## THE WORK IN NEW MEXICO.

During the months lately passed we as a nation have been brought into closer connection with Spanish speaking people than ever before. We have come to know and feel their peculiarities. Their false pride, their ideas of the requirements of honor, their underhand dealings and their lack of human feeling have opened up to us a character not altogether lovely.

Over 350 years ago Spain sent her language, and a bit of her peculiar character, into a territory that has since fallen to us. The majority of the population of this Territory of New Mexico are the descendants of those Spanish adventurers and the American Indian. This undesirable mixture has produced the New Mexican of to-day. He speaks the Spanish language more or less imperfectly. He is nominally a Romanist, but, in reality, is indifferent to moral and religious teaching. Those who live near the American towns have learned a little of the modern ways of doing things,

and their minds have been unconsciously developed to some extent by this contact with a new life. A large number of our Mexican population live in the mountainous regions, where they raise their sheep, and where a little water can be had for the irrigation of their scanty crops. Their farming is carried on in the rudest fashion. The ground is ploughed, or rather scraped, with the smallest-sized plough, which is usually dull. Then the grain is sowed broadcast. When very ripe it is cut with sickles, threshed out with horses on a dirt floor, and winnowed by tossing in the wind with large paddles. The wheat is washed, ground in a very old, home-made mill, and is sifted by hand. This flour is made into a thin, indigestible cake called a *tortilla*.

Their towns are small, a collection of low, flat, dirt-roofed, rectangular, sun-dried brick houses. The floors are usually of this same dirt, which is in evidence everywhere. It is easy to believe that the majority of the people are also made of earth, for many have never experienced the sensation of a good bath. One fourteen-year-old boy said, after taking his first bath in several years, "How light one feels!"

The Spanish language has no equivalent to our cherished word home. *Casa*, a house is the word used, and that is all home means to them—a stopping-place for the family when night comes. It is not strange, then, that we sometimes know of able-bodied parents trying to give away their children, and in rare cases of even selling them.

Being shut off from the outside world, and having no books nor papers, it is only natural that their minds should become narrow and weak. A very few mothers, and a small portion of the fathers, can read and write. The Roman Catholic Church has done little, and is doing less and less, to develop the intellect of this for-

gotten people. When children who will become voters have not the intellectual power to learn to read and write well even the easy Spanish language, it is time some organization should begin to develop mind in these United States citizens. They have been neglected too long already. Out of eighty school children from five to fifteen years of age, enrolled in a school of the Congregational Education Society, twelve and one-half per cent. could keep up in the grades of an American school; fifty per cent. will be able to learn to read and write their own language, to read and write English poorly, and in arithmetic to struggle through "division;" thirty-seven and one-half per cent. will never be able to learn to read and write their own language intelligently. These children live in a town of 500 inhabitants, which is the center of a large isolated district. The process of developing the rudiment of a mind is a slow one. What a task is before the teacher! A book is almost useless in such hands. Ordinary school methods fail. The kindergarten ideas and industrial training will do more than books can to unfold their minds. Thus the mind and hand and heart will develop, little by little, and a more symmetrical life will be the result.

A race with so little mental capacity is not usually very moral. What can we expect of a people begotten of the reckless adventurer and the Indian, who has almost no moral code? The Roman Catholic priests, who have been their only religious teachers, have not taught them better ways by their example, whatever they may have done by precept. New forms have been grafted upon old thoughts, so that what worship they have is idolatrous. They do not closely connect religion with moral conduct. Their idea, as one expressed it, is that religion is to go to heaven on, and moral conduct is for the missionary, who receives a



fine salary for "being good." They say to us: "Oh, you can do what is right, but we cannot. God sees our necessity if we lie, cheat and steal, and he is merciful and will forgive us." Our town is largely given up to the "works of the flesh" as enumerated by Paul.

The work is slow, as it ever is in the beginning of things in heathen lands among a degraded people. Preaching has little effect until the true Christian life is lived before them. The missionary needs the patience of a Judson and the energy and faith of a Paton. The churches which support us also need patience and faith. One of the hardest things the missionary to the Mexican has to endure is the thought that people do not care to give, except where their money will give immediate results in conversions. Perhaps this has been one reason why our Mexican work has had so few friends, and why the long years of sowing in faith have not yet passed. We know that the harvest will come. All of God's promises and the history of missions assure us of this. Our great desire is that the sowers may be increased, and that many friends may arise to help and cheer them on.

## FOREIGN-HOME MISSIONS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

It is not generally known, outside of Massachusetts, how important foreign-home missions have become in the old Bay State. And even within the commonwealth there are many who have hardly begun to appreciate the magnitude of the work laid upon the churches by the incoming of the peoples from other lands. There is need, however, of little persuasion or argument in the matter, when the facts are known, to lead to the conclusion that, for reasons civil as well as religious, we need to care well for the strangers within our gates.

Let us look, then, at the facts. When first a few French-Canadian wood-choppers drifted down from the North, supplementing religiously the Irish throng that had swarmed among us for years, they attracted little notice. They were, for the most part, transient and migratory. They were, in effect, visitors, who would return to their homes shortly. When a few Italians appeared here and there at the street corners selling chestnuts and bananas, they added a picturesque feature to our streets; that was all. When the patient and persevering Hebrew began to be in evidence, he made little impression. So with other nationalities; as they sifted in quietly, but little other thought than that of welcome appeared. We were glad to have our broad acres occupied, were proud to be the asylum for the oppressed of all nations, were well content to have hewers of wood and drawers of water, come whence they might, take from our hands the hard, rough work which must be done, and which, thanks to our material prosperity, our own people could not afford to do. But as years have passed matters have changed. The Irish, for instance, who began by laying our water pipes and making our railroads, now lay a different kind of pipe, and

make our city governments. The French-Canadians, who were transitory and evanescent, are becoming stationary and landholders and citizens. And so with other nationalities. The foreigner, by sheer force of numbers, is stepping to the front, for majorities rule in our land. The native Americans have already lost the majority in Massachusetts. The proportion by the national census of 1890 was, foreign, fifty-six and a half (56.43); native, forty-three and a half (43.57), counting, as one should with the foreign-born, their children in the first generation. But leaving out the children born in this country, we find that there are but three States that have a larger number of foreign-born inhabitants than Massachusetts. These are New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois. Further, it appears that in the last forty years the native-born population of Massachusetts has increased from 830,490 to 1,581,806. It has not doubled. The foreign-born population in the same time has increased from 164,028 to 657,137. It has fourfolded.

Again, by the census of 1890 we learn that there are in Massachusetts 615,072 Roman Catholic communicants (not adherents, but communicants), and but 327,721 members of Protestant churches. These two figures, taking into account the customs of the different communions, represent probably about the same number of persons. It is not likely that there are to-day in our State more Protestants than Roman Catholics.

These, then, are the facts which cause thoughtful men to regard with deep interest the foreign-home missionary work in Massachusetts, and to rejoice that, by the bequest of nearly half a million dollars from Samuel W. Swett, of Jamaica Plain, in 1884, the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society has been enabled to undertake and carry on a large work among the foreigners in our State. It is noteworthy that in the annual re-

ports of the Executive Committee of this Society in 1883 and in 1884 this matter was spoken of as one demanding immediate attention, and in 1884 a General Missionary to labor among the French-Canadians was appointed. Just then, when the work pressed beyond the ability of the Society with its ordinary receipts to take it up, there came this large bequest. The good hand of our God, by this timely gift, furnished the ability to use the opportunity his providence had made. The Swett legacy was without any conditions—a free gift. It could not, however, under the rules of the Society, be held as a permanent fund. Yet it could not wisely be spent at once, either in the State or the National work. So it was decided to extend the expenditure over a period of at least ten years. A grant of \$100,000 was made to the National Society, and \$170,000 was set apart as a fund for work among foreigners in the West. From this fund, \$18,000 a year has been sent to the National Society for that purpose. Of the \$200,000 remaining, \$100,000 was set apart for special evangelistic work in cities in Massachusetts, and \$100,000 for work among foreigners in Massachusetts. In each case more than the income of the fund has been expended, so that these funds will be ere long exhausted. Of the foreign fund there remains not two years' supply.

When we think of "the foreigners" as a field for home missionary work there are, of course, large deductions to be made at once from the total numbers of those of foreign birth among us. To begin with, there are many of our very best people that have but recently come among us, who rank from the first as welcome additions to the good and the true, helping in all right directions. Then, so far as the operations of the Home Missionary Society are concerned, there must be taken out the large numbers that come from Great Britain

and the Provinces to the north of us who speak the English language. In regard to such, any duty of welcome or responsibility of Christian work rests plainly with the local churches.

But there remains a large company, and an ever increasing company, that do not speak or understand the English language. Of this company the French-Canadians form by far the largest part. In fact, they constitute to-day fully one-twelfth of the population of the State. Formerly transient and migratory, they now come to stay, to become citizens, to buy farms, to acquire property, and to be influential in all public affairs. In Worcester County there are nine towns with a total population of 41,395, of whom 20,642 are French-Canadians. As has been known for a long time, and is now openly stated, the Roman Catholic leaders in Canada have a distinct purpose of making a New France of New England. They plan to do this by colonizing. They have covered New England with a network of French parishes. They have built many fine church edifices and are building more. They have established convents and schools. With wisdom and extreme insistence they urge on their people the retaining and maintaining the use of the French language. So much has in various ways been already done toward depopulating Canada that some more patriotic Canadians, alarmed by the progress of events, are making vigorous efforts to stem the tide, and even to draw back those who have come over the line. These have as yet had little success. The inducements they can offer are not sufficient.

Now, among this large population who have come in upon us there are many whose attachment to the church of their childhood is faint, almost nominal. Some because of lack of any religious faith; others because of lack of that peculiar kind of faith that the Ro-

ish church requires in her adherents. There are also a few Protestants. Because of their ignorance of the English language, it is plain that the Gospel, if preached to them at all, must be preached to them in their own mother tongue in which they were born. And that the pure Gospel ought to be preached to them, who will deny?

The Massachusetts Home Missionary Society has been sending preachers and missionaries among them with a good degree of success. But one who leaves the Romish church among the French is subjected to a bitter persecution—loss of work, and, if a minor, loss often of home and of all friendly relations with old associates. The disadvantages of joining the Protestant church are so manifest as to give fairly good security that those who do come are sincere. Beyond those who come out and fairly attach themselves to the church, there are hundreds, if not thousands, who are intellectually convinced of the errors of the Romish church, and yet have not spiritual energy enough to leave it. The method of the missionaries is not to attack the Romish church, or even its errors, but to show the better way—this especially by use of the Word of God. It is a surprise and often a delight to this people to hear the Bible read and explained to them, and especially to hear the Protestants sing praises to the Lord. This, they have been told, the wicked heretics never do. It is a delight and a new testimony to the power of the Word to see its effect in the lives of some among these Canadians. Take, for instance, the man in Fall River who joined the Protestant church and learned to love his Bible. His wife, a “bigoted”—that is, an earnest, honest, Christian—Roman Catholic, was very much distressed, believing that, as an apostate, he was lost forever. She objected strenuously to the Bible, opposed his having one in the house, and

hindered his reading it when she could. He pursued the new way quietly, peaceably, and in less than three months she came to him one fine morning and asked for the Bible, that she too might read it. He, as much surprised as delighted, asked what it all meant. She replied: "My Jacques, I have noticed that since you have been reading the Bible you have become a better man. You have been kinder to me, more patient with the children, and you do not swear or drink any more. I want to read that book." She did, and before long also joined the Protestant church. In view of such an instance as this, and there are others like it, it is noteworthy, and an occasion for rejoicing, that, according to late advices, the Pope has counseled his people in America to read and study the Bible. The more they do this, the better it will be for them and for our land.

The present, and more especially the future, needs of the work among the French-Canadians call for an educated and devoted ministry among them. To provide for this, and also to raise the standard of morals and intelligence among this people, the French Protestant College at Springfield was started. It began at Lowell, under the faithful prayers and labors of Rev. C. E. Amaron, who has been from the first its principal, and for several years its president. He has recently resigned, and Rev. S. H. Lee has accepted the presidency. This college, or school, is for both sexes. The Owen Street Hall for boys was erected some five years ago, when the college removed to Springfield. This year another hall, for young ladies, is to be built, and also a building for boys. This institution is of the highest importance for the future of the work, and appeals to the public for gifts as no other college among us can. Its resources at present are small compared with the responsibility resting upon it. But all who become acquainted with it approve, and it is confi-



dently expected that gifts and bequests will flow toward it as its importance is more widely known. There is published by or from the college a weekly newspaper, *Le Citoyen Franco-Americain*. This paper, started first by the French missionaries, has been enlarged to a sixteen-page issue, and has a good circulation among Roman Catholics as well as Protestants. It is now published at the college, the type being set by the students, and has proved itself more and more an ally to our missions. Going farther and faster than the preacher's voice or the missionary's visit, it does much for the enlightenment of the French-Canadians. Its value is not only, perhaps not chiefly, in direct religious influence. The many adults among the Canadians who do not read English get their general news from the French Roman Catholic papers, which, naturally enough, see things with Roman Catholic eyes to begin with, and which wear glasses prescribed by Roman Catholic authority. The importance of the color of the glasses that one wears is easily seen by reading the report of a public meeting in any newspaper that is on the opposite side. Now these Roman Catholic papers are on the opposite side in regard to many things that we hold of great importance in our social, civil, as well as religious life. So that the tone and drift of these papers is against much that we esteem most highly. It is, then, of vital importance that this paper, *Le Citoyen*, which treats of public affairs, of social and civil life, after the manner and with the color of our Protestant faith, be sustained.

Other foreign work in Massachusetts, carried on by the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society, is that among the Scandinavians (Swedes, Norwegians and Finns), among the Germans, Italians, Armenians, and Hebrews. Eight Swedish, two Norwegian, and two

German churches are on its lists. There is a General Missionary for the French, another for the Swedes, another for the Norwegians, another for the Finns, and another for the Italians. There is also a Swedish colporteur for the port of Boston, who is of great help to immigrants on their arrival, as interpreter, guide, and friend, and also to Swedish sailors as they come into port.



THE RANCH.

THE MINE.

THE LUMBER CAMP.



COMPILED

BY THE

Congregational Home Missionary Society,

Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street,

NEW YORK CITY.

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1. The Country.
2. The City.
3. Foreign Missions at Home.
4. The Frontier.
5. The Ranch. The Mine. The Lumber Camp.
6. Missionary Heroism.
7. Historical Sketches.
8. Our Country. Its resources. Its problems. Its opportunities.
9. Woman's Work. The Union. What is it? Its object.  
Its aim. Its methods. Its success.
10. The Congregational Home Missionary Society. Its origin.  
Its field. Its aim. Its missionaries. Results.

Material will be furnished by the Society on application.

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The following list of books published or obtained by the Sunday School and Publication Society furnish rich material for the study of Home Missions.

The Minute Man on the Frontier.  
Service in the King's Guards.  
Nakoma.  
Faith on the Frontier.  
Autobiography of Fanny.  
Mary and I.  
Reuben Taylor.  
Asa Turner.  
The Pioneer Preacher.  
Our Life among the Iroquois.  
Marcus Whitman.  
The Mormon Delusion.  
Two Volunteer Missionaries among the Dakotas.  
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Ten Years at Skokomish.  
George H. Atkinson.  
Oregon. By Barrows.  
Cushing Eells.  
Alaska.  
Strange corners in our country. Loomis.

For intelligent study of our country every library should be supplied with Dr. Josiah Strong's books : Our Country. The New Era. The Twentieth Century City.

## **RANCHER—MINER—COWBOY.**

These present three distinct types of character. The rancher is the farmer of the East, who has come to make himself a home in a thinly settled region. When there are enough families to support a Sunday school it is welcomed gladly. In one neighborhood a rancher, who had been a member of a Brooklyn choir, gathered together those who could sing and they practiced under his leadership. On an appointed day a Sunday school was organized, an organ purchased, and many have been brought under the influence of the Bible who for years had not opened its pages. In another farming community the mainstay of the Sunday school is a single family of six earnest Christians, all glad to dedicate to the master's service the power of song which is theirs.

The miner is a wanderer, and, as a usual thing, is unmarried. If he has a family he seldom has a home of his own, but rents the rude log cabin which the mining company has erected on the barren hillside. The fact that his children are growing up in deep moral darkness troubles him no more than the darkness of the mine where he works all day. Rarely in a mining camp can a man be found who will identify himself with a Sunday school. The mothers, however, desire better things for their children, and do the best they can, under many difficulties, to sustain a school. Most of the mission Sunday schools in Montana are in mining camps, shedding a light that is very feeble, which sometimes goes out altogether, but again becomes a brighter flame. Two of the most promising churches are in mining towns, and are largely the outgrowth of Sunday schools.

Free-hearted and generous, but wild as the range over which he roams, living in the present, leaving the future to take care of itself, the cowboy is perhaps the most difficult one to reach. He gives as the symbol of his life the unbranded steer, or "maverick," whom nobody owns. Some time ago a Christian lady asked one if he was a Christian.

"No," was his reply, "I am a maverick; the Lord Jesus Christ hasn't got his brand on me yet."

When once you can get one to realize it, Christ satisfies his needs as he does those of all mankind. A few winters ago a cowboy strayed into a meeting, the arrow of conviction found its way into his heart, he bowed at the feet of the Savior and consecrated to him his life. All through the following summer he was known as the "preacher cowboy."

## THE MESSAGE OF THE COWBOYS.

I was stopping for a day at the hotel of a frontier town. The place was but an infant in age, and yet evil was already a giant in purpose and execution. During the night I was disturbed at intervals by the profane shouts of a number of men who were spending the hours in drinking and gambling in a "Gold Room" near by. About five o'clock two of them mounted their bronchos and "pulled out for the ranch." They started away yelling and swearing and, passing the house where I was stopping, they screeched, so as to arouse the sleeping inmates, "Roll 'em out! Roll 'em out!"

I left my bed and went to the window that I might catch sight of them. I saw two men, strong of body, well dressed, splendid riders, the brute within them blazing at the mouth, while the animals beneath them,



seeming to realize the situation, put themselves into the most vigorous broncho action. Away they rushed out over the great plains.

I returned to my couch again, but not to rest. No more sleep for me that morning. I mused; the fire in mind and heart was kindled. I thought, "Poor fellows! how mistaken you are as to the true joy of life!" Then I wondered who they were, and there came to me these answers: "They are two reckless cowboys, carousing gamblers, who have made the night restless, and who this morning should be arrested for disturbing the public peace."

"Possibly," I said, "and yet they are two young men in the strength and vigor of manhood, in the prime of life, and no doubt they are dear to some mother's heart. They were not always thus; they were once innocent and attractive children in some home. They may have been bright scholars at school, and it would not be strange if they had graduated from some college. Then there was a time when they began to ride the wicked broncho and rein into the wrong trail."

I did not so much think of the punishment they deserved as that they ought to be brought into the liberty of Christ and the joy of the true life. Then I asked, "Why is it that the saloon and the gaming room are so potent that they can attract from such distances and hold 'protracted meetings' every evening in the year, continuing all the night through, while the church seems to fail to reach them? Is it true that the saloon is stronger in its influence and broader in its reach than the church? Is the great adversary mightier than Jesus Christ? Is the saloon man a more potent force than the church man? It sometimes seems so; indeed how frequently this is the fact."

The afternoon before, I passed the open door and uncurtained window of one of these "gold rooms." It

was an attractive room. Near the window, seated at one of the tables, whereon were small stacks of silver dollars, was a circle of young men. They were gambling. These young men are drawn in and held here by some mighty influence. They find the saloon; why not the church? Is it true that sin's drawing influence is more effective than is the power of Him who said, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me"?

Now, I am not unmindful of the excuse we offer in reply to these things; but somehow I am coming more and more to believe that we are deceiving ourselves and wronging souls about us. I can imagine divine tears shed as the "All Power" notes us.

I am asking myself this morning, "May we not learn something from the saloon men?" The story is told of the good mother who always had a kind word to say of everybody. One day her children thought they would test her as to the Evil One. In response she replied, "Children, we might well imitate his earnestness." Were all church men as earnest in their life and work as are the saloon men, what would be the harvest? Now, is this a wrong way of putting it? Is it not true that the former may be, should be, as earnest as any class of men? Is it not true that the cause of Christ has a right to expect the purest earnestness? Is it not true that such earnestness pays the richest dividends?

I thought again: "Now, the gaming master has spent the night watching his snare and welcoming his victims. He does his work 'in the nick of time.' He regards not his own ease."

Where am I all this time? I have retired to my chamber and to my bed. I am sleeping while he is working. "Ah," I thought again, "the church is, in more ways than one, too much in retirement. It loves the quiet of the chamber and ease of the couch. My

position here in my chamber is too much a representation of the church as regards the Master's work."

"Roll 'em out!" "Roll 'em out!" Yes, that is it. That is the message of these young men to us church men this early morning hour. As expressed by the Apostle, "It is high time to awake out of sleep."

But is nothing being done for Christ or his church here? Oh yes, thanks to

*The Congregational Home Missionary Society*, whose servants came in at the beginning. The first service was held on the street. A wagon answering for pulpit platform and choir-loft, the noble few, interested and willing-hearted, were organized for Christian work; and after a long, severe, self-sacrificing struggle, with help of friends here and there, a comfortable meeting house was completed, even to a bell in its tower.

The Sabbath bell is now heard! What a message it declares! What memories it awakens! Who can tell what its influence shall be?

"Roll 'em out!" "Roll 'em out!" Yes, that is it. I thought again: "Here is a message to those who take little or no interest in our home missionary work, who have the means to do much, who, were they to do what they might comfortably, would enable our Home Missionary Mother to answer the numberless calls for aid she must now refuse." How few realize the broadness of the work! I could name many well-to-do families in the East, who take no interest in church work at home, or in mission work abroad, whose children have been helped and saved by the Home Missionary. Such families need to "roll out" of their indifference, and open their purses heavenward.

"Roll 'em out!" Yes, that is just what I wish it was possible for me to do—roll out from somewhere the right men, so much in demand to fill the churches and

to be leaders in righteousness in these budding towns of this great fast-peopling center. Such parishes wait for months sometimes before a pastor can be found for them. Young business men, professional men, move in with their families, but it is difficult to find the pastor suited to their wants who is willing to heed such a call.

"If I were to have any choice in a field, it would be a large town or city in which there is no church of any creed, where I could go and build up a church." Thus writes one man to me. "Anybody" will not do for this work. Not every man called to preach is called to the pastorate of a pioneer parish. Said a gentleman in one of these parishes to me, referring to unsatisfactory pastors, "Now, if you will furnish a man we will furnish a congregation." Choice men we need and must have if we would do the Lord's work successfully; the choice of the flock must come to the help. They must be good fishers of men; men of brain and heart; wise, consecrated, courageous men, full of hope.

"But," some say, "there are so few in sympathy with you." Yes I know, and Christ knew—"The harvest is great, but the laborers are few." "Lo, I am with you alway." What a place to win sympathizers! "But the work is so difficult and perplexing!" And yet Christ "for the joy that was set before him, endured—"

Then think of the possibilities the future may reveal! "A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a great nation; I the Lord will hasten it in his time."

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## WITH THE COWBOYS.

The "home missionary rally" was held in a typical frontier town—simply a few wooden houses upon a vast plain quite surrounded by high hills. These hills

are covered with pine trees which in the distance look very dark; hence the name "Black Hills." On the main street of this frontier town was a "block" consisting of the hotel, three gambling dens, three saloons, two stores, and the post office. A plank walk before this block—the only sidewalk in town—was as thickly strewn with playing cards as a New England village street with leaves in autumn. Why this waste? Because gamblers are suspicious, and require fresh cards for every game.

A little apart from the cluster of houses stands the Congregational Church where the three days' rally was to be held. The ministers arrived from various points in the Black Hills, some with their own teams, some by the railroad of which this town is a terminus, some by passenger trains, and some on freight trains. Deadwood, Lead City, Custer City, Buffalo Gap, Spearfish, Hot Springs, Rapid City, Belle Fourche, were all represented by pastors or delegates. Hermosa and Lane Johnny were not represented. We were told that somewhere in the vicinity of Lane Johnny a certain representative of the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society, having gone there to start a Sunday-school, emerged from the cabin where he had been entertained for the night, and beheld himself hung in effigy on a neighboring tree. A placard hung about the neck, on which was written in large letters: "Sunday-school Man, Beware!" This same man has successfully preached the Gospel in that place.

To return to the meeting. As the pastors and delegates arrived they were assigned to the little frontier homes for entertainment. Through the generosity of a lady member of the church I was entertained at the hotel, which seemed to be there for the exclusive use of cattle-men and cowboys. The proprietor assigned me a room and told me that the "parlor" of the hotel

was at my disposal. This parlor, when the house was crowded, accommodated a number of cots, which were now piled up on one side of the room. There was a large table in the centre, where I soon spread out writing materials and went to work. As the noon hour approached, my attention was arrested by a group of cowboys in the hall. They were watching me and talking together in rather an excited manner. Suddenly one of them walked into the room with a look of determination upon his face which said plainly: "It will take more than *a woman* to keep me out of this room, if I choose to come into it!" There was a parlor organ in the corner. He seated himself at the instrument and began to play a variety of dancing tunes. I kept on writing, apparently taking no notice of him or of the group outside, but conscious of being keenly observed. After a while the young man stopped playing, turned around, and looked me square in the face. "Please play another!" I exclaimed. "You certainly have a fine ear, to play all these pieces without notes." This remark was so entirely unexpected that a smothered laugh could be heard from the hall, and the young man's face flushed. He had evidently been trying the effect of dancing music upon a missionary. I said again: "Please don't stop; I like to hear you play." Another smothered laugh from the hall. The young man turned again to the instrument, and beginning with the familiar tunes, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," "What a Friend we have in Jesus," etc., he played some of our sweet Gospel Hymns. The group in the hall were absolutely quiet as he turned to me again with a softened look on his face. I said: "Where did you learn those Christian hymns?" "I have a Christian father and mother, back East," he answered. "I was brought up in a Christian home. We used to sing those tunes in Sunday-school." "I am glad to hear that,"

said I; "and I hope you go to church here, and help this good pastor." "Go to church!" he exclaimed. "I haven't been to church in years—not since I came into the cattle business. We cowboys don't go to church; we have something else to do. We only stay here to load the trains, and then we are off on the ranches again. It's a dreadful lonesome kind of life, and when we come to a town we want to have a good time." I learned that the "good time" meant a drunken spree in the saloons. "But," he continued, "our crowd is different from some. Most cowboys like to play with their revolvers when on the spree. We don't do that. Before we begin to drink we hand our revolvers over to the saloon-keeper, who locks them up for us till we get sober again. This saves a good deal of damage to the town."

"Do your father and mother know," I asked, "that you have drifted so far away from the Christian influences of your home?" "No," he said; "they don't know it, and I hope they'll never find it out." I said: "Did you know that we are having meetings here this week?" "Yes," said he; "I heard that there were a lot of 'sky pilots' here, and that they are having an awfully pious time over there at the church, but it doesn't trouble us any."

"We are going to have a praise service there this evening," said I. "You are so fond of music, I know you will enjoy the singing. Won't you go and take some of your friends with you? Besides," I continued, "I am to speak at the meeting this evening, and it would help me ever so much to see the cowboys there." He looked thoughtful a moment, and then with a curious expression of countenance, which indicated to me that the good and the evil spirit were in conflict within, he said suddenly: "Yes, I'll go, and I'll take a lot of them with me."



"Why are these men out in the hall?" I asked. "Why don't they come in here, where it is warm and pleasant?" "Well," said he, "to tell you the truth, the old man said we couldn't come in here while you were here, and I came in to see what would happen to me."

"Oh," said I, "I am very sorry about this. I didn't know that any one had been shut out on my account. Please invite them to come in here. This room is open to you all." In about sixty seconds the room was well filled with cowboys, who were answering my numerous questions about their work and their life as politely and intelligently and cordially as would have been the case with any group of young men in the East.

The bell rang for dinner, and my friends unceremoniously rushed to the dining-room. I waited a while, hoping that the proprietor might come for me. Knowing that I was the only woman in this hotel, I shrank a little from entering a dining-room occupied by fifty cowboys. Suddenly my musical friend appeared, and gallantly escorted me to the dining-room, where I found one table without an occupant. This I was told was my table, and here I sat by myself for three days, studying the cowboy at his meals. Sometimes before entering this room I paused a moment at the door to listen. I heard much rough talk not intended for ears polite, and many oaths. As soon as I opened the door there was a hush, and it was curious to note the effort made by these young men to be decent in behavior and conversation in presence of a woman. Many an oath was smothered at its birth, many a low jest cut short in its very beginning. In spite of all this, and the noisy clanging of their spurs on the bare floor as they came and went, I was convinced that as a class they were peculiarly susceptible to kind words and good influences. Their attitude toward Christian womanhood is one of reverence. This

is true also of men in the mining country. This susceptibility to the influence of a good woman offers a rare opportunity to the Home Missionary wife on the frontier.

The cowboy musician kept his word, and brought with him to the praise service a group of young men, who sat upon the front seats to give me the help of their sympathetic attention, and added wonderfully to the volume of sound that evening. And when the gospel songs were followed by the sweet, simple, yet ever-new old gospel story, there was not in all the little church a more attentive or appreciative group of hearers.

The next day my friend gave me more music, and said at the close: "We cowboys want you to come to the cattle-yard this afternoon to see us load a train." This invitation was gladly accepted, and a party of us were taken to the busy corral, beside which stood a long cattle train. The cowboys, who seemed a part of their horses, were racing recklessly over the plain, rounding up a large herd of cattle and bringing it into the corral. To the uninitiated, it was wonderful to see the skill with which they picked out six of these animals at a time and drove them from one part of the pen to another, until they were safely lodged in the narrow chute leading to the door of the car. The horses seemed fully as intelligent in each maneuver as the rider.

I am told that these cattle stand in wholesome fear of the horse, and they can be easily managed by the cowboy when mounted; but let him once be found upon the ground, and the creatures trample him to death. On each side of the chute is a high fence upon which cowboys stand or sit, or to which they cling while prodding these cattle with long sticks. In the end of each stick is a sharp iron spike, with which they

punch the beasts and force them into the cars. Hence the cowboy is sometimes called the "cow-puncher."

While this process of prodding and punching was going on the air was vocal with cowboy yells. I stood near the door of the car into which the cattle were being driven. When almost within the car they became wild with terror, and, turning back, leaped past each other in the greatest confusion. There was great excitement among the cowboys. I supposed that this was a part of the regular programme, not knowing that I was the innocent cause of this commotion. Having occasion to step aside to speak to one of the party, a minister, also new to the scene, took my place, and was immediately hailed with a volley of oaths from a dozen cowboys. "What is the matter?" he cried. "Don't you know," they shouted, "that we cannot do anything with these cattle while you stand there?" "Well, that's queer," said the gentleman; "the lady has been standing here all the time, and you didn't say a word to her." "You must be a tenderfoot," said a cowboy, "if you don't know that a lady might have stood there till dark, and a cowboy wouldn't say a word to her!"

This illustration throws a side light upon the peculiar characteristic of the cowboy before mentioned.

If people of wealth could be induced to invest some of their money in the gospel wagon, manned by Christian young men who can sing and tell the simple gospel story, and if the gospel wagon could travel from ranch to ranch in regular rounds, I believe that hundreds of these cowboys might be reached and saved. Wholesome literature distributed at the same time would be gladly paid for and eagerly read. For, although they work very hard at certain seasons, there are many hours and days and weeks of enforced idleness, and this is the time to reach them with helpful reading matter. Many of these men are graduates

from our colleges, and if we send them literature it must be of the best.

This is a glimpse of *one* phase only of the field of of the Congregational Home Missionary Society.

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## THE COW-PUNCHER'S STORY.

He was preaching the gospel on the frontier and winning men to Christian life and service. Lately he had been a "cow-puncher," and in the broad road that leads to spiritual death. "Through what influence," I asked, "were you brought into the divine service?" His reply may strengthen your faith.

"Until I was twenty-four years of age, I was a most faithful servant of the evil one, indulging in all of the sins that beset a 'cow-puncher's' life, except the curse of drink; and since I became a Christian I have seen why it was that God, through all those years, kept me from that terrible habit, although all the time at enmity with him. When I first decided to go West, mother made me promise that I would never touch strong drink. Many times, when tempted, the promise made to mother would come to me. One time the glass was raised to my lips, but that promise to mother came again to me. The glass was thrown to the floor and smashed to pieces. Nobody knows but God and those who have passed through the same experience what it is to live, year in and year out, constantly coming in contact with the class of people whose lives are given up to self-indulgence. While there are no better or more free-hearted men than some who follow the range, yet, when under the influence of liquor, they lose all manhood, and you must be one with them or suffer.

"In the Spring of '93 I started from the place where

I had been feeding cattle in Eastern Nebraska for the plains, again to take up my old vocation, but found that work was scarce, and but very few ranchmen were hiring riders. The hand of fate seemed to be against me. Heretofore I had always commanded the highest wages, and obtained employment whenever desired; but now I found it impossible to get work upon the range, and for six months I failed in everything that I undertook to do. After traveling all over Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado and Kansas, I came to a town where I got work with a friend who was a carpenter, but soon found that his job must be closed for the lack of money. As it was nearing Fall, I turned eastward, leaving my trunk and all that I had with a friend, who was to send it to me when I found work.

"After again traveling about 400 miles, I came to a little town in Eastern Nebraska early in December. I was suffering from a severe attack of the grip, was without money, and among strangers. Not knowing what to do, I went to one of the hotels and pawned my watch for \$3.95. Staying there two days, and getting no better, I saw that something must be done, and that immediately. Looking about the streets, I came across a man who said he would give me work herding cattle in the cornstalks at three dollars a month and my board. One can imagine how I felt, after having always received \$30 and \$35 per month and board; but, thinking it was better than tramping, I promised to let him know that night. That afternoon, more dead than alive, I started on foot for the place, ten miles in the country, on a cold, raw December day. On reaching his place, I found he had not returned; but a sight of the place was enough for me. Badly as I needed work, I knew that I could not stand the filth about that house. Telling the man's wife that I could not work for him, I again pushed forward, I knew not

where, more hopeless, disconsolate, and discouraged than ever.

"Asking at every house, and of every man that I met, for work, I came to a nice, clean-looking place, and, asking the old question, met with the same old answer—'more help than work.' They invited me to take supper and spend the night, saying that they were going into town the next morning, and I could ride in with them. I gladly accepted the invitation, and found that they were a family of orphans—three brothers and two sisters. After a good supper, I was doctored up and sent to bed. The next morning at breakfast one of the boys said that I might possibly get work of one of the neighbors, and that he would go over with me. The hope thus raised within my heart was dashed to the ground when the man said that he had thought of hiring, but times were so hard he had about decided to get a neighbor's boy to help him for his board. He must have seen the disappointed look upon my face as I turned away, for he called me back, and asked me to go with him to town, where he would see the boy and talk it over with him, as he was really needed at home. I had said that I was tired of asking for wages, and now was willing to work for my board. On seeing the boy, it was decided that I should have the place. The man could not promise me wages, but said he would give me what he could. I accepted the offer, and, becoming a member of the family, found them kind Christian people, having family worship night and morning. Their lives soon began to impress me that there was more than this life. It was then that I gave my first thought to the hereafter.

"About this time I wrote for my trunk and outfit that I had left with my friend, also for a valise full of clothing that I had left at a hotel. After repeatedly writing to my friend, and hearing nothing from him,

I learned that he had moved to another State, and that was the last I ever heard of my outfit. I also received word from the clerk of the hotel that the valise could not be found. So there I was, in the midst of a cold Winter, without clothing or money.

"There was such a deep conviction in my heart that I used to try to evade family worship, and thus many evenings were spent in card-playing with some of the neighbors until worship was over.

"A series of revival meetings was held in the school-house near by, beginning January 1, 1894. I had resolved not to attend the meetings, but when they opened I was there, and soon found the Lord Jesus precious to my soul, for which I praise his name forevermore."

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## CHALK TALK TO THE COWBOYS.

Let me take you into a little home missionary church in the Rockies. It is the Sabbath evening service, and the house is packed from platform to door. "Why is this congregation made up so largely of young men?" you ask.

Because the Home Missionary is to give a "Black-board Talk" to the cowboys. He has written personal letters to the cattle-men, inviting them to attend and bring their wives, and also to encourage the cowboys in their employ to come.

You note the unusual arrangement of the platform. The pulpit is at the extreme right, and the organ and choir at the extreme left. In the wide open space between hangs a large roller-mounted blackboard, 6 x 3½ feet, so placed that every eye can see it. Near it stands the Home Missionary.

You are much interested in the crowd of bright boys



and girls at this service. They have given their seats to older ones, and are sitting on the edge of the platform—their craned necks, and eager eyes, and upturned faces indicating that *something* is about to happen.

After the spirited singing of several Gospel hymns, led by the choir, the missionary reads snatches of Scripture from the life of Abraham and offers a brief, simple prayer. Then they all rise and sing another hymn, after which the missionary, with crayon in hand, steps to the front of the platform and reads these words of Scripture:

*“Abraham believed God, and it was imputed unto him for righteousness—and he was called the friend of God.”*

After kindly commending the cowboys for their presence, and expressing the wish that they may have a pleasant and profitable evening, he steps to the board, and, amid a stillness which is felt, while the attention of everyone is riveted upon the blackboard, he makes a few rapid strokes with the crayon, and, behold, the thought of the evening is put before us in a picture! A slight rustle, and then another breathless silence. The artist-speaker then begins:

“One of the most eminent men of the Scriptures was a ‘cattle-man,’ and in his employ were many herdsmen, or, as we would say here in Colorado, ‘cowboys.’ So none of you need be ashamed of your calling, but rather proud of it. Abraham made the business honorable in the cattle ranges of Palestine by believing God and living a godly life, and so may you in like manner make the business honorable in the cattle ranges of Colorado, and each one of you may forever bear with him the honor of being called the friend of God.

“Abraham was not a sinless man; neither are you.

Abraham was not a faultless man; neither are you. The world has never seen but one sinless, faultless man, and that man was 'the man Christ Jesus,' and being the Son of God as well as the only sinless man, he alone can be your redeemer, mediator, and shepherd. 'For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus.' And this only mediator once said: 'The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.'

"He also said, 'Abraham rejoiced to see my day, and he saw it, and was glad.' As a sinful cattle-man, Abraham looked forward through the promises of God and saw Christ as his redeemer and mediator; and so may you look backward through the same promises to the same redeemer, and, like Abraham, rejoice in Christ's day.

"If I were a cattle-man, or a cowboy spending most of my time in these mountain ranges, I would make room in my saddle for one more weapon—a sword. Not for a mountain lion—my revolver would do for him—but for 'our adversary,' the devil, 'who walketh about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour.' Revolver for the mountain lion, and the 'Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God,' for the 'roaring lion.' Jesus, while in the mountain ranges of Judea, 'among the wild beasts,' when attacked by this 'roaring lion,' with three strokes of this Sword, with its keen edge, 'It is written,' drove back this roaring coward into his lair.

"You have your 'round-ups'; so does the devil. Your round-ups end in the death of the cattle; his end in the death of the soul. You round up cattle; he rounds up men.

"I have sketched on my blackboard, as you see, a railroad corral, the way through which your herds go

from the mountain ranges to the place of death. You will notice here that the opening is very wide. No crowding, no bruising at the entrance; the way is easy and inviting. This is a wonderful illustration of what the Savior once said in his sermon preached from a mountain in Judea: 'Wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat.' So when Satan would lead you to eternal death he does not crowd and squeeze and bruise you at first. He is too sharp for that; but he gives you a 'broad' road and a 'wide gate' like this corral. 'There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is a way of death.' But, like this corral, the way to destruction does not continue 'broad.' Only as you will bear it does Satan close up on you. Then come 'wounds and bruises and putrefying sores.' And then, as in this corral, comes the 'shoot' into the car of destiny, and you are gone forever. Don't let him deceive you, boys; no matter how wide and easy an opening he gives you, *don't go in.*

"You see, lying on the ground at the entrance of this corral, a lariat. Now you know much better how that is used than I can tell you. I saw, the other day, on the street, a man roping a calf, and I noticed one thing that impressed me very much. He did not put the rope on the calf's foot, but threw the loop down before the calf, which *ran right into it*, and it was then an easy matter to pull upon the rope, and the calf was caught. That is just the way the devil does with his lariat, and he has many of them—the lariat of temper, of drink, of swearing, of gambling, and many others. He knows which lariat will work the best with each one of you, and uses it. He does not put the lariat of drink upon you, but he throws it down before you directly in your path, and if you are like that calf you run right into it, and he pulls up on you, and you are helplessly

caught. So he does with the lariat of temper, of gambling, of swearing.

"Now, boys, why don't you turn the tables on him, and do the lariatng yourselves? You can handle the lariat as well as he, and God offers you a lariat that never fails—his promises. He says to believers, 'The God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly.' With this promise you can rope Satan every time, and come off 'more than conquerors through him that loved us.'

"But you must first take the gift of eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord before you can use God's lariat in the warfare of life. Satan has no fear of God's lariat when in the hands of a spiritual corpse. A wayward steer has no fear of a dead cowboy, however good his lariat may be. Life first and service afterwards is God's order. The Scriptures are the record that God gave of his Son, and this is the record, that God hath given unto us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. 'He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life.'

"Take eternal life through the record, boys, and then take the record as your sword to beat back Satan, and your lariat to bind him, and, like old Abraham, honor your calling and be forever known as the friends of God; and when the great final round-up takes place at the return of the Chief Shepherd your hearts will be forever made glad with the welcome plaudit from the lips of the King, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!'"

At the close of this very simple and pointed talk a hymn is sung, followed by the benediction, and, after a cordial handshake from the missionary, the congregation slowly retire. You come away feeling that this has been a pleasant and profitable service, not only to the cowboys but to yourself as well.

## THE MINE.

One mine in this town loads eighty tons of concentrated ore per day; its pay-roll in November was \$38,000. There are two other mines in operation in this town, and each has a large pay-roll, though I did not learn the particulars.

I was informed that the mines tributary to the town employed no less than 600 men directly in and around the mines. This, as we ordinarily figure, you see, would imply about 3,000 inhabitants under ordinary circumstances, without counting the middle or business men who are supported by the income of these producers of wealth.

Hotels, boarding houses of many descriptions, stores, saloons and gambling dens, are visible on every street. Everything suggested thrift, if business—that is, money-making and money-spending—implies thrift.

This typical mining town does not pretend to have any sacred days or sacred hours. Business, money-making and sporting are the great aim of life. The miners work seven days each week and twenty-four hours each day. The great concentrators know no pause; the cables are ever busy transporting the mineral from the tunnels to the mills.

The streets are full of busy teams on the Sabbath, just as on any other day; the same is true of all the stores but one, the proprietor of which put out as his first advertisement, "This store will be closed on the Sabbath." He, by the way, is a Congregationalist, with whom the writer had the pleasure of dining on Sabbath afternoon. The saloons and gambling dens boomed in iniquity on the Lord's Day as well as on any other day.

## AMONG THE MONTANA MINERS.

When Mrs. B. came from the East, where she belonged to the society of "Friends," to this gold mine camp, she found nothing here but a few tents and cabins. "The mountains," she said, "were full of men. There were not more than half a dozen women in the whole mining town." Mr. B. was one of the first miners in the camp, and had control of the store and post office. Mrs. B. was a Christian woman, and became greatly interested in these young men. One Sunday she invited all who would like to hear her read something, to come to the store. She prepared seats for as many as could be accommodated, and every seat was taken. She took her place behind the counter and conducted a religious service for the first time in her life. She had prayer, singing, Scripture-reading, and then read a sermon. At the close she said:

"Now, boys, I don't think we can afford to wait for a minister before we have service in this town, so if you will come every Sabbath, we will have something of the kind regularly." After a while the store would not hold her audience. The men looked about and found an empty log building. They took in boxes and boards and made seats. They made a table for their lady preacher. Fifty young men came with astonishing regularity. This was a church with free seats and free preaching! After a while they wanted an organ. The singing was one of the most attractive features of the service. Mrs. B. had purchased Gospel Hymns at her own expense, and every man of them joined heartily in the singing. A young lady had come to the camp who could play; so they must have an organ. They resolved upon a "basket picnic." Each of the half-dozen ladies in the town prepared a basket of lunch for herself, and several others to sell. Those for

sale were made as inviting as possible, and sold at auction. The gentleman who bought a basket had the privilege of eating lunch with the lady who had prepared it. This arrangement brought up the price of baskets wonderfully. The rivalry became so intense that one basket—I think it was that of the young lady musician—brought fourteen dollars! They raised ninety dollars, and secured the organ. In the course of time a school district was organized. A building was hired to be used for day school and Sabbath service. They needed chairs, lamps, etc. The miners “chipped in” at Mrs. B.’s request, and enabled her to buy these things. She asked them to do this several times, until all the necessary church furniture was secured.

And now this earnest woman begged our Society to send a Home Missionary to preach to this congregation which she had gathered. But the Society was short of funds, and could not then take new work; so she went on holding this service three years and two months, until her congregation averaged seventy-five miners. Her little service was the only one in all that region. At last the Society was able to send the much-longed-for missionary; but he became disheartened and has left the field, and it has come back to the dear, brave Mrs. B. again. The love of the miners for her and their perfect confidence in her are pathetic. Many an Eastern mother may thank God that her son is under the influence of this brave, consecrated woman.

“My boys,” said Mrs. B.—she calls all the miners her boys—“like to read, and they like good reading too: history, biography, etc. They are delighted with the standard magazines. I loan the magazines. They are returned, to be loaned again, making a kind of circulating library of them. They have all been taken and returned several times already.

“Many of these miners—yes, most of them—having



come from the best of Eastern families, are intelligent, and many of them better read than the middle class in rural districts in the East. They came West years ago to make their fortune and return, but were disappointed. Away from any society but that of men, they live in cabins by themselves, or more frequently two men 'bach' together, doing their own cooking, washing, and everything, and seldom (till within a few years) ever seeing or associating with a woman, except at dances, and then not with the better class.

"There is something peculiarly touching to me in seeing how these men, many of them now advanced to middle age, seem to hold on to their Eastern civilization through their reading, and whenever fortune smiles and they make 'a little strike,' as they call it, their subscriptions come in for different magazines and papers, which are not merely skimmed but thoroughly read.

"There is something fascinating to men in this life of excitement, which when once entered is usually continued. You ask: 'What excitement is there in such a life?' The excitement of discovering the precious metals is equal to any experience on Wall Street. One man finds a 'pay streak,' whether in quartz or placer, gold or silver. He sees the possibility of being a millionaire and going East to gladden the heart of some relative, or possibly a betrothed who has faithfully waited and hoped these many years. Not only is he excited, but so is every one around him. The news finds its way to the nearest local paper, and thence over the world in glaring head-lines—'A Rich Strike,' etc. Men flock in from all over the country—a real stampede. Every foot of ground is staked, a town is laid out, corner lots are sold at fabulous prices; saloons are opened with all their attendant vices and degradations in the way of gambling dens and worse. These,

with a grocery, blacksmith's shop and log hotel, make a town. A schoolhouse may come, but often the town is dead and deserted before it makes its appearance. The 'pay streak' proved to be a 'pocket,' or seam that soon 'pinched out,' and all that was gained was spent in hunting for more; or capitalists came in and bought the best property, closed it down and froze the others out. But when hope is dying a strike may be made at some other place, perhaps hundreds of miles away, and they join a stampede to that place. And so it goes on year after year, till all the home folks are scattered or dead, all home ties are broken, and, buoyed up by flattering hope, they settle down to enjoy the life they have, spending each day according to their different dispositions, and apparently giving no thought to the future. Kind-hearted and generous to a fault, ever ready to protect a woman or child, free to share their last cent with one more needy than themselves, they are noble in many respects; but too often, alas! they fall into habits of dissipation. No one can understand this country as it is without living here and mingling with the people year after year.

"My husband is a placer miner, and, having some interests here, we came among the first families, five years ago. I took charge of the post office from the first, for my husband is an expert in placer mining and is often called away for weeks at a time. In this way I have learned more about these miners than I could possibly have learned otherwise. I have felt and shown an interest in them, and they appreciate it. They will come out, many of them, to attend my service better than they would that of an eloquent minister. This may sound egotistical. I do not mean to be, but would show the power of kindness and a woman's influence. I have had to conduct funeral services for these old-time miners since living here, which were

seasons of deep feeling and solemnity. Oh, how my heart goes out in sympathy and tenderness for these men, upheld by none of the influences of society, yet many of them strong in their integrity and manhood. They are like trees on an open plain, deep-rooted; or oftener, perhaps, like those on the hillside, gnarled and bent by the prevailing winds. They are strong and firm, although almost destitute of the greatest blessing to humanity, a knowledge of our Savior and the experience of that spiritual life which completes true and noble manhood. They give the closest attention and respect as I dwell upon the love and perfect life of our Savior, which should be the guide of our lives. This is satisfactory, but does not bring forth the definite results that I so long to see.

“‘Working under difficulties?’ Yes; but not nearly so many as when I first held services, for now I feel that I have the strength of the prayers and sympathy of the Society and its friends, which is very helpful and encouraging.

“I am gleaning a talk for my people on Phillips Brooks, the purity and nobleness of his life and work, with selections from his sermons. It is a life I gladly bring before my miner boys. After that I want to take Whittier, with whom I used to have a personal acquaintance, as we belonged to the same society, and were members of the same monthly meeting.

“When I first came to Montana as a teacher I felt that I was called by the Holy Spirit. Though I mourn the separation from my near relatives and my own much-loved religious society, yet I have never doubted that I was right in coming, and had a religious work to do in Montana.”

## HOW HE GOT THE COLLECTION.

Many of our pastors find it very difficult to increase their collections for benevolent objects. Here is a suggestion from a Western mining camp, though we don't recommend its general adoption.

The missionary had been urging his hearers to "enthuse" over a project which he had in hand, of securing a library for the church and people, and asked for a generous contribution. A number of miners were present, and one passed the hat. He poured out the money upon the little table in front of the pulpit and counted it; then said: "Boys, our preacher says we must 'enthuse' over this matter. Now, I have here five dollars and seventy-five cents. I propose that we give him the seventy-five cents, and take the five dollars and go across the street and 'enthuse.'" Suiting the action to the word, he took the five dollars and went to the saloon across the street, whither a score or more of miners followed him. The missionary soon finished his remarks, and was about to close the meeting when the miners came in again. Seeing that the preacher was about to close the service, the leader of the returned procession said: "Mr. Parson, ye ain't a-going to shut up shop quite yet—are ye? Let's whoop her up ag'in, just for luck!"

So the miner passed the hat again, and this time poured upon the table thirty-five dollars.

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## ANGELS' CAMP.

I went into a saloon once at three o'clock in the morning in Angels' Camp—they must have been bad angels, for all the saloons and gambling places were open. The first place I went into, there were a dozen young men and three or four girls. Some of the men

were lying down, drunk, and one of the girls stepped over and spoke to me, and when I told her I was a minister I never saw such a look on anyone's face as hers had when she stepped back, clasped her hands, and made an appeal for those boys. "Oh sir," she said, "do something for these boys. The girls are past help, but do something for these poor boys." That girl is now in a beautiful home in San Francisco, and sits in a pew in church there between two white-haired old people, and she can look up into the face of the old man and say "father," and into the face of the old lady and say "mother," and she can take the place of the old mother who went to heaven back in Massachusetts.

I spoke to the boys the next night in a little meeting, and after I was through talking, one of the boys—a Green Mountain boy he was—came up to me and put his hand on my shoulder and asked: "Why don't you send us more preachers?" "Why do you stay here?" I asked. And he drew himself up and said: "Do you suppose I am going back and tell them that I am a failure? I will die first!" And then he spoke to me about his home, and he asked: "Do you ever go to Vermont?" "Yes," I told him, "I do go there sometimes." He said: "If you find my mother, don't tell her how I am living here, but tell them to send us more preachers."

I was in the home of a foreigner a few years ago in my work. I had occasion to go up and see him. He lived in a long *adobe* house, with himself and his family living in one part, and the pigs and the cows and the horses in another. There was a place roofed over from the house down to the place where he kept his stock, so that the blizzards couldn't catch him in the winter when he had to go down there to care for his stock, and the pigs and the cows would come back

to return the call. He wasn't there when I arrived, but by and by he came in and we sat down to dinner, and he said: "Mein bruder, will you ask a blessing?" And then, when we were through, he returned thanks. Now let me tell you how we took supper. It was just put on in chunks, and the old man took up a great loaf of bread and the knife, and held the loaf under his arm and cut off a chunk, and then stuck the knife in the loaf and handed it across the table to me. There was a ham on the table—it was boiled whole, and I was glad of it—and he took that up and held it under his arm and cut off a slice, and then handed it to me to cut off a slice. Then when bedtime came I went to bed between two great big feather beds—I thought they weighed 150 pounds. I didn't sleep much, and I was glad when the old man came and stuck his head into the room and said: "Breakfast is ready." After breakfast we talked a little and I prayed a little, and he brought out a German Bible and said: "Will you read?" I couldn't read it, and he said: "My daughter will read." And his daughter read from the fourteenth chapter of John—I could catch enough to tell that—and then he asked me if I would pray, and when I had prayed I began to gather myself up, and then he began to pray, and then his wife, and then his daughter, and then the oldest boy, and then the hired man; and then, when we were through, he took me by the hand and looked me in the face, and said: "Mein bruder, I am glad you have come," and he kissed me on the cheek. I have had people kiss me when I enjoyed it better, but I kissed him back. I couldn't have done it but for the grace of God which makes us brothers.

## A SIDE LIGHT.

The daily papers of last week gave sickening accounts of affairs in the mining districts of Indiana, where the miners were on a strike. A mob of women, half-crazed by hunger, made a furious attack on a "blackleg" train; cursing and screaming, they pelted the train with stones, and as it came to a standstill made a furious onslaught upon the men coming to take the places of the striking miners—husbands, brothers, and sons of these women. The "Tribune" says: "Fortunately for the men, they were well armed, and soon drove their savage assailants back. Several of the miners were severely bruised with blows from the clubs the women carried, though none were seriously injured. There were several hand-to-hand conflicts, but the women were weak from want of food, and were easily overpowered." What a commentary upon a Christian government that has permitted the growth of conditions which render such a thing possible. One of these conditions is hinted at by the statement that when the women had vented their spleen they, with their husbands, in spite of their want, managed to procure enough liquor to wind up the performance with a roaring carouse. Oh, the pity of it, the horror of it, that such things can be in the last decade of the nineteenth century; and Christian men and women sit with folded hands, and deem the cause of this woe too insignificant to claim any attention!

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## THE COAL MINE MISSION.

"The next thirty-five miles is an American Sodom!" said the conductor. "And I wish we were safely over it," he added under his breath, as he passed on into the next car.



The consecrated man who entered this uninviting field has a burning zeal for souls, and not even the urgent appeal of his people, nor their loving devotion, could hold him at a post of ease when the crying need of this God-forsaken region came to his knowledge. What did the converted coal miner find, when he accepted this difficult trust? Saloons in abundance—in one town *eleven in a row*—each saloon with its attendant gambling-dens, dance-houses, etc. He found this region a hotbed of infidelity. He saw multitudes of young people of all nations under the sun making holiday of the sacred hours of the Sabbath, and, saddest of all—knowing no better. There were no gospel services, nor Sunday-schools, for there was no place to hold them. A few extracts from his personal letters may give a glimpse of his work, and its results.

April.

While I have spent much time in visiting the five towns of this neglected field, I have selected one place as a center for extra effort, and here, on Jan. 1st, I commenced a series of gospel meetings. The result is a Congregational Church of seventeen members, and a Sunday-school of fifty scholars. As all these towns are dreadfully cursed with saloons, we are trying to create a temperance sentiment. Fifty have already signed the pledge, among them some of the worst drunkards in the town. Forty-five children have joined the "Children's Band," and are trying to keep their lives clean. We have bought half an acre of ground, whereon to build a church and parsonage. Work is already commenced in good faith.

June.

At Town No. 2 we have a lot for a church, almost paid for. Before we can do any good in this town we must build. Things are in a bad way, but your missionary cannot stay here because at night he has

nowhere to lay his head. Two weeks ago two men on the railroad at night going to their home were overtaken by a gang of ruffians, and were so brutally used that they were left for dead on the track. One died the next morning, but it is thought the other may recover. At this writing these ruffians are still at large. The same night some desperadoes tried to wreck the midnight passenger train. Our Sunday-school here has been at work nearly all winter until the teacher of the public school locked the door against them.

No. 3 still retains its bad name. A few Sabbaths ago I preached there, all day. Quite recently an Austrian was shot dead by the roadside in a drunken row. Around the Austrian's little shanty which was his home, last Sabbath, I counted twelve beer kegs which had been emptied in a few days. I stepped into a Scotchman's house about eight o'clock in the morning, inviting the family to our service. Our conversation was carried on with the beer between us. But the good people give me a hearty welcome whenever I can go there.

At No. 4, spiritual life is at a very low ebb. The people are working very earnestly in the temperance work, and that seems just now to engage all their attention. The Sunday-school has been running regularly and I have always been welcomed to their homes. I have been trying to put things in order all this winter; sometimes my heart has rejoiced at the prospect of better things right away, but often at my next visit everything is demoralized. The great need is the church, the old foundation.

July.

Our congregations and Sunday-schools are growing, and becoming more and more interesting in spite of our wanderings, for we have had to move four times in as many months. Our next move at No. 1 will be into

our new church. Oh, what joy! To plant a church of Christ in a town like this—and there are many such towns—and to give the Gospel to such a mass of people who have not had it, is the privilege and the opportunity of the hour. Now is the time. We came here none too soon. Through the prayers of God's people in our behalf, God shall bless us!

September.

Last Sunday while I was preaching at No. 5 a colored man killed another. The body lay all day in an old saw-mill by the roadside, a dreadful sight. A bullet hole through his head, the hands tied with an old scarf, the feet bound with a piece of wire. Drunken men staggered to the place, and viewed the ghastly sight, unmoved. In the evening I preached a temperance sermon from the words, "Why do ye spend money for that which is not bread?" Many came after the service to thank me for the Word of God.

December.

I send you a picture of our church and parsonage. You will rejoice to hear of the success of this Mission. Twelve months ago a few people came together in the old school-house, and sat in the farthest corner of the house, afraid of each other, and afraid of the preacher. As soon as possible they all ran away to their homes as fast as they could. Ever since the dedication of our new church the house has been crowded. The people come long before the time appointed for service. Last Sunday we had two large congregations. Our superintendent was here, and in the evening, by my request, he made an appeal for a collection for the Home Missionary Society, and this people, out of their poverty, gave \$11.30. The Sunday-school is growing all the time. Last Sunday there were one hundred scholars. They have commenced to pay for their own supplies, and have also ordered an organ for the Sunday-school

and church, which they hope to pay for by installments. This is a great undertaking for them. You should hear them sing the "Gospel Hymns." The congregations are large, and very attentive. The church is seldom closed. At our Thanksgiving Day service we raised \$44.76 to help pay for this little church building. I never saw people work more earnestly and harmoniously than they do here. We are laying plans for Christmas so as to reach every poor little child. Christmas boxes from friends are a wonderful help. A great change is taking place. We held a series of prayer meetings last week. This week we hold temperance meetings. With the week of prayer we commence a series of gospel meetings. We are *expecting* a baptism of the Holy Spirit, and the upbuilding of the Master's kingdom here.

Would that I could throw a sunbeam into the Bible House at New York, to cheer the anxious hearts there, for I know you are thinking about your missionaries, and praying God to send the means to carry on work so much needed—just now. I will send you the Master's own message, "Lo, I am with you alway."

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### A WOMAN'S STORY.

Life among the miners! Yes, it is different from life in the Eastern States; how different, words fail to give any adequate idea. Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, and other delightful story tellers, who weave strange webs from the woof of fancy, have one and all followed the same pattern. Their miners, prospectors, heroes and heroines have become standard types. But cold facts prove that these have not always been painted from living models. We have many a little mining camp in the West, isolated from the outside world,

made up of cosmopolitan inhabitants, where the restraints of civilization rest very lightly; and yet in some farmer's hamlet in the Eastern or Southern States, where a traveler's inn plants itself as a waiting demon at the cross-roads in the highway, there is more outspoken wickedness, deeper plotting for evil, and feet. Here we find men who have mined from Mexico more danger to life and limb, than in these lonely gulches and mountains unused to the tread of civilized to Alaska, have wandered over Australian plains, trailed through Asiatic deserts, and hunted diamonds in Africa. Here we find the college graduate, the lawyer, the doctor, the professor, all mingling on the the same level with the ignorant and the unlearned in their search for gold in the bowels of the earth. Here are all sorts and conditions of people, who accept the present as the only time and wait with unspoken hope and faith for whatever the future may bring them. They are pleasant to talk with, affable, courteous, intelligent, and brimful of strange stories of camp and field, of quartz mines far up the mountains, of placer diggings in once populous but now deserted cities, and all the wonderful romances which are a part of the adventurer's lot in whatsoever land his tent has been pitched.

I wish I had the ability to make you understand something of the loneliness and at the same time the excitement of the lives of these miners, many of them having come from the best of Eastern families, intelligent, well-read, with a large stock of general information. They came West years ago to make a fortune and return. Disappointment attended their efforts, they had no society but men, lived in cabins by themselves; or, as is more frequent, two "bach together," doing their own cooking when the day's work is over, taking Sunday for cleaning up their cabin and

themselves, washing their clothes, and purchasing supplies for the following week. Then there is something fascinating to men in a life of excitement ; which, when once entered, is usually continued. Perhaps you wonder what excitement there can be in such a life. The excitement of discovering the precious metals is equal to anything met with on Wall Street. One man finds a "pay streak," whether in quartz or placer, gold or silver. He sees at once a possibility of becoming a millionaire and going East to gladden the heart of an aged mother, or some loved relative, or possibly of a betrothed who has faithfully waited and hoped through all these years. Not only is he excited, but so is every one around him ; and soon the news finds its way to the nearest local paper in glaring headlines, "A Rich Strike," etc. This is copied by other papers, and men flock in from all parts of the country—a regular stampede. Every foot of ground is staked, a town is laid out, and often a plat is sent East and corner lots are sold at fabulous prices. Saloons are opened, with all their attendant vices and degradations in the way of gambling dens and brothels. These, with a grocery, blacksmith's shop, and log hotel, make a town. A schoolhouse may come, but often the town is dead and deserted before it makes its appearance. The pay streak proved to be a pocket or a seam that soon pinched out, and all that was gained was spent in hunting for more ; or perhaps capitalists came in and bought the best property, closed it down, and froze the others out.

But when hope is dying, a strike will be reported in some other place, and they join a stampede there ; or quite as often one alone will pack on the back of a mule his little all, consisting of a bed, a change of clothing and a few of the latest magazines tied up in a gunny-sack, a frying pan, coffee-pot, and tin dipper,



with a few supplies for the inner man, while he, either on foot or with a cayuse, wends his way to the mountains to prospect again where the foot of white man has never trod. And so it goes on year after year till the home folks are gone, the betrothed of his youth is married to another, and he settles down to enjoy each day as it comes, according to his disposition, apparently giving no thought to the future, though really buoyed up by an ever-fleeting hope.

Kind-hearted and generous to a fault, ever ready to protect a woman or a child, free to share their last cent with one more needy than themselves, noble in many traits of manhood, but too often, alas! fallen into habits of dissipation—the temptations and allurements of the saloon are always with them, while the church waits for a settled community before she can hazard the chance of sending the Gospel to a floating people. I believe the great trouble in all these places lies in not beginning soon enough. Where two or three are gathered together in the West, there the saloon appears, and there the church influence should appear with it, or it gains strength and saps the lifeblood of the young town, rendering it far more difficult to give it the glow of health in after years.

But I was asked to speak of my personal work.

My husband, though a gold miner, was among the first locators in the little silver camp of Castle, which was first laid out in 1887, far up in the Rocky Mountains, 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, fifty miles from the railroad, and twenty-five from the nearest town. We were among the first families to move there. I saw the place was composed mostly of men, among whom the saloon was a great factor. I organized a Sunday-school at once, but waited over one Sunday before saying anything of a church service. During the second week I ascertained that the one young lady



of the town could sing, and had a copy of the Gospel Hymns. I too had one, and considering that, with my Bible, the Divine commission, sufficient, asked every one who came for the mail to meet the next Sunday evening in our unfinished store for service. We improvised seats with boxes and boards, and had a congregation of twenty—seventeen men and three ladies. The first hymn given out was "Yield not to Temptation," and as the young lady started it, a deep bass voice joined in, in another part of the room, accompanied by a fine tenor. They were two young men whom I had frequently seen, after work, at the saloon opposite. I handed them my book, and the singing was good. In fact, the Lord abundantly blessed that meeting in every respect. The young men asked to take the hymn book home that night to sing in their cabin.

From that meeting we went on, never failing to hold our Sunday evening service, for over three years, but having no church organization during that time. True, we met with many discouragements, but our town was rapidly growing, and all was excitement and hopefulness. Strangers were constantly coming and going, but every one who came to the post office was invited to attend church, and the result was that it became the popular thing in Castle to attend church on Sunday evening, however the rest of the day may have been spent. At one time a judge from St. Louis, quite a prominent man, came to look over the mines. I told him while he was considering the resources of Castle I hoped he would not overlook the church. "Oh no," said he, "it is so uncommon to have a church in such a place that I shall certainly lend my influence to it." After the service he took my hand and with great feeling said: "Mrs. B., this is just wonderful; I never saw such attention and quietness, with so large a proportion of men, and especially young men. You

are doing a work that eternity alone can measure." And such was the testimony of a great many who came in. Our greatest trouble was in finding a suitable place for meeting. After that first Sunday the service was held in a log house with no finishing or furnishing, not even a floor. There we met for about six months; then having rented a warmer building for school purposes, we moved there, paying our portion of the rent. We remained there a year, and then joined with a temperance society in renting a saloon building, which we cleansed, purified, and dedicated to the cause of temperance and religion. This gave us a very pleasant home, which we hoped to keep, but the Spring of 1890 came with a boom, and the building was sold, to be again defiled. The temperance organization broke up, and not a building of any sort was available for a church, so we were forced back to the small rented schoolhouse. But we had an organ, and two or three dozen chairs which we stacked up in the corner of the room, arranging them on Sunday in the aisles and every available place. Even then many had to stand, and some could not even find standing room. But the hardest blow came when, on Thursday, before the close of school, a man came to me asking for the key to the schoolhouse. I said, "Why should you have it?" "Because I have rented the building from the 15th, which is to-morrow, and want to take possession as soon as school is out to-night." I asked him to wait till Monday, but he said, "No; I want my opening on Sunday." "What business?" "A saloon." I replied: "You cannot have the key till Monday, for the building was leased for a three months' term, and that will not be out till Saturday night, for the teacher had one day's lost time to make up." He protested. I stood firm and gained my point. I then posted notices for every one interested in church matters to meet me at

the schoolhouse Saturday evening. It was the time of our greatest excitement, and only three came, and one of those a non-resident. Of course nothing could be done; and had it not been for the precious promises of my Heavenly Father I should have been discouraged. But the next evening we had a large congregation, and at the close of the services I stated the facts, and made an earnest appeal that they should not suffer the disgrace of allowing the saloon to run out the church. Immediately a man arose, saying he had a building, one-half of which was rented for a restaurant, and the other half, though rented, would not be occupied for a month, and we could have that. So we were provided for, though it was the poorest accommodations we had ever had. Having only one large south window, it was very warm. The partition between us and the restaurant was built only half way up; but the clinking of the dishes and filling of orders did not disturb our songs of praise, though they did not add to the outward harmony. At the end of the month we got our old room back again, as that, being the fourteenth saloon in the place, did not pay.

In January, 1891, the Odd Fellows' Hall was finished, which we rented at twelve dollars a month, and held till December, 1892, nearly two years. In the meantime the Congregational society had been formed, and a pastor sent us, who remained seventeen months. The boom had passed. Work in the mines was closed, many of the people had moved away, and those remaining were too poor to pay the rent; and as our store, over which are our living-rooms, was vacant, my husband offered that free of rent; and there we are now, comfortably situated, but with no surroundings to foster our pride.

Did time permit I could tell many incidents of assisting drunkards, gamblers, and fallen women to a

better life; of the interesting congregations, composed almost wholly of men, before whom I have stood in conducting funerals among these miners; some of whom were killed in the mines, two by lightning, one died alone in his cabin, one in a fit on the street, one in a drunken debauch, and two were shot while trying to arrest a desperado. But such or similar experiences come into the life of every missionary, and when I realize how much there is to be done, and how little I am really able to accomplish, it seems scarcely worth the telling. My heart, indeed, goes out in sympathy and tenderness for these men, so many of them strong in their manhood and integrity, upheld by none of the influences of society, but, like a tree on an open plain, deep-rooted, or oftener, perhaps, like one on a side hill, gnarled and one-sided by the winds and storms that have long beat against it, but strong and firm, yet destitute of that greatest of blessings, a knowledge of the Savior and an experience in that spiritual life which completes true manhood.

The great need in this new country is able and earnest ministers. Montana is no place for dude divinity students or pastors who stand on their dignity. A minister is as good as a miner if he behaves himself, and no better unless he proves himself to be. Manhood is the standard of society in this rough but hearty land, and consecrated Christian men and women are greatly needed to disseminate the Gospel and uphold the standard for Christ.

But the old-timer is fast passing away, and a new class of men are coming in, needing, if possible, the restraints and the blessings of the Gospel even more than they; for the way to the West is now made so easy, by the advent of the railroad, that many young men of less strength of character go there, and, taking the Bret Harte stories for their standard, load them-

selves at once with revolvers and a heavy belt of cartridges, learn to ride a bucking cayuse, to break the Sabbath, and lounge around the saloon as soon as possible, thinking that the way not to be thought a "pilgrim" or "tenderfoot." No greater mistake can be made, and we must have an influence to save these young men.

For one whose heart is filled with the love of God, and can distinguish under the rough exterior the heart of true manhood, and can recognize all as children of one Father, for whom Christ died; one who cares more for the salvation of souls than for his own hire; one who thinks not so much what he can make out of men as what he can make of them, I know of no better field than a lively, growing mining camp, and I pray that more consecrated workers may be found to enter this important field. Surely, what has been accomplished under the circumstances here described is a certain pledge of greater blessings to come.

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### MINING CAMP LIFE—ONE STYLE.

"The stories told of the free-and-easy way that obtains in newly organized Western communities are scarcely overdrawn," said E. D. Pearce, of Boise City, Idaho. "A few weeks ago I was at Bowden's Gap, a camp not far from the Bay Horse Mines, and I was very much amused to find this placard posted on the door of the leading saloon:

" 'Gents—Whereas, this place has a bad name, owing to too promiscuous shooting, and is likely to be avoided as unhealthy by tenderfeet, who would otherwise plant their coin here, it is resolved that no more shooting will be allowed, except in the following cases: First, for cheating at cards. Second, for refus-

ing a drink when such refusal is made for the purpose of insulting the offerer. Third, for calling a man a liar or a horse thief. Fourth, for dancing, after warning, with a girl that belongs to the shooter. Fifth, for stealing horse, saddle, bridle, or blanket. Sixth, for jumping a claim. Usual penalty. By order of committee."

"And the notice, which was well written in every way, meant just what it said."

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## A TYPICAL WESTERN MINING CAMP.

The camp to which I will introduce your readers is only six weeks old; that is, six weeks previous to my visit there was nothing to be seen on the ground except the company's office. Eight miles above, in a narrow, ragged gulch, development work had been going on for some time in what has been named "The Golden Scepter Mine." But this development had been simply with the view of finding whether or not there was mineral enough, and of a sufficiently high grade, to justify the larger outlay for permanent works. This settled, all was ready for beginning the work at the opening of spring.

At X. your missionary stepped upon the platform. Half a dozen stages and freight teams were in readiness for those bound for the mine, and we dashed off at headlong speed toward the new Eldorado of the mountains.

It was a rocky and dangerous ride, over a road that had been cut through, at a cost of \$2,500, since the opening of spring. In about three hours we found ourselves in the new city that had sprung into being. Four-horse and six-horse teams heavily loaded with freight filled the streets. A long row of business

houses, fully stocked with all lines of merchandise, stretched along on both sides of the street for several blocks. Saloons, seventeen in number; boarding houses, livery stables, tents, etc., were sandwiched in so as to give the charm of novelty, whichever way you looked. Over one hundred houses, all told, were scattered around on the town site. Many of them were dwellings in which families were already settled, looking homelike and contented. The foundation was laid for a large hundred-stamp mill. The tramway was in process of erection for electric cars to run eight miles to the mine. Over 300 men were employed on the various works, and more would at once be set to work were the material on the ground for their use.

The missionary, being the first preacher on the ground, was treated right royally. Arrangements were made for a preaching service in the evening. The only hall in town was over a livery stable, and was used by different organizations already started, and for dancing purposes when occasion required. A well-filled hall greeted the missionary at eight o'clock, and at the close of the service a Sunday-school was organized, with good material for officers at hand. Two nice lots were donated for a church building by the president of the mine. His wife and little boy are with him at the mine. They are cultured Eastern people.

This is a characteristic Western mine, and its condition shows the pressing necessity of being early on the spot in these new camps, so that the church and its influence may be seen and felt before the saloon has taken possession and become intrenched. Obviously a church is the prime necessity, and that at once. But from whence will come the money wherewith to build?



## THE MINER'S DYING HOURS.

A drive of nine miles to an old man at the point of death. Shortly afterwards he tied his horse to the dooryard fence, his wife went to the other members of the family, and the missionary entered the sick chamber. It was a bare, roughly finished room. A bed, an old chair or two, a box that served as a table, and a huge home-made easy chair that had been constructed for the sick man (for he could not lie down), comprised the furnishing. A glance showed that the sufferer was in the last stages of "Bright's disease," and that the battle was well-nigh at an end. A neighbor was assisting the dying man's son in every possible ministration. There was, indeed, little that human hands could do. The sick man was in great distress. Dropsy had ensued, and the poor frame was shaken with pain from the swollen, bursting limbs. "Oh—oh—my God—I can't—stand this—much—much longer—John." And his son was in instant attendance. "I—want—oh—" The breathing was hard. "What is it, father? *What* do you want?" The poor man pointed away. The son looked, but could see nothing. The sufferer made signs with his fingers, but the son could not understand. "I can't understand you, father; can't you tell me what you want?" "Oh—I—don't want—anything—but—to die—I—want to die—that's all—John."

John Healy was a strong man. He had known the full meaning of life's hard experiences in the desperate struggles of his busy years in a frontier community. But now the mark of grief was plain on his sun-tanned face, his strong frame quivered, and he turned away in the bitterness of his sense of the utter helplessness of even a son's hand in the hour and the presence of death. Then he said: "Here's a gentleman, father;

I guess he'd like to speak to you. Maybe he can help you." And he motioned to the missionary. With what a feeling of weakness, and yet with confidence in the power of God to light even the gloom of this valley of the shadow, did the missionary step up to the chair of the dying man! He directed him toward God. He told him of the Father's readiness to save every man who would look to him. "Yes," the sufferer gasped, "I—used—to believe in—God—long ago." "But God is just as good and just as ready to forgive and to save now as he was then." The assurance seemed to have just a little effect. "I—don't—know. I—don't—know. Well—if you—want to—read—the Bible—and pray—you can do it." Then the missionary read from the Gospel of John those wonderful words, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." And those others, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my words, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment, but is passed from death into life." Other like priceless promises—a few with simplest words of explanation; then a prayer to God for his help and saving grace, then a few words such as could be spoken there.

At first there seemed to be no light, no indication of any understanding of the mercy of God. Then a little gleam of intelligence, a faint sign of taking feeble hold of the promise. And when, a little later, the missionary left, there seemed little more than a flickering light in the darkened mind. But afterwards the poor man prayed for himself, and seemed to lay hold on the assurances of the Gospel—so his son reported. For in a few days John came to town on the sad but inevitable errand, and on Sabbath afternoon neighbors

and friends gathered in the modest schoolhouse for the funeral. The missionary preached to the living from the words he had read to the departed a few days before. Henry Healy had turned the last page in the book of the life that now is, and his mortal form rests beneath the prairie sod.

Pathetic and full of warning is his simple but all too common story. Sixty-four years ago he had first opened his eyes to the bright Kentucky sky. In the days of his strength he had removed to Iowa. Thence lured by the glow-worm's spark that tempts the "prospector" he had entered the gold region of South-western Colorado. For sixteen years he had lived among the rough scenes, and in the isolation from the amenities and religious influences of civilized society that mark the regions of mining camps. The story of his part in the unwritten history of that wild life, of his temptations and yieldings, of his battlings and victories and sins, will remain forever unknown on earth, kindly covered by the charitable mantle of oblivion. But at last the grip of that dread disease was upon him. He fought against it for two long years. He spent his all upon physicians, but all was to no purpose. When the end drew nigh he barely managed to get money enough to pay his fare, and came to the home of his son to die.

Such is the meager outline of the story. And how evident and sadly impressive are its lessons! Oh, the unspeakable folly that wastes the years of youth and manhood, that sacrifices health and spurns opportunity with vain pursuits of money-getting in the unrestrained ways of sin, and leaves the greatest of all questions—that of the soul's fitness for the eternal kingdom and the unsearchable riches of God—to the last few, distracted, uncertain moments of the death-bed!

But one blessed result came apparently from that sad experience. When the missionary visited John Healy's home before his father's death, John was not sure whether they had a Bible in the house or not. But some elements of that experience touched his heart. He was a blacksmith by trade, and a few weeks after his father's death he moved to town. A little later, gospel meetings were in progress in the Methodist church, and one night the missionary had the joy of seeing John Healy stand up, accepting an invitation to begin the Christian life. Since that night we have heard him confess the name of Jesus again and again, and have often heard his voice in prayer. Now the missionary often hears the ring of his sturdy blows upon the anvil, and as often is reminded of that brief chapter in the experience of a home missionary pastor, and rejoices in the strong faith and stalwart Christian character of John Healy, the blacksmith.

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### THE GOSPEL AND STRIKES.

In the providence of God a great deal of my life has been spent with coal miners, so that I have seen what might be termed the inside and the outside of the strike business. The strike has been called a necessary evil. We all believe it is an evil, and that continually. All of the many strikes that I have known could have been settled by the parties concerned if they would only do right. The solution of the problem is not in secret organizations, no matter how large the numbers; nor is it in the ballot box, however sacred that may be; but it is in the home, which lies back of all these. When a man turns his back on wife and little ones, gives his attention to the "walking delegate" or trading politician, he is preparing for the

worst that may follow. I have no sympathy with any church work that does not aim to correct these evils, be they strikes, politics, intemperance, or anything else. "Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."

Many of our miners, and also many of our coal operators, are tired of strikes, and believe there is a better way to adjust their difficulties. But the overwhelming majority are on the other side. If we go back in the history of these towns before we began our church work we find riots, lawlessness and murders in the time of strikes, and that used to be every year. With the beginning of our work, a few miners met each other, talked over the situation, and decided on trying to start a new departure with reference to these troubles. Three miners were chosen to meet the coal operators and try to bring about a better state of things. Your missionary was one of these men. We met in the morning, and had a long conference. Noon came, and our operators invited us to dinner with them. In the afternoon we drew up an agreement on a certain basis for a year, which both miners and operators were to sign. This was the beginning of the State Federation which was adopted by other States, when both parties met in council once a year to settle whatever difficulties had presented themselves. It worked well for several years, but after a while the annual agreement was broken by some Illinois operators, and since then strikes have been far too common.

When a strike takes place too many of the men have an idea that all law and order are suspended, and some become openly wild fanatics. Having no reason to appeal to, but prejudice and ignorance, persecution always follows. So in these times we not only preach a straight Gospel but take up some attractive line of

work in and around the churches. During the strike the miners painted the meeting house themselves, going in debt for the material. The women also added their approval by carpeting the platform and putting matting on the aisles. During all that tremendous time there was not a single misdemeanor committed in the town. I often met the boys and praised them for their good behavior, and God has been blessing them all the time.

A few weeks ago I was at another camp, and after preaching in the morning I took dinner with the man who has the care of all the company's houses in that town. I put the question to him straight: Has the Christian work done by us in this town had any influence on the miners during the late strike? He said: "Yes, sir, it has. Before this last strike we had to watch all our property very closely. Riots, fights, and even murder, were common things. We had to put a double guard on our railroad to keep the miners from tearing it up, and, notwithstanding all our care, the miners turned out and stoned the train; but during this late strike we have had nothing of this. Church and Sunday-school work have been the means of bringing this better state of things about."

One Sunday night, after preaching in that town, a lot of fellows under the influence of liquor came around our cabin where we had been holding our services, shouting, "We'll burn the bridges; we'll tear up the track!" A few of us stepped up to them, and told them if there was anything of the kind done we would have them arrested at once. It is wonderful to see what a little Christian backbone and grit will do at such times.

## THE COAL CAMP.

I supply two mission posts which are connected by three miles of railroad spanned by several open trestle bridges. Each post is a coal camp. About half-way between the two camps are two side tracks, forming a triangle, for turning locomotives. This point was accepted last summer, during the trouble in the mines, as a danger limit for the negro miners in one camp and the white miners in the other. The heavy switch signals are perforated with bullet holes, and the bitterness and hatred resulting from the recent conflict still darken the faces of the men who pass on foot along this lonely and dangerous track, the only highway between the two camps.

To-night, as I passed over this road in the heavy shower, while the river rushed madly on its way through the gorge below, I met the father of a little child whom we buried last summer. His face was very sad as he told me of the dangerous illness of his wife. "I fear," said the man, with choking voice, "that I must lose her, too." The circumstances attending the death of the child illustrate one phase of our work among these miners. The father is branded in this community as a "blackleg," because he is supposed to have aided the mine-owners in filling their places with "scab" workmen, thus contributing to their defeat in the conflict. We need not dwell upon the effect of this unhappy conflict upon the members of our home missionary church.

When asked to conduct the funeral of this child I was warned that no one would attend the service, for no one would even work with a "blackleg." With the exception of a few women, whose mother-hearts overcame their prejudices, the mourners mourned alone. Indeed, during the last hours of the child's life scarcely one expression of sympathy lightened the



heavy sorrow of the parents. We followed the little coffin mile after mile along the railroad, and buried it on the hillside, where a few other bodies of our dead lay, among the fallen trees and blackened stumps, without memorial stone, or even a protecting fence.

Not long after, the aged grandmother, with a letter of high recommendation to our church, was refused admission; and now a cloud darker than all that have preceded it threatens the man who stands before me on the lonely road. The wife is avoided in her suffering, and, should the summons come, will die unmourned; and all this because her husband is suspected to have aided in filling the places of miners who lost their positions.

The conflict between labor and capital has found deep expression in these two fields, and human lives have been sacrificed in the struggle. The hillside bears its burden of bodies upon which there is no trace of disease, but many a mark of violence. New hardships are thus added to the necessary privations of the miner's life; and we can hardly wonder at bitterness of spirit and lack of Christian feeling. Yet, with God's help, we must win them to listen to the divine message of redemption, which is God's cure for their wounded souls.

We want to give you a true picture of your brothers who toil beneath the ground to provide you with warmth and with power to turn the wheels of industry in our fair land. The pastor who serves these men must study the great labor problem; he must be wise, and use much tact in dealing with these strangers from other lands, who bring their own ideas of government and religion. He must be a Christian of breadth; he must have consecration and courage; he must have a burning interest in the souls of these men. The miner and his family live in a small house, often a

cabin of logs, where the open door must assist the little window to admit the light. When I arrived at this field, one evening a year ago, I stepped from the cars into mud. Next morning the camp appeared to be settled by pigs and dogs, for the men had descended into the bowels of the earth, and the women were busy in their homes with household duties. The dogs were in full chase after the pigs, nor did they always win the race, for these pigs can run! One night I was awakened by the presence of a porker and her family under my house. They were so noisy that I resolved to eject them. There were two holes under the house, and when I appeared at one of them she chose that one for her exit. With a chorus of squeals and a rush the whole party came upon me. When I recovered consciousness there came to my dazed senses a confused recollection of flying gravel as I rolled down the steep bank into the mud below, while a huge creature disappeared around the corner of the house. Since then I have treated the animals of this family with careful consideration.

I soon discovered that if I would gain and hold the respect of these miners I must not depend upon any favors because of my cloth. I must pay as much as any other for whatever I had. I was an American; my parishioners were largely foreigners. I was commissioned to spend one-half my time in the next camp, where the hated negro "scabs" had been employed by the company to replace the displaced miners. They felt no good will to these men, but hoped that the camp would be wrecked. They were not pleased to share their pastor with this despised camp. Nothing but the power of God can account for the survival and prosperity of our cause in the face of apparently insurmountable obstacles.

Life, with these miners, is anything but dull. Hard

toil and a too prevalent tendency to find relief in drink urges upon us the duty of providing Christian recreation. The funeral is a great occasion with them. When they feel friendly to the deceased, they attend the funeral by hundreds. Secret societies account in some measure for this exhibition of respect, yet it is also largely due to human sympathy with the bereaved.

The miner is generous to a fault. One day I visited a sister in our church whose husband lay dangerously ill and needed help. Although our miners have had only about two weeks' work in two months, and although they seldom have much saved for the "rainy day," in a few hours two hundred dollars were at the disposal of the distressed family.

Some months ago, through an explosion in a neighboring mine, many men were killed. Four hundred dollars went at once from our two camps to swell the thousands which were subscribed by other miners and employees for the relief of the stricken and needy families.

One night I met an Italian miner on his way home over the railroad and the trestles. A few moments after we passed each other he fell from the trestle. The fall crushed his skull and caused instant death. His countrymen invited me to conduct the funeral service. We could not understand each other's words, but we could understand each other's faces.

A foreman in the mine, who has taken the lives of two men, attends our services regularly. Quite a number remain away on this account; and yet is not the house of God the place for him? Does not he of all others need the message, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow?"

## AMONG THE LUMBER CAMPS OF NORTHERN MINNESOTA.

This new town is in the very heart of the pine region of this northwestern country. We are away up very near the British possessions; in fact, so near that I presume if there were a direct road a good team would land us there in ten or twelve hours. The Superintendent of Home Missions realized that the place must be at once occupied, and, if possible, preëmpted for Christ. Accordingly I was asked to come up, for three months at least, and commence operations. I had to think this over quite a little before I said yes, for past experience in similar work assured me of the many difficulties and much exposure to be met, and the unusual amount of grace and tact that would be required to be in any degree successful. Despite these impressions, however, it was laid on my heart to come. I have been here now some weeks, and all that I anticipated, and much more, has been already experienced. Yet, having come and opened fire against the enemy, I am not going to be easily discouraged. Many of those who may read this article have possibly but little idea of the immorality and terrible disorder always attendant on the starting of a new town in the woods. Saloons, gambling houses, and worse, are always the first to start business. There are always hundreds of men in the woods at the lumber camps; sometimes thousands are within easy reach of where the town is started, so that the material for such places as have been mentioned to work upon is in the woods awaiting their arrival.

When I came here I found all this machinery at

work. At that time, with the exception of the depot, only three buildings were far enough along in construction to be used. Two of these were doing a thriving business as saloons; the other, a hotel, was having an annex built where the same business was to be carried on. I at once made known who I was, and arranged to have preaching twice in the office of one of these buildings. When the time of service came, crowds of men were sitting around three or four card tables in the large office, playing what to them, I suppose, were very fascinating games. It required some courage to stand up and say, "Boys, wouldn't you just as soon have the programme changed for about fifty minutes, and let me conduct a short preaching service?" As soon as the request was made all the cards were stacked on the tables and general respect was manifested. Of course, here and there a smile could be seen on the countenances of some because of the apparent incongruousness of my position. To be faithful to God and yet not to arouse unnecessary antagonism on the part of such men in such circumstances severely taxes the skill of an ordinary mortal. An injudicious step or an incautious expression at the commencement of such a mission might necessitate one's having to take the next out-going train. The service passed off pleasantly, but as soon as I was through the tables were again arranged and the card-playing was resumed. I had to interpolate the programme in the same way in the evening.

Since my coming I have been very active, not only here, but in going around to the lumber camps and preaching the everlasting Gospel to the many who gather in them to eat and sleep. Usually in this way I can get a congregation of from fifty to a hundred men every night in the week, if I could stand the hard strain on one's physical strength. I have never before

seen the opening that is here presented to our Home Missionary Society to do good. But two men should go together in this work—one who could lead the singing and see to much of the detail of the work, the other to preach. To go into these large camps and manipulate the peculiar class of men you meet there, lead the singing, do the reading, praying, and preaching, and perhaps have to walk from five to ten miles to get to camp, is too much for one. Yesterday I walked ten miles to two camps, conducted service in each, came back home and preached in the evening. To say I was tired last night would have been putting it very moderately.

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## HOME MISSIONS IN A LUMBER CAMP.

Early in 1872, when in the senior class of Yale Theological Seminary, my attention was turned to Michigan as a home missionary field. I had never been west of New York City. Though a farmer's son and well acquainted with New England, I had seen no primeval forests. I knew second-growth timber and trees better than first growths. Thus inexperienced, I started from Connecticut for Michigan, August 21, 1872, reached Detroit on the evening of the next day, and on the 23d went from Detroit to Farwell, in Clare County. All the forenoon I looked for the new country to which I was bound. At Flint I began to see the immense lumber piles which told of a forest country not far away, yet out of sight. At East Saginaw there was a wait of several hours at midday. I looked over the city—an overgrown village with plank sidewalks—but it was not very bad, and this was only fifty-five miles from my destination. By four o'clock I was again on the train, and soon the scene began to

change. No village of any size for twenty-five or thirty miles, and the first one was a marked contrast from those seen in the morning. A few miles more, and then forest. Good-by to green grass and fresh sod! Here and there a little clearing and a smoke, with blackened stumps, tell of the farm that is to be; but this is rare. The train stops at stations here and there, where there is a mill, with a few unpainted board houses; through the forest a line of chopping one hundred feet wide, and in the middle of it two lines of iron. Cross-roads there are none. We have not seen paint for some twenty miles, but now there are some painted buildings and a larger place ahead. This is only five miles from our destination, and as the brakeman calls out, "Clare; get out here for Mount Pleasant and Indian Mills," I go on to the platform. Stages are waiting for Mount Pleasant and Isabella—two of them, and such stages! The air is full of oaths, just blue with profanity; and with the feeling of relief that I am not to stop here, I go into the car. Little did I think then that I was to be reckoned as a minister there for seven years and a half, where no voice of Congregational preacher had yet been lifted. Five miles more and the train stops for supper. Here I leave the cars, and make my way through sand half-shoe deep, amid pine-stumps turned up, the roots sticking up high in air. This is Friday evening. Wednesday morning I was at my birthplace in that parish of the town of Saybrook, Conn., which was settled in 1680. Now I am in a village not a year and a half old. From our Connecticut hills I had been accustomed to look for miles over Long Island Sound; now I see a clearing less than one-third of a mile square entered and left by a clearing one hundred feet wide. Eyes will ache and a sense akin to suffocation will come sometimes in such conditions. . . .



The next day we went to meeting in the courthouse and heard the farewell sermon of a Chicago student who had been there during his vacation. In the afternoon we started for a mill settlement. On the way, just in the outskirts of the village, we first saw the genuine logging camp, a community within a community, with its own rules and traditions. In the evening we first addressed a Michigan congregation. How the memories of those congregations come through the years! The State road was being extended north, and some of the men used to come in with flannel shirts (and, very likely, a dog), chewing tobacco and spitting on the floor. It was pretty rough to look at, and sometimes before services began there was a question as to what would be; but none need ask for a more respectful hearing than I used to get. If they think a man understands his business, they will listen.

The next day, again westward on the train to meet Superintendent Warren. About a dozen miles on, at one of the stops, the brakeman sticks his head out of the car door and shouts, "Chippewa." No station building, no camp, no mill, no house; only a board nailed to two trees, with the name on it. I found the superintendent, who directed me to go back for two weeks; then he would come and see if I could stand it and the church would endure me! Back again I went and took my bearings. The nearest church building was twenty miles away, fifteen miles of it over a wretched road. The nearest Congregational church was thirty miles off, while I might go north to the straits without finding another. There was room enough, and a chance to exert some passing influence on comers and goers, and to do something for the molding of one or two communities; but things were rough.

A few days, and a call came to attend my first funeral, that of a little boy. I was shown the way to the outskirts of the village, climbing over fallen logs the last of the way, and there, in an unpainted, unplastered house, I held the service. The coffin was carried a little way until it could be put into a wagon. As a minister I was honored with a seat by the driver. We crossed the village and the railway track, and then, as the road was growing rougher, I put back my hand to steady the coffin, and could feel the little form shaken from one side to the other and knocking against the sides of the coffin. We came at last to the place where the grave had been dug, right in the forest—a temporary burial until a cemetery site could be secured. It was so sad, so gloomy, that I went back wearied almost beyond endurance. Many a similar experience came, for death does not wait for houses to be finished, and the percentage of children's deaths in such settlements is sometimes great.

Two weeks pass, and bright and early Superintendent Warren knocks at my door. He has seen the leading members of the society (there is no church), and they are satisfied. Am I? What shall we do for the rest of the field? We decide to visit Clare, five miles away, where I received such impressions from the outlook and the profanity. I take my first experience in looking up a new field, with a list of names of "those most likely to be interested in religious work." The first man found is one of the United Brethren. They "have had preaching, but their conference, so far, has sent them no man. Don't know as they will, unless he can get more support than the last had." Next we find a Methodist. They "had an appointment last year, but the minister was not liked and they have sent a protest against his being returned." Another man is found. "His folks were Presbyterians; has no

church membership; wants something done." Another, a Baptist, "thinks some of moving away; would like something done." So it goes. Not a member of a Congregational or Presbyterian Church do we find, but we left an appointment for the next Sunday evening.

My boarding place was a hotel. From my window I looked out on the court-house—houses and woods beyond. Trained in New England, what was my surprise on Sunday morning to see teams loading at the store for the lumber camp. There was no grass. It was sand everywhere. Men from the woods, with fancy-colored shirts and trousers, and with red scarfs around their waists, came in. Sunday afternoon came, September 15th, and I was to preach where no Congregationalist had ever essayed to preach before. The place of meeting was in a building that had been put up for a store. About twenty-five attended, but a visitor who saw the congregation and knew them, having been there a few months, looked upon it as well-nigh hopeless. I left an appointment for the next Sunday morning and closed the service. Then I found there had been a re-enforcement during the week. A man belonging to the Congregational part of a church organized on the plan of union, but going to Presbyterianism, had bought some property and had come to stay. In the morning he had asked if there was any preaching in town. His informant thought not. Was there any Sunday-school? There might be. Where was it? Didn't know, but thought it was held in that building. An investigation proved that that was not the place; but the third trial was successful, and there he had learned that there was to be preaching in the evening. He was immediately elected Superintendent of the Sunday-school, as there had been great difficulty in finding any one who could and would take charge

of it. The next Sunday morning disclosed a Congregationalist who had a membership. He lived on a homestead two and a half miles away. He became a deacon, and remained so until the time of his death. For the first five years his was the only letter from a Congregational Church except that of the pastor and his wife. About sixty names from other churches and from no church were added to the roll before very long.

Next Sunday morning was rainy, with a long walk. But few gathered, and then the regular order of service was fixed, as follows: Preaching every Sunday; one Sunday in the morning, the next in the evening.

The completion of the new schoolhouse and the furnishing of one room gave a better place for services, and brought them into prominence, as there was a bell. About this time Superintendent Warren began to say that the outcome of the work in the country ought to be the organization of some churches and the building of some meeting-houses. So the pastor looked over the field, and the superintendent came to assist and give the needed lessons to the young New-Englander about organizing a Michigan church. That everything was rude and heterogeneous goes without saying. Would they come together? A council was at last called for December 21st, at Clare, to organize the church; public services to be on Sunday, 22d. There was some difficulty in getting a council, and the preacher has to this day a suspicion that the canonical number of ordaining hands was not laid on his head; but he has assumed that the council, though not exactly ecumenical, made no mistakes. At Farwell all went well. There were a number of letters from the church in East Saginaw, so there was no special question as to the fifteen charter members, two of them coming in on examination. But at Clare

things were not so lovely. Some church letters had failed to come. One or two of those coming in on confession were late. One of these had seen a track of deer in the morning, and had notified his neighbor (our deacon that was to be), and they had sallied forth to secure venison. Coming to a swamp, one took one side and one the other. The deacon seems to have walked the faster or more noisily, for the herd, three or four of them, started for the other side of the swamp, where the brother that was to be, awaited them with gun. The leader received a charge of buckshot from the shot barrel, the one behind him stopped short and fell dead by a ball from the rifled barrel; but the wounded leader made off, and after him the hunters went, following until they must return to go to the council, and arriving late at that. After consideration and a warning as to evil practices, ten persons were recommended to membership, and Saturday night set in. Such a night! Cold as Iceland, such cold as is known only in open houses. I remember working to free our beards from the bed-clothes, where congealed breath had fastened them, and the warm water being brought to wash us with froze on our beards before we left the room.

I felt sure no one could or would come the next day, but they did. Our homesteaders, two and a half miles away, were both of them there, but their wives could not be, and came into the church later. One other Baptist brother did not care to take the "right hand" without his wife, and she was not quite ready to become a Congregationalist, but came with him to give devoted piety and prayerful labor to the organization. There were seven in all; five of them were men, all over twenty-one years of age, none of them forty. Three of them came on confession, having never had church membership. One of the ladies had

no church connection, was trained in the Church of England, as was her brother, also uniting.

Before the council it was suggested that we must build a church. But how? All the charter members were living in houses partially finished, and still more partially furnished; but at it we went, not for style, but for convenience and taste; and at length we found a plan that suited us well, selected our lots, circulated our subscription paper, and began.

Those who remember 1873 remember the panic that upset so many calculations and scaled down values in lumber districts greatly. We were a little behind with our bills, and the outside not finished, but we pressed on, giving now a supper and then an entertainment. Then how could we do more? Vividly I remember meeting the little group in the school-house and talking it over more than once. Reinforced somewhat in numbers, we dedicated our meeting-house in the fall of 1874. It had cost privation and inconvenience, but it was a great satisfaction to hear the ladies say, "If we do not have so much in our homes, we can take our friends to the church; that is something we are not ashamed of." For some years it held the only pews in the county, the next church being dedicated two years later, but not permanently seated for some time after that. Two more years, and a resident minister was welcomed. The church now numbered sixteen, men and women—no great growth, but some changes.

In February the Methodist and Congregational churches join forces for a special meeting. There has been preparatory seed-sowing and some indications of good. Will there be a revival? Two weeks pass; it is Sunday night. The Congregationalist pastor is alone in the pulpit, as the Methodist minister is attending another appointment. The customary invita-



tion is given for expression of desire for the prayers of God's people, and there is no response. The pastor asks his church to the choir platform after the service. A lawyer in the congregation comes forward to the pulpit and says: "Elder, I did want the prayers of the church, but had not the moral courage to say so." The church are told of this, and receive the news with blank astonishment. The next evening he and another well-known man rise for prayers. The news spreads. It is too wonderful to be believed. Years after, a good brother five miles away confessed that he thought it must have been only a political dodge, a bid for popularity; but God was in it. Four weeks more, and the meetings close. A list of over seventy who were not known as Christians have expressed an interest. Three weeks later is the time for ingathering, a beautiful day, in strange contrast to that on which the church was organized. Some have desired immersion; quite a number at first; but as no one makes any objection, the number declines to three, one of them our lawyer friend. So we start with teams in the spring sunshine for a ride of a mile and a half. Here we reach the Tobacco River, down which logs are floated to the Titibawassee, thence to Saginaw. We have passed only one house since leaving the village. On the opposite side a steep bluff and a little shanty. Pine and cedar fragrance is in the air. Here is a dam made to hold back the water for flooding down the logs when necessary. The gate is found open, but it is shut, and there in the clear water, slightly colored by the swamp—hence the Indian name—the three are baptized. Back again, and after preparations for church we gather again. Many more are baptized. Then the right hand of fellowship is given to the twenty-nine who are present to unite. Eleven rise to receive them. But this is a Congregational church, and some of



those who come in have children whom they wish baptized, and they have the privilege. A Roman Catholic friend who is present thinks this is the finest part of all the service. Among the twenty-nine are five middle-aged men with their wives. A man over seventy comes, after long service of Christ in other churches. Young girls and mature women are there. We look over the ground after service. There are two lawyers in the village; both of them, with their wives and a daughter of one of them, are members of the Congregational church. There are two doctors also members of the same church. A goodly number of the business men are represented in the church by their wives or in person. Congregationalism is in sight. It does not take half a day to find it.

Incidents along the way are not wanting. Frost and cold, mosquitoes and sand flees, have tried us. So have burning sand, and hot sun laden with malaria, though we have escaped in the main. Like many another field in the lumber region, the growth after the first was not rapid. The people were poor, though growing richer. The growth is not steady. Lumber goes and farming comes, and the transition time is one of dullness. The population shifts, but impressions remain,



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